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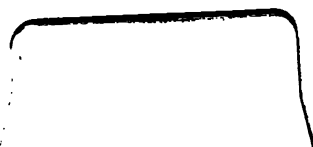
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The Rev. John Smith
Died—and Went

To Jupiter via Hell

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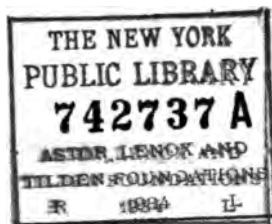


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M O T I F

It is only fair to those who are fortunate enough to read the following manuscript, to tell the reasons why the Reverend John Smith, of St. Pierrepont's Church, 5th Avenue, New York, died and went to Jupiter, via Hell.

It is claimed that in the telling of this unprecedented narrative, there is being unfolded prophetic inspirations.

It is claimed that the same supernatural powers that guided the eternal emanations of the wise men or prophets of old, *guides the quill that herein foretells the birth of future events and sounds the knell of human selfishness.*

Born in the lap of strong religious belief and in the womb of adversity, I, the narrator, when still of tender years, was overcome with a strange feeling within. Nights followed days of indefinable reasoning; I would awake suddenly from what was not sleep, for, while my body lay limp, my very soul seemed in mortal combat with my mind, and a voice seemed to urge me on.

One night, after many hours of nervous torment, followed by a beautiful calm, I seemed to pass into a

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FROM C. S.

sleep of peaceful consciousness, when suddenly I found myself sitting up, gazing into the silent darkness of my chamber, and heard a voice say plainly unto my very soul: "*Thou art chosen, make ready the way of the Truth,*" and I fell back startled, yet had no fear.

Naturally, I was a changed person from that night. The light of a great Reason began to shine in through the windows of my soul.

For years this strange power took possession of me.

Sometimes the mysterious voice would guide me; on other nights visions would appear unto me upon the walls of my unlit bedroom.

At last there came a night when a hand placed gently upon my pillow, awoke me and pointed out thru the window, toward a clump of woods, saying, "*Arise, go hence, thou art Chosen.*"

I could see naught else but the outstretched hand and the tall green trees without, which were strange to me.

As bid, I went forth thru the forest, and as I came out of an opening, on the other side, I beheld a very old man garbed in loose, flowing robes, sitting upon a rock, beside a beautiful stream, and gazing wistfully into its crystal waters.

At sound of me he turned, and I thot he looked as if he might be a thousand years old. He tottered toward me with seeming joy, murmuring, "*At last, At last!*" he placed his withered old hands upon my shoulders and looked searchingly into my eyes, repeating, "*At last, At last!*"

"Who are you, good sir?" I asked.

"*I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness,*" he made answer, caressing my brow. "*Make ye ready the way of the Truth.*"

I led him to the rock for he seemed feeble.

"What a lovely stream! May I quench my thirst?" I asked.

"No, no," he replied, "*This is the River of Everlasting Life,*" and he arose, leaning upon my arm.

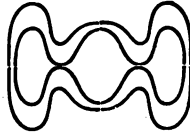
"*Come with me,*" he said. "*I will let thee drink of the River of Knowledge.*" And he led me thru the thicket till we came to the banks of a wondrous stream, and bending down, he dipped of its pure waters with a ram's horn that hung from his girdle.

"*Drink,*" he said, "*for Thou art Chosen to tell unto the erring peoples of the Earth, of the 'Proper Application of Knowledge.'*" " And I drank of those pure waters.

"*Dost thou hunger?*" he asked. "*Let me offer thee food.*" And he brot from the wood near by food, and shared it with me, saying, "*Eat of these locusts and wild honey, that you may be strong in spirit.*" And after we had eaten I lay me down, beside the "River of Knowledge" and fell asleep.

THE NARRATOR.

**THE REV. JOHN SMITH DIED—
AND WENT TO JUPITER
VIA HELL**



CHAPTER I.

"Blessed are ye who have not seen, and yet believe."
Bible.

'Tis a splendid day in June,—yet the news that is sent forth from the old vine covered Rectory, which stands back quietly in the shadow of a great edifice (one of New York's largest and most prominent churches—which boasts of its many wealthy members) ; is in terrible contrast to many, to the sun-touched balmy spring morning.

The kind and gentle old Rector—beloved of all—is lying upon a bed of sickness.

The Rev. John Smith! Great pastor in a great city, a man of much piety and good works, whom to know was to cherish in one's heart a happy affection.

The poor, of whom many in numbers have felt the good deeds of this lovable old man; the middle classes who have listened with great benefit to his simple profound advice; the rich who yield their purse-strings.

at his slightest call. All are moved deeply at the Doctor's bulletin; *"The Rector is indisposed and will be unable to hold Divine service on the morrow Sabbath."*

The Rector had complained to his faithful old housekeeper of many years, Stebbins, the day before, that he had felt strangely the last few days; a foreboding of something undefinable.

Good old soul that she was, she had prescribed the old fashioned remedies that never wear out—but they had failed for the first time in her ken to arrest the trouble, and she became much concerned at the strange symptoms of her old Master, who tried to make light of it as he noticed her anxiety.

"Never worry, Stebbins, the Rector will be himself in the morning,"—but after 'a watchful, sleepless night for the vigilant Stebbins, her good Master, was unable to arise.

She shook her head—"Had best get a Doctor for ye," she said, trying not to appear over-anxious. "Thanks, Stebbins, not so bad as all that," replied the Dominie trying to laugh off the matter, but after an effort to get up he had to decide to remain in bed a while longer.

"Where be the pain, Sir," asked Stebbins, but the old gentleman only replied "that there was no pain, he was just aweary," and soon fell asleep.

The faithful old servant decided promptly to act herself in the matter as she felt her responsibility to the whole congregation, so forthwith went Jeems, the

man-of-all-work, at her behest, to the Doctor's office just down the way a bit.

"And say, Jeems, that Mrs. Stebbins 'opes as 'ow 'e can find it convenient to step in soon, as I do be much concerned about the Master."

Away went Jeems at a lively clip for a slow old fellow, and soon the learned man of medicine rolled up in his handsome automobile at the Rectory door.

"What's the meaning of this?" was his greeting to the importantly anxious Stebbins, his look meaning much more than his speech, and she soon recited to him the history of her old Master's indisposition.

Going up stairs a-tiptoe to the sleeping man's chamber, they found him dozing restlessly.

When the Doctor had looked down keenly at his distinguished patient for a minute or two the Dominie's eyes opened; and recognizing him, he said, "Oh! I did not mean to trouble you. Doctor, 't 'is too bad to take you away from those who need you more than I."

"Now, my dear Rector," said Dr. Wilbur, "let me be the best judge as to that, you must let us minister to you now for a change, you have ministered to us all for a long time, and only to well, and," he added lightly, "turn about is fair play."

"Indeed 'e 'as, Sir," spoke up Stebbins, reassured, now the Doctor had come; and keeping up a running light talk Dr. Wilbur felt the Rector's pulse, took his temperature and studied the case.

Slowly a puzzled expression, to the practiced eye, might have been seen to overspread his face, as he

plied one question after another to the now thoroughly aroused patient.

At last his look seemed to denote decision, and he said:

"My dear Rector, I find no trace whatever of any symptom at odds with nature; you must be just tired out, run down a little—you know," he continued, with a knowing encouraging smile, "we must get you to rest a while, you have always done more than your share, a few days in the country with the blossoms and fresh air from the meadows, will give back our pastor to his flock."

Dr. Wilbur left with old Stebbins a quieting draught, and was soon speeding along the avenue in his white motor.

The next day being Sunday, the Rev. John Smith, to the sorrow of his vast congregation and to many outside of that who had partaken at one time or another of his kindly benevolence, was unable to conduct the services as he had done—for years without fail.

Heavy was the gloom to many of his worshippers who passed the rectory on that Sabbath morning, as they read the tidings posted outside,—"*The Rector is resting easily, but the Doctor has advised him to refrain from holding divine service and remain in bed.*"

As the time passed and her good Master did not seem to improve, the faithful Stebbins' face took on again a most anxious look.

"It be mighty queer," quoth she to Jeems, who, like herself, took the old Dominie's illness much to heart;

"in all my time, I never see 'im take on so, 'its 'ow as 'e 'as naught the matter with him, leastwise says the Doctor,—and 'e do seem to be going further away from us and we not the power to do 'im one good turn and bring 'im back to 'iself."

"Aye," responded Jeems, concernedly, "it do be certainly strange," and away he went mumbling sorrowfully to himself.

On Monday Dr. Wilbur was much puzzled at finding no change for the better in his eminent patient; in fact, he found the old Pastor's case more mystifying than ever, so concluded to call in consultation a brother specialist;—he, too, also found the sick room an enigma.

So far as their science went there was nothing in their joint examination of the old minister to warrant the condition he was in,—as far as they could reason he should be a well man, yet there he lay, sinking, apparently, without cause.

This great lovable man who always took interest in the slightest thing around him, hardly aroused himself even to notice his faithful old companion "Jock," a beautiful setter. The dog seemed to understand thoroughly, and his pleading eyes spoke myriads of untold words; for this great kindly spirit had found the true friendship so genuinely found in a dog.

* * * * *

The city was awakening, thru the wonderful press of the day, to the importance of this strange illness; the papers were eagerly bot by the thous-

ands of admirers of the Rector, to hear the latest.

Mrs. Stebbins' expression became more serious than ever when in the afternoon Dr. Wilbur came, not only with one other Doctor but two; besides, he installed in the sick room a trained nurse to watch and report every moment of the case.

These wise men shook their heads,—whispered together—silently watched the patient,—and still seemed unable to arrive at a solution of the illness or cause of the perplexing condition of the Rector, who lay quietly upon his back, his eyes looking from one to the other of the Doctors.

Dr. Wilbur gently placed his hands upon the sick man's forehead, and sympathetically asked him how he felt. The good Dominie replied in halting speech, unlike his usual self—"that he felt nothing the matter with him, he felt perfectly at ease, but could do nothing for himself." He asked them after the sick of his flock and fell asleep before he had finished.

Stebbins, who felt that she must keep within reach of her old Master at all times, was fearful at over hearing one of the Doctors say, "*I fear a great soul is passing its way.*" The others agreed that the case must be watched closely and heroic measures adopted soon if no change came for the better.

* * * * *

It was astonishing to find the numbers that sorrowed at the thought of a probable fatal ending to the strange illness. Many stories were told in the newspapers, and more out of them, of the old Pastor's thotful ministrations, and practical help to the

needy, many of whom were not of his church or denomination. Here was truly a great, white souled man, yet, simple as a little child. His innate love of flowers, birds and all animals was beyond doubt the secret of his lasting humaneness, which drew nature to him and made this great Pastor untold friends he did not even know.

The specialist was right, a great soul was passing away. Old Stebbins seemed to realize for the first time that perhaps her dear Master might be leaving them, as she softly went into the sick chamber to coax old Jock,—who stood his unceasing guard so lovingly near the Master who was all the world to him.

As she gently stroked his silky head and begged him come down stairs for food, the dog looked up at her with his great, sad eyes, which brot the tears to her's,—as if he would say, "I cannot leave the Master," nor could he be coaxed away from the room for more than a few minutes.

The old Rector slowly opened his eyes, and, seeing his faithful housekeeper and his guardian, understood it all. Poor old Stebbins turned away her head to try and stop the tears, and the Master with an effort reached out his hand and took hers; the dog, Jock, as if he saw a gleam of hope in this little act, licked both their hands.

"Stebbins, my faithful friend," spoke the Dominie, feebly, "God bless you for a great, good woman, and for all you have been to your old Master,"—the poor woman's sobs shook her frame.

"Sorrow not—perhaps I will be spared yet to bother you the same as of old; cheer up, kind heart, my greatest regret would be to leave you, my faithful companions," and he stroked the dog's head affectionately. "Where's Jeems?" he asked.

The old man, who was always near at hand, approached—he had been listening without to the Master's beloved voice; he could not speak, so great was his feeling. Here was a true picture of friendship to look upon, each ever eager to serve the other.

The tears of affection came fast to all—for 'twas good bye—almost heartbreaking to these faithful old servants of years; they were past words; Jock lowly moaned his sorrow.

"Jeems," whispered his old Master, "thou hast been a good servant, great will by thy reward,"—and sleep overcame this lovable old Pastor.

The nurse gently led old Stebbins away, but nothing would induce the faithful Jock to be parted from his Master.

* * * * *

When the masters of the science of medicine came again, they were more confounded than ever at the condition in which they still found the old Rector; there was the same absence of symptoms of any disease and they felt helpless; besides, the sick man was sinking into a stupor and was apparently unable to have speech any more with them, yet he did not seem to suffer either in body or mind; the pulse beat slower, the respiration became less, the heart weaker,—this

great life seemed passing away without cause—their heroics were in vain.

Stebbins being a sensible old body, nerved herself for even the worst and kept in command. When the Doctors were leaving she went to the hall with them. "Don't fear," she said to Dr. Wilbur, "to tell me; I must be brave, as the good Master would wish it." "Mrs. Stebbins, we must confess, the Pastor's case puzzles us, we must only hope for the best," and then they were gone into the busy thoroughfare without—where all was noise and bustle.

Everything went on outside as usual, even tho a great life hung by a thread,—carriages with richly dressed women drove up to the rectory to enquire, and then on to their teas, clubs and social duties.

The afternoon throng moved up and down the Avenue on their divergent quests of business and pleasure—hansoms whirled here and darted there, barouche grazed brougham in the mad chase of the idle for excitement. Down town the bee-hive was busiest, all seemed working with naught time to play. Working for what? not for pleasure!—a few for the future, but most of this great, eager army of toilers for bare existence. Trains came and steamships went; the factories poured out labor's energy in marketable stuff; bankers poured out money today that they might take in more on the morrow; merchants schemed, and vied with each other; and all went on day and night.

Alas! that we must return to the Rectory—to see the long, slow, quiet procession of sad-faced, mostly

poor people, who went their ways with low hearts after reading:

"The Rector lies peacefully, in a comatose state, he does not seem to recognize anyone, the case seems hopeless."

This bulletin was posted after days of hoping in vain.

CHAPTER II.

"God Help the Rich, the Poor Can Work."—Hobo.

The next morning, as J. Squierpoint Horgan, great financier and philanthropist, was leaving his luxurious offices in Wall street for Pelmonico's, (where most of the clique of aristocratic Money-Barons were usually wont to take that slight refreshment which bridges a man over till his late dinner of many courses, served expensively by the high priced Masters of epicurean art, imported from foreign shores),—as this pompous magnate, star parishioner and high pew-holder in the fashionable Church, St. Pierrepont, was descending the granite steps from his office to the street, one might have seen him accosted by a dirty, ragged urchin of a newsboy calling " 'Xtray!"

On ordinary occasions, this man of big means would have taken no notice of the little fellow's cry, but to-day he caught the words, "John Smith," and quickly turned and dropped a nickel into the grimy hand of the newslad as he took the early morning mid-day edition, and read in large black type—"REV. JOHN SMITH, DEAD."

On Wednesday's summer morning with windows open, letting in the fresh air, the mating songs of the birds, the hum of the city, surrounded by his faithful Stebbins crying softly, Jeems standing near with

bowed head and dejected spirit, the Doctor counting away life's few short moments left, the nurse and that sturdy old neverceasing sentinel Jock—the well loved old Rector of St. Pierrepont passed away, as softly as the morning breeze gives way to the noon-day sun.

Well might the metropolis be shocked at the demise of this Giant of Goodness, who but a few short days ago had been their "Tower of Strength." No illness had crossed his day before, and whilst we called him old it was in affection and on account of his silvery beard and hair; otherwise, he had been the picture of health, hale and hearty; smiling the pleasure he had felt in a perfect constitution. Yet the hand of fate had ordained that he must pass from earth as calm night might follow a sunny day.

Preceding one of the largest funerals in New York's history, when the mighty throng of rich and poor, trod shabby coat by silk lined cloth—for death is a great leveller—there was read to those who most had the right to hear, the simple wishes left behind.

The Rev. John Smith had no immediate relatives and only a few distant connections and when the document was read it was found that the good Minister, although he had been the recipient of a large salary for years, had left almost nothing in this world's goods, or coin. The great number of poor of all creeds who crowded the Avenue was sufficient explanation of this.

A small annuity which had been the last link between *himself* and his family, was his to dispose of; this he

left to those who had served him so faithfully, long and well, and thus the last act of this large soul in providing for Stebbins, Jeems and his true dog friend, was in keeping with the life of this simple, kindly man.

In a final request the Rector asked that his remains be placed in a casket *with a device on the inside*, so that in case of burial alive he might release himself. This odd whim of his was respected and after the simple but impressive service all that was mortal of the dearly beloved John Smith was quietly laid away in the mausoleum provided by the rich congregation of St. Pierrepont for such purposes.

The wealthy mourners betook themselves in their comfortable carriages to their palaces of ease, while the less fortunate beings sadly wended their ways afoot to their Flats and Tenement homes.

In case it may concern or interest the reader in small part, it might be pardonable to here look into the future a little, and follow the course of events as they affected the new life into which Stebbins and Jeems were forced by circumstances.

As the new clergyman of St. Pierrepont was a man with family and had his servants, so when he moved into the Rectory the old couple must of necessity find themselves another place of abode.

The small annuity left them with their savings added was sufficient to provide for the modest wants of each. Stebbins had to lead off as usual.—“What be you agoing to do now, Jeems,” said she, “’ave ye any plans?” “I d’know,” was all she could get out of Jeems. “Well,” said she naively, “I’ll take me

away from the city to the country, as where I can live me quietly from the noise." Now, Jeems and Stebbins had lived and served so long together that the question of a separation came upon them as most serious; they in their way were fond of each other, but it was a mighty task for either to suggest or propose that the best way out of their dilemma was to get married.

Of course Jeems should have taken the initiative—for the idea of matrimony was equally in both their minds.

Stebbins had to lead if any progress towards this end was to be accomplished; her first shot was a broadside, and broke down the earthworks of Jeems' unability and shyness in short order.

"It do be lonely though," said she, with a knowingness quite new to her, "for a woman to live alone after all these years," (with a guilty sigh), "what as 'ow is to become of ye, Jeems?" The old man's wall of unspeakability crumbled before this hot shot, so he old-manfully arose to the occasion and blurted out, "Wilt ye 'ave old Jeems, Mrs. Stebbins, for your 'usband, and we will 'ave a look to each other!" Thus these two honest hearts melted together and in due season they were made one.

They located shortly on a little three acre farm down on Long Island, where their chickens, new laid eggs, greens and flowers soon made them quite famous in the vicinity.

Nor must old Jock be forgotten. The dog took on *much at his Master's* death and refused to be consoled.

Jeems and Stebbins tried their utmost to wean him away from his sorrow, but he refused to eat but little and grew thinner and more wretched, till one day a happy idea came to Jeems upon seeing a batch of puppies at a nearby farm. When he told of old Jock's condition, they willingly gave him a pup to take home, and the old dog at once adopted it, perked up and began to take a fresh interest in things; but he never forgot the old Master he loved so well and who loved him so truly.

So we leave them, gentle reader, to your kind imagination, in their pretty country home, and proceed with the unparalleled narrative that 'tis our remarkable good fortune to be privileged to relate.

CHAPTER III.

"And — — — he arose again, and descended into Hell."—Bible.

Dark—Yet brighter than the Daylight—Night—Yet one could see more clearly than by Day.

A dazzling prismatic Light, that penetrated the furthestmost corner. One seemed to see beyond and forever.

There seemed to be width without distance, length without end, and height without space; yet withal one might seem to be always at the small opening into a gigantic Entrance Hall, that widened into eternity, as the view stretched out farther and farther, never ending but always in sight, and all o'erspread with a canopy of the same dazzling, limitless, luminous ether, and still one was in-doors not out.

No Sun, nor flowers, nor trees, nor olive leaves, nor green hills—No life as it were, yet life everywhere; a great Corridor of boundless space, still always within view.

One stood at the end of this endless funnel—and looked into everlasting vision and saw Everything.

A dry dampness pervaded the atmosphere, discomfiting the body. A chilly, marrow-touching clamminess was in the air. A slimy, pungent, malodorous, slippery floor, each step uncertain, fearful, repulsive. *Yet all must tread on Forever!*

Yes! ONE stood at the mouth of this limitless Cavern, spellbound, silent, wondering, gazing with intensity, as if trying to the utmost to link the Past with the Present; a look of unexplainable hopelessness and despair written on every line of the once lovable face.

"Lost! Lost!" the lips seemed to say—still they spake not. Leaning heavily on his cane with firm but uncertain steps, came slowly down this Domeless, Dreary, Deathlike Passage—The REV. JOHN SMITH!

Tall in his long frock coat; handsome, as one looked at his silky white beard and hair; manly from the crown of his faultless silk hat to the tips of his comfortable, well polished shoes,—but withal, fearful. The strangeness of it! where was he? his heart asked his soul a thousand times in very anguish: How came'st I here? Where am I?—Where is anybody?—Everybody? and an endless chain of such questions he asked himself in a flash of time.

The eye began to see farther, the ear to hear clearer—there was a chaos of sound, Yet all seemed still—At one moment the air, the hall, the dome, the cave, or whatever this gravelike, hideous place might be rightly called—was filled with unearthly notes of discordant music that grew in fiendish volume and ended in hellish ~~screeching~~ screaming as if a myriad of lost souls were in the last stages of anguish.

The Rev. John Smith had gone forward but a little way 'mid these mystifying sounds and sights, when he noticed approaching him from out this brilliant dark-

ness, a misshapen lump of humanity, a great ill-shapen body, with head and hands all out of proportion. A slimy green scale coated vestment hung untidily upon this slouching form.

As the old gentleman came abreast of this terrible creature he halted his unwilling steps and spake in a voice that he hardly recognized himself, but in his old kindly way:

"My good man," (if man you be, he thot), "would you please to tell me what strange place this be, and how came I here?" For answer the leer-eyed being turned, and pointed onward with his bony hawk-shaped hand, uttering a hissing sound from his nostrils, which sent forth a ghastly greenish flame that filled the surrounding atmosphere with a stench resembling burnt flesh.

Onward! only to accost more of these dreadful creatures, each worse, if possible, in appearance than the last, and each would wave him on.

As the old Minister advanced, an awful panorama of fearful scenes spread out before him—the air was rent with all kinds of weird noises; Vehicles of outlandish shape whirled swiftly past loaded down with sorrow-visaged-suffering (what must have been) human beings.

Huge, ugly birds as large as horses passed to and fro, seemingly bent on devilish purpose, flying low to catch some sad creature of human form in its death-like beak, carrying the screaming body away only to drop the unhappy speck upon the slimy, rock-like floor, to writhe in agony and despair—while its great pain-

dealing wings carried it on its evil way screeching, to repeat the relentless game of fiendish pleasure it really seemed to enjoy.

On, steadily, carefully, this big man of EARTH picked his way, his Figure in striking contrast with the awful surroundings.

Suddenly there was a great noise as tho a million gates of gigantic size had swung upon their rusty hinges of ages; creaking, scratching, grating on the nerves of the ear as if to drive one insane a thousand times,—and a personage of glistening splendor stood before the old Dominie.

The appalling scenes that had already spread themselves out before the Rev. John Smith in this gruesome place, left little more in the compass of his mind to astonish him, without his reason giving way as he already thot it probably had, and he began to think it was all a hideous dream of the imagination that he would awake from soon.

This person of dazzling red, who carried in his hand a long staff of shining ebony, lustreful with gold and precious stones,—bowed to the old Minister and spoke: *"Most Noble Master of Erthus, Chosen of thy race, Peace be unto thee, I bring to thee the greetings of HADES—Let's lead Thee on."*

The old Dominie's mind was chaos, and it gave up trying to solve the situation, and he simply replied, *"Lead thou me on."*

Turning, he observed that his onward march had developed into a procession. They were supported by odd small figures, with leering, gurgling faces,

half imp, half boy, their legs and hinder-parts resembling more the calf's with cloven hoof than human being; the body from waist down being covered with a dirty, coarse, rusty hair, their finger nails like the toe nails of a dog. In their hands these Imps carried long mouldy horns which they raised to their lips every now and again, and there rang out to the furthest corner, "*Hail to the Chosen one!*"

They danced merrily on, their death rattle laughs ringing out in impish glee, as a great lumbering bird came screeching along, seeming to take hellish delight in dropping its agonized victim before their line of march.

"*Hail to the Chosen one!*" rang out again as the procession approached what appeared to be a gigantic throne place. Great stone backless and comfortless seats of cruel unevenness were occupied with the most damnable, misshapen, sexless, creatures, leering with their evil eyes in a manner that boded horror. The procession struggled slowly up the hundreds of broken, rickety steps of stones to top.

The God forsaken throng of ill-begotten beings arose en masse, and bellowed forth in a heart-rendering conglomeration of fearful voices—"All Hail, to the Chosen One!"

The flaring man of red, leading the Rev. John Smith up thru this repulsive mob, noticed the sickening pallor upon his face, and placed his hand gently upon the old Minister's arm, saying: "*Fear not, my Lord Chosen.*" From that moment the terrible-ness of it all passed from the man that was chosen to

witness the most fearful of awful scenes that beggar,
and are beyond the description of human mind and
words.

CHAPTER IV.

"And the rich man died, and went to Hell."—Bible.

Could any of his former friends have seen that kindly, white-haired old gentleman standing there amidst that despicable crowd, leaning on his cane, his tall silk hat standing out in awful contrast against that ghastly scene, they would have run madly away, tearing out their hair in remorse. Thanks to his flaming guide, he could now look upon it without feeling the utter desolation of it all. He was led to the habitable seat at the right hand of the cheerless throne and all was as still as death. Turning to the right he read horror written in every face, and gazing to the left the eye saw sorrow everlasting.

All was still great mystery to the Rev. John Smith—Why came he, and where was he, he knew not!

He of the brilliant Person came forward and addressed himself to the old Dominie as follows: "Most Noble Lord Chosen, of the sinful people of Erthus, for thy great piety—know that thou hast been brot hither by the unseen power of all wisdom, to be the Ambassador of Worlds, to carry enlightenment of salvation to a mistaken people who have strayed far beyond the fold of goodness into the sinful ways of the flesh;—*Thou art Chosen to redeem the World.*"

"Know, My Lord Chosen, that thou art now within

the confines of the Realm of Hades, sitting upon the right hand of the Throne of Satanita, Queen of the Place of Darkness; Mephistina, Empress of Hell, Sexless Mother of the Redemption of Erring Souls—Peace I give unto thee in the name of the Sexless Queen.” Turning, he waved his polished staff of sparkling jewels, pointing—whence out of the dazzling distance was seen coming toward them an endless procession, not triumphal but funereal, the size of which was far beyond the conception of degenerate man, and turning again to the Rev. John Smith, he continued: “I, Meffo Virgus, High Chancellor to Her Majesty, Satanita, Mephistina, Queen Empress of HADES, have spoken as commanded by Her Highness,” and bowing low he took the seat at the left hand side of The THRONE of HELL.

CHAPTER V.

We pray Thee, O Lord, that Thou in Thy infinite wisdom will teach those that are already educated, and remind those who live in the advantages—that there are others.”—Prayer.

The Jester has asked in fun, “Which was the largest room in the World?” and answered his own question exultingly, “The Room for Improvement.” As the Rev. John Smith out-looked upon the endless, wall-less view before him he felt that he was in a vast, sizeless Room, with all the needs of improvement. The absence of daylight, sunlight, star or moonlight, the trees, the flowers or singing birds, or bees, or butterflies—was heart-breaking.

Away out in front of the waiting throng upon the steppes of the throne the glare of another strange light appeared, and the Tremendous Army of SIN approached to the blasts of resonant trumpets, which bellowed out—“Behold the Queen cometh,” and the answer rang back, “*All hail to the Queen.*”

Well might the eyes of the venerable John Smith start in his head at the sight he beheld.

The procession drawing near, he saw at its head the huge, ugly triple-headed Dragon, King of the Beasts of Hell. Words fail to describe the awful Monster upon whose ungainly back sat regally in icy repose, The QUEEN of HADES.

The Monster's luminous skin emitted sparks of rainbow radiance, while from under the great scales of its back came a vile-smelling suffocating steam. The Heads! Power of darkness, the hideousness of them!—each one with its long neck swaying to and fro as on the Monster came;—belching forth a terrific flame of green, red and blue fire, snorting and pounding,—the air was rent with the noise of the awful Beast and permeated with the deadly effluvia from the hellish snouts.

On came this beastly head of an unsightly procession, panting, groaning, to the foot of the steppes beneath the cheerless Throne above, and all was hushed in a silence that pierced the very soul.

Here is where the poet might fittingly have said: High on Her Monument of outrageous Splendor, Satanita exalted sat!"

In a voice surpassing pure, but cold, unforgiving, spake the Sexless Queen of Hades: "*This is the day of Atonement, Repent ye of your sins.*" And every head was bowed in utmost sorrow, and every body rocked in uncontrollable grief.

The mouldy horns and blazing trumpets took up the cry and sent it howling along. As the Queen finished, the Tri-Headed Dragon raised its clumsy carcass from out the slimy muck and started floundering up the dirty broken steppes, the while snorting great colored flames and oozing the stinking steam; a giant task through which Her Majesty sat in austere calm.

The old Dominie gazed down and around this fear-

some scene with an expression of intense awe; the hideous forms of repulsive humanity, squatted amidst the slimy, cold, and piercing damp, while lizards, toads and scorpions skurried from crevice to corner.

Satanita—Beautiful, a giantess of graceful proportions, wearing a close fitting raiment of shiniest black, unassisted dismounted as the great panting Beast threw itself exhausted upon the Plaza in front of the Throne Seat; then coming towards the Rev. John Smith who arose naturally and taking off his hat, would to bow low, but the Queen prevented him, saying, "Arise, Sir Lord Chosen, I, Mephistina, bow to Thee for the sorrows of Hades," and motioning him be seated, she turned, greeted Meffo Virgus, and sat Herself upon the Heartless Throne of Hell, and silence fell once more upon this awful place.

At last the Queen spoke, sadly:

"Most Noble Lord of Erthus, Chosen of thy sinful people, listen, I pray thee, to the words of truth, though my heart breaks in the telling.

"Many aeons ago I, Satanita, now Queen of the Realm of Darkness dwelt in the Heaven of Heavens, a Mother Chieftainess in the Land of Goodness, where all pure souls found everlasting Joy—their reward for living true the laws of Fairness and Equity, one toward another. Alas, one day a great quarrel arose between those in authority over the falling off in the numbers of purified souls entering everlasting bliss—over the sins of the worlds, and I, Satanita, was sent forth of a rebellious spirit, and condemned to dwell in this Hell of Iniquity, amongst these lost Souls of

Time, their Queen Empress, till all had been Redeemed. The Peoples of the Worlds, My Lord, are failing to take advantages that are given them to live fair, good Lives, *they have given themselves over to false Doctrines, and forgotten their duty to their Neighbor*, and thus after ages have swept by ages, they have sunk deeper into the sinful lusts of the flesh, and the Boundless Corridors of HADES have become crowded and the vast floors wet with their Tears.

"You! Master of Erthus, have been chosen to witness the Horrors of Hell and the Joys of a Planet Redeemed, so that you may carry back to thy misguided People the hope of Redemption, before all are lost forever."

Truly could pen depict the horrors of hell as witnessed by the old Dominie, all Sin must surely end in the face of such Dire punishment.

"Can'st thou tell me, Lord Chosen," continued the Sad Queen, "why the Erring People of Erthus, choose the Ways of sin rather than the Ways of the Righteous? They worship in a multitude of Religions instead of in one great Work,—their duty toward each other. Why do they build Churches to worship in when they should have Homes to Work in?"

"Methinks, My Lord, that they have Churches that they may worship each other in, more especially themselves,—a place of Self worship. Ah! there is the Sin of Erthus,—Self,—Greed!

"And who is this God of their Imagery? This unresponsive Power they pretend to Believe in, to

whom on special days they dress up and sober up and go forth to supplicate? What, I say, does this God of their imagination do for them that they cannot do for themselves?

"When you return, good Master, to thy Foolish people, say unto them, I have been in Heaven and Hell and there is no God but Love. There is no Heaven but Purity,—There is no Hell but Wrong.

"Woe is he who prideth himself, who thinketh that he is better than his fellowman; Woe is he who deceives and follows not the simple Laws of conscience, for the sorrows of his days shall be as countless as the sands of the sea."

The black robed Queen quit speaking as for very pity. The white haired old Minister realized more and more the depths into which Erthus was steeped through greed, selfishness and hypocrisy.

John Smith was aroused from his sorrowing reverie by a great fat bat-like creature that alit before the Throne, an impish gargoyle.

The Queen was wrapt in the gloom that had overtaken her speech, the frogs and slimy things took advantage of the pause and interruption to change their places; the leer-eyed beings likewise made themselves more uncomfortable.

Meffo Virgus went to the giant mouse with wings and took from its toothless mouth a message. "What new horror dost thou now crowd upon my dejected spirit, my faithful Virgus?" asked the Queen.

"A message, Your Majesty, from the gates of Sin. *The stream of Lost Ones grows more and more; we*

*crawc, Oh Queen! that out of thy infinite wisdom
Thee devise a way lest all be Lost."*

"Lord Chosen of Erthus," spake Satanita, as she stood in majesty, "great things are expected of thee. Outlook, Oh! Master, upon the sadness of the procession of Atonement, which passes now upon our view, that thou may'st take back to thy sinful Erthus, the Truth of all things, through the pleadings of Mephistina, that all may be happy and she may return Queen of Light and Joy, and all may be well for ever and ever."

CHAPTER VI.

"To Harlem with poverty, let the poor work."—Hobo.

Might the thots of the Rev. John Smith, as he gazed down from his place beside the Queen, been put into words they would have told that never could he forget the awfulness of the scene passing before them. Imagine a great numberless crowd of drink-sodden, filthy, starving men and women, dragging themselves along as if about to drop, but never allowed to rest, reeling along, holding each other up and forcing each other down, only to be picked up by some great beast-like bird, and sent staggering with this vast Army of Drunkards who had in their lifetime given themselves up to their gay, lustful passions.

"These, My Lord Chosen, are they who gave themselves over to riotous living, and sold their souls for Drink, bringing sorrow into countless homes. They

are now continually undergoing the tortures of unquenched thirst, and Remorse—They loved liquor for its false effect and now you see them pass by with tongues out like thirsty dogs.”

The musty horns bellowed out: “Drink and be Merry!” “Enjoy yourselves” and such like galling sounds greeted their unwilling ears.

These unfortunates gave way to those who in life would not put themselves out for others. They who must have their selfish whims attended to and give nothing in return. They came riding up in the most odd, dilapidated looking vehicles, crowded beyond their numbers. Instead of the wheels being round they were square, oblong, any shape and all sizes. They ran quickly about, first this way and then that, colliding, upsetting, but ever on,—rattling, bumping, hurling their battered occupants as the rusty squeaking gear screeched out as if in hellish glee.

Next drew near to pass before the Empress Queen, a mighty throng of human wrecks. They were lugging, groaning, sweating, under the strain of pulling immense flat cars that jolted forward on their crazy wheels over the slimy floor.

Upon these cars were the victims in life of these beasts who had been misnamed men. The women of these wretches, whom they had enticed away to licentious living,—and they, foolish virgins, fond of glitter, and flattery, had sold their souls; for what? Oh! the sorrow of this wayward—contemptible crowd; “Atone ye all,” rang out the verdigrised horns

of the calf-hinded giggling Imps of Hell, who took delight tenfold in the procession's orgy.

Again the mouldy horns rang out!

"Come on, Ye loafers, and Ye who lived from off what others sweated for,—All Ye who had strength, yet did not assist the weak." On came these suffering, ill-lived tenants of Hades; Each that had been strong and well fed in life, now carrying upon his back, in ludicrous horseplay fashion—the victim of his selfish meanness,—whom they had driven into the degradations of Sin, thru want and hopelessness.

"These, My Lord Chosen," spake Satanita, "whom you see approaching, are those whom the demons of hell take special delight in turning on their vials of wrath.

"This is the great army of SELF who cared not who might suffer, so long as they advanced, and now they reap their reward so justly deserved. How long, I ask you, will they be in learning, that Self must be forgotten, till not one amongst them shall suffer the fruits of each other's unbrotherliness; Woe unto the Selfish!"

"And here come the Managers and Overseers, Lord Chosen, who only saw their own importance; Instead of bearing down those under authority, they should have dealt out justice and comfort—They find here, Good Master, their just reward."

The Queen stopped, and watched with stony look the countless, suffering mass proceed.

Meffo Virgus, turning to Rev. John Smith, spake:—"Good Master, these miserable men who were put in

authority over other men, forgot that he who would serve himself well must needs help all others to serve each other better."

"Can these have once been human beings, Your Majesty?" asked the old Dominie, as along came another unfortunate gang on all fours—crawling, sprawling in the slimy muck—straightening up every now and again, only to fall back to walking on hands, feet and knees.

"Yes! My Lord Chosen, this filthy crowd was once the proud, pompous men and women of the planets, who lived in great affluence that many might serve and drudge for them. Each thot themselves a very God unto themselves and were puffed up with their own importance, put on great airs, covered themselves with attar of roses, and treated those under them as serfs—yea, as the very dust under their feet."

"And now, good Master, behold their finery bedraggled in the muck and stench of Hell."

"Where now are their costly perfumes to drive away the smells that torture their once proud nostrils?"

"Those who serve faithfully, My Lord, enjoy the everlasting pleasure, whilst they who labor not, but let others, and then take from them the fruits of their labor that they may exalt themselves in the eyes of others,—they will have their high seats turned into a never ceasing torment of repentance,—But, Too Late! My Lord, Too Late!"

And so proceeded the Grand March of Hades!

The leer-eyed ill-shapen creatures chortled their

hellish glee as the countless throng came unmerrily on.

"Hail to the Church!" "Hail to the fat-bellied Priests of false teachings!" "Hail to those that led a deceived people out of the ways of Truth!" were the next cries that reached the ears of the astonished old Minister.

"What mean'st this, Your Majesty? Why this vast army of my co-brethren?" asked he, as the clergymen of all kinds, priests of every land, passed, each walking backward, stumbling, tumbling each other down, and fumbling up again, for all must go on ever backward in their tattered and torn robes of office, which in life covered a multitude of sins, of false teachings, of mystical fables.

"These vain, unproductive people, My Lord Chosen, were supposed to lead their people in wisdom, instead of into the pit of chaotic Darkness and Unreason;—I would, O Master of Erthus! that thou might have been spared all this sad scene, but great will be thy reward, that Erthus may be brought into the List of Good, and Right, and Truth." .

"I would not, O Queen! that this great cup of sorrow should pass from me—for I must do thy bid and save my misguided race, that thou shalt reign again, the Queen of Goodness in the place where all is Happiness, where all are fair, and that the Gates of Hell may close for want of passers by; that the sorrow of this dread place may cease, and stop forever, that the weeping and wailing may be heard no more, and all will be turned from self-living, into the paths of sun-

shine and song,—where everyone will think to help, not hinder the other, that all will do things for the joy of working, and each one will work for the other, that all may be good, which means happy.”

“Thou hast well spoken, Master.”

“Take heed, I say, of these men of whom much was expected but little received. A great army were they, who did little but ate much, who went about with saintly airs that they might live a life of ease.”

“You will notice that tall, once handsome man now passing. In your day he was a great Divine, had a most fashionable and wealthy congregation, and was much sought after by his set in high society; he read them very learned sermons on the Sabbath, and he pointed out strongly to the working people their Sins.”

“I will tell, Master of Erthus, why these men are here. A more than usual chance befell these men to serve their fellow men—the only true religion—instead, these canons of the church let the fat, lazy, over-fed, highly-perfumed, gaudily-dressed, selfish beings who styled themselves ‘The Highest in Society’ appeal to their personal vanity; they let them bribe them each year with a large amount of money sweated out of the poor—the working people—to dress themselves up, look well and read to them proper sermons for their selfish ears, whilst they gave a Suckling, a tenth the amount to go amongst the poor, to remind them that they should be glad they were not in a worse condition, and counsel them to submit more readily to a lot to which an imaginary God had been pleased to call them. Well knew these white necked drones, the

hypocrisy of their calling, and hence they are here, My Lord, because of their great Vanity,—Fie upon such I say.”

“Why did they not up and speak out against this contemptible fabric of a rotten Society? Why, I say, instead of counselling the low and meek to submit, did they not urge the down-trodden throngs of suffering humanity, to arise in their vast numbers and crush these false-hearted puppets of ill-gotten wealth, so that all might work alike, and all might enjoy alike, and each in turn would but suffer the ills that were natural to them. Then, My Lord, would the sentinels at the portals of Hell have little reason to cry for ages,—‘The stream of human Souls, O Queen, grows vastly more.’”

“Woe unto the Hypocrites, I say, ’t’were better had they never been born.” And the Queen once more subsided into a sorrowing silence.

The giggling Imps and Gargoyles took infinite pleasure in taunting the next approaching pageant.

“Behold the results of Vanity, Sir Chosen,” spake Meffo Virgus—“These were once the women who thot to exalt themselves in the eyes of others by arraying their bodies in outlandish splendor, while their Souls they forgot to adorn with simple Goodness. They vied one with the other, giving no thot to the poor who grunted and sweated, that each might appear in their own foolish eyes more grotesque than their neighbor. Look at them now, Good Master, in the outrageous raiment of fearful contrast suffering the pangs of the knowledge of their own hideous get-ups!

Where is now their conceit, their puffed-up Vanity, and Selfishness?"

And this is what the old Dominie beheld: rickety carriages and vehicles of dilapidated sorts, broken and scratched, dirty and rusty, and long since fit for the dust pile; seated in them in great pomp, wretched women with painted doll like faces, wearing the most outlandish ill-fitting costumes of ragged silks and satins, laces and ribbons, stained and soiled, their heads of sickly green hair (at least, those who had any), and on these unkempt heads, ludicrous hats and bonnets of grotesque milliner's art, all one sad, repulsive sight of unbecoming colors, a most ludicrous spectacle were it not for the very pity of it all; and pulling these wagons of disgusting Vanity were the cowardly men once called fashionable, the deathly pallor of their dissipated faces enhancing the dirty ill-fitting raggedness of their untidy persons,—again, some men in women's clothing, and women in men's attire; all grotesque, all filthy, all inharmonious.

"Such is the result, My Lord," spake Satanita, "of Self Worship and the forgetting of *one's duty toward one's neighbor.*"

As the gaudy cavalcade of pitiable men and women kept passing along before the clammy Throne the Rev. John Smith fell into a reverie.

Meffo Virgus, turning to the Queen Empress, said: "Your Majesty hast seen enough? This goodly man has suffered deeply."

The old Minister roused himself, saying bravely: "I *pray* Your Highness, spare me not, I have sinned and

must learn the cost that I may help to save." But the Queen of Hades knew how far the lesson had gone. She who knew all things but gave not all things.

Arising in her seat in all the Majesty of Queenly womanliness, she bade Meffo Virgus prepare the way of departure, and Meffo stood forth in his glittering costume, waved his filagreed wand of ebony black and immediately there appeared upon the horizon of the dazzling Darkness of Hades a flying animal of immense size.

Presently a heavenly Bird of magnificent plumage alit before them with perfect grace and taking the Rev. John Smith by the hand the Empress Queen led him, followed by Meffo Virgus, onto the comfortable back of this huge bird of Paradise, which slowly arose into the air and flew off; a remarkable contrast to the ill-begotten, snorting, belching beings left behind at the dilapidated Throne of Hades to witness the Grand March of Hell.

CHAPTER VII.

He that giveth unto the poor, lendeth unto the Scamps of Finance, that they may take away even that which the poor have not.—Rott.

After swiftly over-traveling the Vastness of Hell upon the soft back of the great bird, they reached the "Repose of Satanita" where all the heart-rending scenes of the Queendom outside might be forgotten.

It was a relief-bordering on ecstasy that the Rev. John Smith felt upon entering this Bower of Roses after the stench of awfulness.

A wonderful Garden was Satanita's resting place—

Nymphs of Sylphlike beauty came singing, and bearing salvers of peculiar metaled design upon which were vessels of pleasing cast containing The Nectar of the Gods.

"Drink of the Wine, Good Master, that gives not false hope, but nourishment to the Soul." And when he had partaken of the sustenance of Hades the Queen bid him rest and commended him to the kindly services of Angelus, her trusty henchman; "anything that thou may'st desire, will fill his faithful heart with heavenly delight."

Angelus led the old Minister to the guest chamber of sumptuous fittings, and raising his hand, there appeared maidens of rare beauty bearing a basin of transparent gold and cloths of the purest white, whilst others spread upon a table of clearest crystal the dainty food of the Gods, and then all withdrew, singing softly the melody of goodwill. * * * * *

The old Dominie awoke much refreshed in body and soul, and felt most grateful to be in such a charming place, away from the gloom and horror of yesterday.

Never could he recollect having seen anything like the wondrous place he was in. The decorations were of the most superbly delicate tints, and thru the heavenly draperies one seemed to look out into a beautiful lifeful some-where, and as one turned their gaze ceilingward they looked into an eternity of the fairest blue skies; the air breathed of a pureness quite new to the old man and gave a wonderful renewed *strength* to the body. The sweetest bird songs were

wafted in upon him from the joyous gardens without, all made a veritable giant of strength of this silvery haired old man who dreamed on till his siesta was interrupted by the gentle Angelus, who, approaching, bowed low, saying: "I am the bearer of a message from Her Majesty who bidst thee the joy of Heaven, and would'st the good Master join Her Highness at the Isle of Rest?"

"Lead on, my good fellow, I follow," replied the Rev. John Smith, arising and following this God-like Henchman of the Queen, who was gowned in the purest of white satin.

"This, Sir Master of Erthus, is the Path of ROSES that leads to the Swans of Paradise who ferry us over to the bower of our beloved Queen."

"A path of Roses in Hell," thot the old Dominie? but passed it along in his mind to the long list of surprises that had been his lately.

Numberless roses nestled coaxingly along the path as if to say, "Come, let us be friends;" their fragrance was sublime.

The voice of the charming Angelus took the old Dominie from his flirting with the flowers. "Thru yon vista, My Lord," pointing with his staff, "thou wilt see the ferry's approach." And he saw thru the avenue of roses and creepers a sight untold.

Gently paddling towards them upon a pond of purest crystal water floated two wondrous Swans of heavenly blue plumage, and standing upon the backs of each was a naked, curly-haired lad of sweetest child-like beauty. Holding in one hand the guiding lines

of sparkling gold which was held in the beak of the beautiful birds, in the other hand they held aloft a long, slender golden horn from which their angel-voices sang out,—“*Thrice Welcome, Father of Erthus, Redeemer.* Our Mother Chieftainess hast sent us hither upon the backs of her favorite Swans, Onkie and Nodu, to ferry thee to the Bower of Satanita.”

The swans gracefully reached the landing and Angelus handed the Rev. John Smith upon the spacious back of the swan Onkie and stepped himself upon Nodu, and thus they embarked upon the Crystal waterway to the sound of the horns and the ripple of the water on the breasts of this strange ferry.

The little naked reinsmen steered their birds for the opposite shore and suddenly made a detour around a pretty vine-covered point that had been hidden by the gorgeous flower bed and foliage, opening to view the fairest of sights, a moon shaped bay, the clear water of which was covered with lilies and water-flowers galore thru which Onkie and Nodu glided deftly, soon reaching a moss covered landing place.

As they rounded the point in the pretty bay the sound of music of myriad-stringed instruments greeted the ear, which seemed to come out of the trees and flowers and from nowhere in particular.

’Tis beyond human description, this home of the Queen of Hades, exquisite in the extreme, dainty beyond the mind’s most extravagant caprice.

And seated amidst the chorus of her handmaidens was Satanita, regally radiant, who beckoned the old Minister draw near. Stepping out upon the soft

mossy landing, he went to her thru a fairy-land of orchids, palms and myriad blossoms.

"Thrice Welcome, Master of Erthus Chosen," spake the Queen and bid him be seated on her right hand, out-looking upon the pretty surroundings. The music died with the zephyrs as the Queen spoke again: "Great Master of Erthus, I have bid thee here that thou mayest look into the Mirror of Truth and see with true vision the ills of thy sinful Erthus, which must be done away with before thy misguided people may be purified into the Realm of Bliss.

"In yon mist before us we have here the power to mirror the scenes of Erthus."

(TRUTH is a priceless jewel within the reach of all. Yet few possess it.—Mac.)

THE MIRROR OF TRUTH.

Gazing intently into the peculiar grayish mist before them, the old man of ERTHTUS was eagerly anticipating the coming scenes with earnest portent.

Gradually the soft mist faded away from over the crystal inlet, leaving to view a remarkable scene of surprising clearness.

The old Divine of ERTHTUS was looking upon St. Pierrepoint and the old Rectory. It was Sunday morning and the few worshipers were solemnly wending their ways to the sacred edifice.

Slowly the vine-covered old door of the Rectory opened, ... and the old Dominie started in his seat beside the Queen of Hades, as he saw come out of the doorway—The Rev. John Smith. He was holding in his right hand—as was his wont—a roll of

paper, his usual simple sermon for the day. Bounding down the pathway alongside was old Jock, jumping as his Master held on high in invitation the roll of sermon. The thoroughly astonished old Minister silently sat and watched himself go thru the usual Sunday morning service at St. Pierrepont as he had so done for many years. After service there were those who remained, as was their usual custom to shake hands or perhaps to say a few words with their Rector. Finally, the Rev. John Smith found himself alone in the great silent and frousty House of God!

Thotfully he turned and slowly retraced his steps up the empty aisle, pondering the while at the more than usual gloominess of the dead-like place of worship; reaching the steps fronting the altar he fell upon his knees and cried out in agonizing tones: "Father in Heaven, I beseech Thee hear Thy servant and reveal Thyself unto us!" Just then the sad, gloomy place seemed to light up near him, and he felt something touch him on the shoulder

All was quiet as sleep that moment in Satanita's Bower—as the myriads reclining 'mid the blossoms and golden leaves sat entranced of the Mirror of Truth. All was still, save the heavy breathing of the Master of Erthus, as he leaned forward, hanging on every movement of the living picture, in his seat beside the Sexless Queen. . . . He saw himself kneeling beseechingly before the altar with arms out-stretched, he saw the strange figure approach and place its hand

softly upon his shoulder and, turning, he beheld and recognized.

"Why, Meffo Virgus!" he suddenly exclaimed. "How cam'st thou here?"

"Peace be unto Thee," replied Meffo, "I come, Sir Chosen, the bearer of the Key to Reason that we may together unlock the door of TRUTH for a moment and take a peep into the Chamber of Horrors."

"Come with me, I pray thee, Good Meffo, to the Rectory—that the faithful Stebbins may offer you refreshments."

"Not Today, My Lord Chosen. *Today we dine, good Master, with the sluts and harlots.*"

Meffo Virgus lead the hatless and becassocked old priest down the heartless aisle, out into the street and across Fifth Avenue.

"Tonight we dine on the East Side, Sir Chosen!"

They ambled down a side street and the empty palaces of the rich quickly gave way to the unwholesome, artificial caves of the crowded poor—the toilers.

Then they came this odd pair, of a Sabbath night, to the sickly out-lights and musty awnings that bespoke one of the many places of its kind.

Meffo took the hand of the Rev. John Smith more firmly, and led the old man up the broken brown-stone steps and inside.

The place was crowded, the atmosphere was sickly with the smell of ill-cooking and sour wine. . . . But they were a merry party assembled. All were too jolly in revelry to notice their queer visitors.

A pasty-faced blond-haired woman, rouged of check

sat perched at a desk from which dais she gave her orders as she cast her hawk-like eye about.

"You see, Sir Master, all are merry—if gruesome."

Some were smoking in boozy silence—women and men untidily together. Others were tipsy, and lively to the squeaking noise called music. Couples sat near—close together—drinking at intervals the "Nectar of the Devils!"

All were Unclean, Unhealthy, Immoral.

"Likest not the place, Good Sir Chosen," spake Meffo, noticing the look of horror and pity upon the kindly old face.

"Tush, I say, there are many, My Lord, nearby whose revelry could put the likes of this to shame."

But the Dominie could stand the stench no longer and fled to the street, followed closely by the loquacious Meffo.

"Tut, tut, Sir John! Why takest thou on in such a way? 'Tis not far from thy House of God we came, Good Master, to dine! Surely true men may dine in peace so near the Church." . . . Thus the old man of Erthus sat beside Her Majesty in Hades and looked upon the scenes of his own proud (?) city.

He saw himself led hatless and sorrowing thru the backways and brothels of a ghastly Sunday night.

Meffo would quietly take him up the filthy, ill-lit, creaking, smelling stairs of a tenement of the poverty-stricken and silently opening the door would show him, lying upon a bed of rags, a sickly, dying child, its emaciated Mother bending over its fevered face. They *would then enter* another stifling and super-heated

room of rickety furniture where crowded in small, ill-ventilated space were many of both sexes, drinking and jabbering, whilst tired and dirty children lay lulled to sleep in any filthy corner.

They walked the ghastly night thru, this odd couple.

Meffo would lead the Rev. John Smith into the costly be-marbled Hotels of the city where the vulgar and new-rich over-fed themselves.

"See, Good Master, yon sprightly looking dame, I mean that overdressed and painted one sitting at the table with that dissipated, prematurely-old man; that is one of the City's favorite actresses, My Lord. She is dining with her Fifth Husband—both are overdrunken as you perceive."

"But let us hence, this gilded nonsense does not suit your taste, I plainly see, Sir Chosen."

And they returned to the filthy avenues of the poor, each corner with its loathsome drinking place, and into many back rooms of these pest-houses Meffo led the troubled old man to witness the curseful scenes of degradation.

Pale and sad the old man begged for quarter.

"Why so, Good Man of Erthus? Is not this, your noble city of New York, bragged of thru-out your land as the First City? Come, be merry, Good Man, let us on and enjoy ourselves."

Meffo led on down the unclean, unmerry avenue. Every now and again the smell of baking bread would pour out of some dungeon-like cellar-way to greet their nostrils.

"Let us enter, Good Master of Erthus, the bake

shops of the First City of the Land." And they carefully stumbled into a New York bakery.

"'Tis a merry place, Sir John, you must agree," quoth the jovial Meffo, as they beheld rows of beast-like, sweating and naked men preparing the baking for the morrow's feasting of the City.

Creatures sodden and tired were lying, resting, some sleeping upon the piles of rising dough, the place was filthy from floor to beam.

"Think'st that we will dine tonight, Sir Master?"

"Hast thou yet found sight to whet thine appetite?"

"Let's on, Good Meffo, I weary!" appealed the Rev. John Smith, of Fifth Avenue and back they trundled toward the rectory.

"Thou must not think, Good Meffo, that all the City is so sad. There are many good homes where virtue abounds; there are many places clean and moral."

"I believe thee, good Master," acknowledged Meffo.

"Goodness is aright, Sir John, but is it necessary, I ask, this sad diseased side of this illogical City? Tell me, man of Erthus, IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL PROGRESS, CIVILIZATION? Is this what you boast of as the RESULT OF CHRISTIANITY? . . . Nineteen Centuries since you tell me that a Redeemer came to wipe away such awfulness, such deceit!"

Slowly they crossed the Avenue of the Rich and let themselves into the gloomy silence of St. Pierrepont, and the old clergyman went to the chancel and threw himself upon the altar, and wept and prayed, and wept again. . . But the silence was still there, save

for a hungry mouse or two that scampered by in search of the proverbial crumb; save for a hairy bat that flew from one lofty peak to the other—and there the white-haired old man wept on in agony and sweated drops of blood for The Sins Of A Vast City.

. . . And John Smith, Chosen of Erthus, sat terror-stricken, beside the pitiless Queen of Hades in her beautiful Bower, and as he looked into the Mirror of Truth, he wept great tears of sorrow, and the nymphs and satellites, the henchmen and handmaidens of Mephistina wept with him, *AND THE QUEEN OF HELL WEPT ALSO.*

When they had looked again in yon gray mist of the Mirror, the first bright shaft of the morning sunlight was creeping in thru the lofty gabled window of old St. Pierrepoint.

Meffo approached the exhausted figure upon the altar, where blessed sleep had lain the old Rector and robbed his sorrowing heart of its pain.

Gently he stroked the head of the sleeping priest who awoke and turned his lovable old tear-stained face as if to ask, "Where am I?" "How came I here?"

"Arise, Sir Chosen; Cheer up, I command thee!" spake Meffo Virgus; "We have but read the first page, Good Erthus, in the sad book of your City."

The old Divine seated himself upon the altar steps whilst Meffo sat nearby upon the pulpit stairway.

"I beg thee, Meffo, to let me lead thee to the Rec-

tory and offer thee food, for our fast has been long."

"Ah! there you go, Sir Master," replied Virgus, "always thinking of eating! Did I not offer to dine with your jolly fellow-citizens but yesternight, but ye turned up your nose at the color of their wine and the metre of their songs? . . . Let us be Merry nevertheless, Good Master of Erthus; perhaps—who knows—we may lunch today in one of your cheap restaurants?"

"This is a likely looking building, Sir John," said Meffo, looking around at the great tomblike place; "Now what did you say that you called it?"

"A CHURCH," thotfully replied John Smith.

"Ah! it makes no difference!" answered Meffo, "I do not understand the word!" looking the great, hollow edifice over, "a likely place, indeed," he repeated to himself. "It would make a good play-work-shop, Erthus, for the children of the poor. What think you? Ah, but you call it a place of Worship. Never mind, Sir John, I do not know the word! Let us leave this gloomy place, good Master, it palls upon my jovial spirit! What say you, if we take a run into the City this morning?"

So they went out thru the back door of old St. Pierrepoint and found that the early morning speck of sun had given way to a rainy sky.

They walked along, this odd pair, to an avenue with an elevated railway.

"We will take this way down town," said Meffo,

fairly pulling the old Dominic up the steep, narrow stairway.

They were much jostled by the many hurrying to get to their work, and they soon found themselves roughly pushed into an already full car by the hustling, vulgar morning throng. The seats being all occupied the Rev. John showed the ruffled Meffo how to hold on to a strap, and thus they swung along down the city way.

They had not gone down many stations when Meffo with much chagrin exclaimed: "I like it not, good Master, this knocking about. Tell me, I pray thee, has this anything to do with the church?" but the clergyman of St. Pierrepont was silent; he did not know the answer.

They stood the jolting and jamming a few stations till even the patience of the jolly Meffo was sore and he cried, "Enough!" So they went to the street again where the ever watchful Meffo spied the word "Subway." At the same time John Smith suggested this as another way to get down town; so they led each other down the stairway into the earth with crowds of others—on thru the gateway where the ticket man did not seem to notice them—Meffo sniffing the while:

"What vile air, good Master? Hast thou brot me to travel in the City sewer?" They found themselves worse off here. The crowd was immense—all kinds and conditions of people jammed in together. The smelling workmen squeezed up against the soft sides of youthful maidens—old people standing hanging,

whilst young ones sat—their ill-manners in no wise disconcerting them.

"I like this not one whit better, Sir John," quoth Meffo with ruffled voice. "Do you have crowds like this in Church, Sir Chosen? Are these people at worship now, Good Master?" and such like puzzling questions the wondering Virgus put to the dejected old Minister; but he did not answer—he only looked sad—he did not know the answer.

Being forced out by the ill-mannered crowd, they made their way quickly to get out of the "sewer" as Meffo called it, into the fresh air again. "Let us wend our way toward the river, Sir Chosen, that we may breathe once more, and get the awful smell from out our garments as well as out our nostrils!" and they trudged to the docks, these two, thru the freshening rain.

"What means this crowd?" asked Meffo, as throngs came toward them thru the slimy mud of the wet street.

"A ferry from the other side," John Smith gave answer.

"I like not your ferry ways," spake Meffo, "your dirty streets where men, women, horses and wagons are all mixed up together. Truly, Sir John, you pay me up for my treat last night! Come, let us on, Sir John, this should be a good place to stroll along the river front."

"'Tis all strange to me, Sir Chosen," said Meffo, "this hideous conglomeration;" after they had walked in silence for several unsightly blocks. "Tell me, good

man of St. Pierrepoint, do all these itinerant vendors of fruits, nuts and various tawdry things—All these low stinking drink-places with their steady stream of dirty sailors and brutal men along shore—Tell me, I ask you, good Master, do all these drunken, ill-begotten dregs of humanity—Do they, I ask you—have anything to do with the Church? Tell me, Good Erthus, are all these blasphemous, cigarette smoking truckmen, worshipping the wonderful God of Goodness that you tell me about? for my mind is all at sea, and I do not reconcile your strange ways.—Tell me, Erthus, I ask again, Are ALL REDEEMED?

Old white-haired John Smith, of FIFTH Avenue, was wrapt in the SORROW of mortification, and could not reply, for he did not know the answer.

On and on they went—the inquisitive Meffo and the sad John Smith, hearing the filthy language of the repulsive workmen on every side—while the dirty children of the tenements played thru and about the filthy wagons of the street—terrible looking old hulks of humanity the while drifted hither and thither thru the motley throng—some half boozy, others just unfortunate.

“’Tis an unfair sight, Sir Chosen! but nevertheless—
Cheer up, They’ll soon be DEAD!”

And they fuddled along hand in hand.

“It beats Hell, Sir John,” at last, forcibly ejaculated the intrepid Virgus. “I must only suppose that all this untidy, incongruous mass of stores and workshops—all their dilapidation and unevenness,—are only part of your grand scheme of ‘redemption’!”

"You say this is 'Broadway' down town, at noon hour, good Master! It would seem to me, good Sir, more like the 'narrow-way' leading to destruction! But perhaps I'm wrong, you never can tell!"

"Certainly, Sir John, this intermingling throng of sexes ever and all day bumping along and filling the way, are an unphysical, aenemic crowd! Each seems to carry well their individual sorrow upon his or her unpleasant face. What a waste of time, Sir Chosen, I say! all this ugly crowd. Why, I ask you, are they not quietly at their Co-Operative workshops and offices instead of battling one against another?"

"They go now to lunch mostly, good Meffo," vouchsafed the uneasy priest.

"Ah! there you go, Sir John! everlastingly thinking of eating. Our ways are beset with it—such as it is. *Methinks their Gods be their belly, Sir John, these fellow-citizens of New York!* But let us enjoy ourselves! Lead on to lunch. Ah! this seems a likely place! Let us follow this bloodless crowd of youths into this crack in the wall!" And in they went, but nobody cared—into a New York quick lunch!

"Power of Jove!" exclaimed Meffo, shortly. "'Tis a merry sight to see these human animals take food! What splendid ill-manners, Sir John, what superb crowding, what gulping speed—they must have gizzards, My Lord!—and the joys of the Smells, Sir John—surely this is a rare treat that you are giving me, good man of St. Pierrepoint! Lead me to the kitchens, John Smith, that I may see the heavenly food prepared!" But Meffo had to pull the bewildered old

man into the vile-smelling places. They went into many—some better—some much worse—all bad!

"Power of Darkness, Erthus, your people are not particular!"

"But, good Méffo," responded the old Rector with some asperity, "they do not see behind the scenes; you know the old saying, 'When the eye seeth not the stomach grieveth not'!"

"'Tis an unsavory City that we wander thru, Good Master!"

Strange, unworldly sounds and noises attracted this odd pair into a large, costly building. "Our Stock Exchange, good Méffo," spake the old man with a tinge of pride in his lovable old voice as he led the studious Virgus into the palatial sanctity of the 'House of many CRIMES.'

Meffo gazed—puzzled. "I make nothing of it, Sir; is it a mad-house, I ask, Sir John? for I question the sanity of such unseemly behavior. They seem old enough, surely, to know better."

"Of course, you do not understand, Meffo! This is part of our great System. These are the keepers of the Purse, good Meffo!"

"Oh, I see! You mean that these are the 'Judases'! Very clever, Sir John!" "No, No, Meffo, you misunderstand! This is the Stock Exchange—these men are amongst the first citizens—they give largely to Charity—and to the Church!" "Oh! Ho! I see it all," exclaimed Meffo. "At last! This is part of the Church! Yes! Yes! But what do they *EXCHANGE*,

Sir John?" "Well—really—eh—I mean—To tell the truth, Meffo, I do not know!"

"Never mind, Sir John, just tell me, are they a moral lot? Where do they spend their nights, Sir? As this is part of the Church, I suppose that they worship here? Tell me, good Master, were they saved nineteen hundred years ago? They are certainly a merry crowd! What do they produce—what useful thing do they, Sir John?" But old John Smith, of St. Pierrepont, did not know the answer.

They traveled along, the hatless John and the enquiring Virgus, yet no one took any notice of them, and there were thousands everywhere.

Thousands going to unfair business—many only for a drink—some to bet on the horse race—others to keep a rendezvous illicitly. Some were going to pray—while others were going to weep, for their continual unhappiness.

"I do not understand, Sir Chosen. Tell me! All these able-bodied men selling matches, shoe laces, nick-nacks, odds and ends, dusty candy and harmful drinks; is it necessary, I ask, that strong men should stand all day vending nuts and corn, sickly food and silly trash? Surely you have honest work aplenty for able-bodied men to do?

You are a mad people, Sir John! take my word for it.

And these fat men, Erthus? Methinks you called them policemen!"

"Yes, Meffo! Those are the guardians of our peace! They are called 'the finest,' and they watch—at least

they seem to try to watch the thieves and robbers of whom we have legion, Good Meffo, the gamblers and thugs, the immoral women walking our streets—they pick up the drunks and—” “Hold, I say, Erthus, I do not understand; you say thou hast nine thousand of these ‘guardians’. Thou must have many thousand of these evil people?”

“Many, Good Meffo! Many, many—”

“But didst thou not tell me that thou hadst a merciful God—Father of All, who sent his beloved Son to redeem the World? How it is thou needs Policemen, nine thousand strong, good Erthus? Are they, too, Sons of God—trying to reclaim the sinful world?”

“Indeed, it must be a very bad World. Indeed it must! Tell me, good man of St. Pierrepoint, why dost Thy Merciful Father of ALL THINGS allow all these saddening sights mine eyes have beheld this dismal day? Thou art a mad people, surely, Erthus!”

“Why do not all the people *WORK TOGETHER*—instead of *ALL AGAINST EACH OTHER*?”

“’Tis an unsane and ghastly City, dear Master Chosen, where those least able must work the hardest and longest!”

They journeyed along thru the night, first going into the ‘Bowery.’ There they found many low dives where scandalous vice reigned supreme; then fancy took them into the opium dens where pretty maids were lured by their vanity and the avarice of man; they passed along the streets of horror where they saw hordes of mothers with sickly babes at their naked

breasts, whilst be vies of children played upon the narrow, dirty streets. At last they came where a great crowd met them—cheering madly whilst they pursued a carriage.

“What meanest this insane mob, Sir John?”

“’Tis the President of all the people, Virgus, who dines tonight in Bohemia to celebrate the glories of the Republic—to pay tribute to the abundance of crops and homage to a successful year of profit.”

“Hush, I say! Dost thou tell me, Erthus, thy conceit hast carried thee all beyond the Realm of Reason? How canst thy so-called President boast of thy success—of thy prosperity—of thy greatness—when myriads are in want and thousands have more than plenty—when thy thorofares are crammed with dissolute persons—and thy alleys with filthy off-spring? Fie upon all, I say, thee art mad!”

“Why, bless thy soul, Erthus, come with me,” and he hurried the old Dominie around the corner, down a side street and up a filthy rickety stairway to an ill-smelling tenement, *where a child lay starved to death*—within a stone’s throw of where a bombastic ‘President of all the People’ was over-feasting mid the glare of a thousand lights, surrounded by his sycophants and office-seeking followers.

“’Tis a Merry sight, is it not?” spake Meffo, as they watched the emaciated form of the hungry mother kneeling, sobbing her heart out—beside the skinny body of the dead child—the child of her womb.

John Smith, of Fifth Avenue, gazed—trembled—pale as death.

"Thee art a mad people, John Smith! Where tonight is thy merciful God? Where I ask, are thy nine thousand pot-bellied 'guardians of the peace'? Mother of Jove, I am sickened at thy madness, at thy self-entrancement!"

And they quietly withdrew to let the 'dead bury its dead.'

They walked sadly and silently along the dark streets, mostly lit by the corner saloon from which came the ribald song of boozy occupants.

At last they came to the 'Great WHITE WAY,' the hatless John and the merry Meffo; as they turned the corner into the glare a gamin of the street thrust an evening paper into the hand of Meffo.

"Come, let us sit a moment, Good Master! thou must be aweary of body as well as aweary of soul,"—and they sat themselves down upon the cool stone around a monument. "Ha! Ha!" laughed Meffo aloud with hellish portent, as he read out to the bowed old Minister from the glaring head-lines of the pink Newspaper, "Ha! Ha! 'tis indeed a merry World, Sir John! Cheer up, I say, I will read to thee the news of the day:

"Thousands of people in mad panic at sight of mangled body."

"Insurance President on trial for theft of 148,000 dollars."

"Girl beaten to death by her lover."

"Rich men guilty of degenerate habits."

"Millions literally starving to death in India."

"Bishops, Clergymen, Lawyers and other prominent

men of Society, known to have annoyed women in the Monkey House."

"90 Killed by careless Railway Accident."

"Ten Thousand hungry to be Fed."

"Poverty Close To Riches."

"Girl eloped with husband of friend."

"27 Prominent men assassinated in Russia lately."

"Evidence of Divorce hits preacher."

"43 Murderers go unpunished."

"By the seven Gods of War, Erthus, ye are a Merry People!" And all these brilliant lights!—Do they celebrate these harrowing daily Events?

"Let us along, Good Master! for we might miss some of the Fun!" and they jogged along.

"You tell me that most of these loafers upon the corners are thugs and gamblers, thieves and whore-mongers! I believe you, Sir! They look it! And many of these gaudily dressed women that pass us flitting about, are unclean you say! Gadsooks, you are a Merry lot!

"I look into the bright windows on every hand, Sir Master, and see eating and drinking without end! *Their God is their belly, I repeat, Sir John,*" and as they went up the 'White Way' the crowds increased and the lights got brighter.

"Tell me, Good man of St. Pierrepont, is a merciful Father looking after these, his children?—for I see many half-tipsy—overfed—foul mouthed—bestial and sneaking!" and Meffo stopped abruptly, for he was gazing upward at a larger than usual electrical sign of blazing lights. Catching John Smith suddenly by

the arm he pointed up at the immense words of the electric bulbs written across the sky.

"What read you, Sir, I ask?" John Smith, startled, looked where Meffo pointed.

"What readest thou, I say, Erthus?"

"I think that I only read the advertisement of some famous Cigar, Good Meffo." "Look again, I say," almost shouted Meffo, for everybody in the crowded streets and square seemed to turn and look—thousands saw the honest John and the flaming Meffo' looking upward at the blazing sign—and all turned, even the carriages, and the street cars halted—and a hushed silence—such as was never known before in that busy centre of the underworld—fell upon all as they looked upward, fear written in every face.

"WHAT READEST THOU, JOHN SMITH, OF ST. PIERREPOINT, I ASK?" and the sorrowing old Minister's Eyes fairly stood out of his head, AS HE READ THE SIGN—

"J-E-S-U-S W-E-P-T."

"Is it any wonder, Good Master, that Jesus weeps? Is it any wonder, I ask, that the good man of NAZARETH cries tears of blood at the sights our eyes have beheld this day?"

CHAPTER VIII.

(With Apologies.)

He built him a fire—in a friendship old;
Thinking he might warm the memories—long grown cold!
And the warmth of attention repaid him full a thousand-
fold,
And then he wandered on in evening's friendship mould;
Thinking that it might not yet be too late,
Nor all unselfish gifts unsold.

Then came Meffo Virgus in dazzling attire, riding
upon the back of a milk-white ass, and made his report
to the Queen.

The old Minister looked around him at the fairy-
land of beautiful shrubs, trees and flowers, which all
seemed alive with the song of myriad birds of won-
drous feather, whilst gathered near the bushes and
beds were the handmaidens, and the henchmen of
Satanita enjoying to the utmost this heaven dropped
spot.

The sweetness of the songsters and the delicacy of
the thousand perfumes put the old Dominie into a
peaceful reverie. How long he remained thus he never
knew; he came back to himself when Meffo Virgus
placed his hand gently upon his shoulder, saying,
“Good Master, behold the Chorus of Flowers,” and
getting upon his feet the old Minister turned and be-
held a sight that made him speechless.

They three were standing at the top of a high stair-
way of softest purple marble with Royal Seats of

transparent Onyx, The Queen, a beautiful picture in sparkling green, and Meffo, in rich golden yellow. Slowly they descended the Stairway which was noiseless and soft to the tread. At the bottom spread out a great crystal floor or Avenue, lined on each side with splendid trees overhanging tall bushes of golden flowers beneath, and inside of this, huge flowers of deepest red, and nestled in the petals of each wondrous flower, a beauteous maiden's head; and as they drew near, each head broke into heavenly song to the swaying of the tall green trees forming a canopy over all.

Reaching at last the polished floor, the three advanced thru this heavenly chorus of flowers toward the end of the Avenue, where the trees seemed to meet. Meffo advanced and parted the foliage and the Queen stepped quickly thru, followed by Sir John,—and all was a ghastly change. No sound of the Heavenly Chorus was here to please the ears nor perfume to enchant the senses, no pure white marble was here to soften the step; instead, the stenching slime of Hades, the ugly nameless creatures of Hell, the soul-piercing atmosphere, all a hideous desolation.

And this was Hell! the Result of SIN!

Passing along the greasy way, the Queen looking from one gruesome punishment to another, while Meffo pointed out or remarked to the old Dominie anent the unfortunates.

Now they would come upon a raggly lot sweating under the toils of work they shirked in life, and helping those they had spurned as beneath them.

"This youth here, good Master," said Meffo Vir-

gus, "whom we see looking like an old man, is now cobbling the shoes of the scavengers of Hell; he sits all day, compelled to work in this cramped quarters where the roof is not high enough to permit his even sitting up straight.

"In life he was born to a great inheritance, and when in good health devoted the precious moments to vicious living, but when dread disease came rapping at his door, *he tried to square himself with his Maker by paying his filthy money to unkind charity. Too Late! Too Late!*"

Passing along this corridor of Repentance they came to a damp chilly tunnel, where men toiled, where serpents crawled and hissed and warty toads gumped their death rattle. Coming out of this dark, dreary, underground, they entered a Dismal place of habitation.

"*The City of Deccit!* Master of Erthus, where the drizzling rain never stops, where throngs of sinners dwell eternally—never dry, no sunshine! nothing but rain and sorrow—carrying on their affairs as in life, but everything sodden and nasty—A hopeless lot!"

Satanita had paused her steps at the roadside, and was looking down at a pitiable being, toiling in the gutter, clothed in the rags of a once fashionable suit of clothes, with the wreck of a silk hat upon his weary head, groaning aloud with every shovel-full.

He was simply cleaning out a sewer.

"This man was once great upon Erthus, he devised immense schemes by which he robbed the widow

of her mite and the honest toilers of their savings. His was a name to conjure with!

"Under the guise of his high position in society, his front pew in church, and one-tenth of his stealings given to Charity, he deceived his fellowmen with promises he well knew could never come to pass, and all for his sinful lust of wealth—that he might pose as the greatest patron of art, have his mansions in town and his country houses—his residences abroad and his floating palaces. All at the expense of his misguided Dupes."

John Smith was startled at the sight of this miserable man, whom he recognized with agonizing sorrow.

This miserable remnant of a once great man was pleading with the Queen.

"I implore, Your Majesty, to ease my pain which is more than I can bear!"

"Woe, I say, unto thee, Hypocrite," replied the Queen. "Woe unto thee, Home-Breaker;—little you thot in life as you took your sumptuous ease, of the homes of your victims into which you sent sorrow and want!"

And thus they left this once great worldly schemer, toiling away at his endless task of cleaning a stinking sewer.

The many direful punishments witnessed that day in this vast rain-sodden "City of Deceit" are all too horrible to relate and must be left to the imagination.

They passed along thru the Drizzling Street and at last reached an almost perpendicular hill-side of jagged rocks. Many might be seen hopelessly trying to

climb the side and just as many would reach so far, only to miss their hold and come tumbling back, crushed and maimed.

The Trio only were able to find a smooth way and sure footing. And as they mounted higher and higher, they might be seen to turn and look back with sad faces upon the Dismal City beneath.

CHAPTER IX.

"To be good is to be happy, but to do good is to prepare a feast for your soul."—Smith, (not John).

Soon the scene began to change, and the rain ceased, then came the green grass, the trees and the shrubs and the Sunshine; the birds began to sing and the mountain sheep and goats to scamper about.

"This, Good Master of Erthus, is called the Field of Life," remarked Meffo, as they reached the top. As far as the eye could see was stretched out before them beautiful meadows, with shade trees and springs of the purest running water, and upon these limitless pastures were great herds of the ill-treated horses and animals of the Past enjoying thoroughly their long earnest rest—free from abuse and subjection—here the cattle might roam at will among the sweet smelling hay and succulent grass.

They traveled along thru these joyesome fields for some time when, suddenly there was seen swiftly nearing them, a bunch of galloping pure-white Ponies.

"Behold! My Lord," spake Satanita, "The Chariot

of The Clouds," and a Golden chariot of wondrous design drawn by three score prancing Ponies, and reined by a man of perfect physique, came to a halt in front of them.

"Let us enter the Chariot, Good Master, for the journey to the Nest O'Hills," and when they were seated the voice of Ado the reinsman, rang out in chant, half song, and his threescore ponies bounded over the soft green carpet, their silvery manes glistening in the sunlight and their long tails flying gracefully to the breeze, the fairy-like harness of threaded gold, sparkling as they noiselessly sped on thru the stately pines, up the mountain side, over the top of one hill, then swiftly down the other side, thru the vista of sweet-smelling balsam and cedars, then across the slope, starting the herds of feeding deers, standing erect, then scampering off again.

Along raced this wondrous chariot, skimming beside the babbling stream whose gurgling waters sang a merry song as they tumbled over the moss-covered rocks;—'twas a delight to the old Dominie as they rushed on, and ever up thru these sweet-smelling forests.

The Queen's expression had changed to one of joy and hope as they sped on to the Nest O' Hills.

Suddenly the Chariot burst from the elms and maples, the bass-wood and birch, exchanging the song of the wood-birds and chattering animals for an Avenue of flower-beds, butterflies and humming-birds, thru which they dashed up to the Nest O' Hills.

Immediately the chariot was surrounded by a

throng of the dearest little pigmy-dwarfs that it was ever good fortune to look upon, whose tiny sweet voices rang out in chorus, "Welcome, Our Queen, to the Nest O' Hills." Soon these playful little people had unhitched the prancing ponies, and mounting their bare white backs were scampering over the green in childish glee, whilst multitudes of others escorted their Empress—many tiny maidens dancing attendance.

As they neared the Nest the Queen of the Pigmies came to meet them royally seated in her Opal chariot of State, magnificently drawn by thirteen golden Peacocks and all fell upon their knees before Satanita.

"Arise Toso, Sweetheart of the Nests, Queen of the Hills," and bending low she kissed the tiny beauty.

Toso led the way into the Nest and the old Minister was speechless at the grandeur of the view o'er-spread below this heaven-touched spot. It was superb!

These jolly Liliputians were a pleasant sight to see as they scurried hither and thither preparing the feast for their Royal guest.

Hundreds came bearing their tiny armfuls of sweet-scented, new-cut flowers, whilst hosts of others made busy hanging dainty lanthorns 'mid fairy wreaths, and when all was ready they came and bid their guest in a chorus of song to come unto the "Feast of the Flowers."

And during the Banquet when the Rev. John Smith was responding to the good wishes of Toso, Queen of the Tiny People, he spake truly from the heart when he said, "This, my little friends, has been the most pleasant event in my life."

Evening had fallen during the innocent revelry, and when the Feast drew to an end, Toso, the midget Queen, bid the old Minister follow her without upon the balcony, where from the Lookout he gazed down silently upon the un-ending panorama of punishment, as it passed mercilessly before the dilapidated and cheerless Throne of Hades.

"Thy farewell look, Master of Erthus," spake Satanita, who stood beside him, "and may all that which thou hast seen react to the blessing of thy Selfish People of Erthus; and I say unto thee, Sir Chosen:

"Blessed are the rich in spirit; for they shall make heaven upon Erthus;

"Blessed are the strong in heart; for they shall rebuild the World, and bring joy therein;

"Blessed are the Truth-seekers; the outspoken; the thoughtful; for they shall cast out the Liars and Hypocrites;

"Woe unto the filthy and thoughtless; the loafer; the stuck up; for they shall be cast into outer darkness;

"Woe unto all ye who look upon a woman in lust; for ye shall suffer unto the third and fourth generation;

"But I say unto you, turn your enemies' hate to love; thrash those who curse thee without cause; and work with those that spitefully persecute thee;

"Let your good lights so shine before all men that they may leave off the sins they have and follow thee;

"And when thou givest alms, let thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth, that the curse of charity may not be within the land;

"Woe unto he who was poor and is now rich, if he remember not the true friends of his child life;

"Blessed are the good mannered, and those who help the old and infirm, and love all nature's creatures;

"Ask, and knowledge shall be given unto thee;

"Judge openly that which thou knowest, and fear nothing except thine own mis-doing;

"Lay not up treasure for thyself, lest thou have that which might belong to another; for if thou obeyest the laws of nature thou need'st fear not the evil of the moth nor rust, nor wilt the thief have need to break thru and steal;

"Be particular to consider the lilies of the fields how they grow, for nature is unending and teachest all things."

The multitude of tiny people had gathered near in hushed silence to listen to the wise words of wisdom as they fell from the mouth of their beloved Empress, Satanita, and as the Queen of Hades ended her oration all turned at an exclamation of Toso and the chorus of midgets sang out: "Behold, O Queen! Amita, Messenger of the Stars cometh," and a luminous light was seen approaching in the evening sky, and soon there lit upon the velvet grass before them an immense bird of purest white.

"'Tis here we part, Sir Master of Erthus," spake Satanita, "upon the back of this beautiful bird, Amita, wilt thou and Meffo make the 'Flight of the Worlds;' thou wilt go to the thrice Happy JUPITER, and learn there the joys of living aright;" and taking the hand of the old Dominie she led him and Meffo Virgus to

Amita, where the mighty bird was being feasted by the jolly-hearted Pigmies, and handed them upon the spacious back of this beauty of the air which slowly arose from the green lawn to the "hurrahs" and "Good-bye's" of the Queen and these kindly mites of the Nest O' Hills.

Patience!—While the facts and truths of this privileged narrative—which are beyond the ken of human beings—are unfolded—for those that believe, yet having seen not, shall rejoice, whilst others wait by the wayside of doubt.

CHAPTER X.

"When morning breaks and I arise,
The sun-beams glance across the sky;
The fragrance from the meadow near—
Brings pleasure close and chases fear."

(Mac.)

As one Clio sat at his night vigil in the Tower on Observation Hill just outside of Juno—the head city of Jupiter—watching the stars fast disappearing in the breaking morn, he suddenly exclaimed, as there came across his vision thru the telescope his eye was fixed at—"I see a bird of tremendous size far out in the sky," and all eyes and glasses were immediately turned to whence he pointed.

Word was at once sent to the City beneath—just awakening from its slumbers—of the startling news and many came to watch the huge bird as it soared far up in the clouds, and great was the excitement thruout

the observatory when it appeared that this huge stranger of the sky was making for that very hill as if to alight.

As peacefully slumbering as a healthy child upon the soft white back of Amita was the Rev. John Smith, whilst erect, the fire of a great conquest in his gentle eyes stood Meffo Virgus, looking kindly down upon his sleeping companion. As he gazed the eyes of the old Dominic opened, and rising on his elbow he stared out as if not realizing his whereabouts.

"Pleasant were thy dreams, Sir Chosen," said Meffo, and lending his hand he helped him to his feet, saying, "Arise, Master, and look upon the fair city of cities, Juno—the Key to Heaven!"

The old Minister rubbed his eyes, and looking down beheld the greatest City of all time.

Juno, Capital of Jupiter.

Amita sank nearer and nearer the crest of the hill and people might have been seen running swiftly afoot to meet them, many arriving at the summit just as the graceful bird—quietly as a zephyr—lit upon the soil of Jupiter.

The friendly appearance of the gigantic bird and its passengers drove away any fear that they might have had, and the men of Jupiter fell upon their knees in a profound salutation of manhood to Deity.

John Smith was surprised to hear these people of Jupiter address him in a language that he understood. One of their number stood forth and said, "Gentlemen, on behalf of the City of Juno we bid thee welcome, please tell us from whence you came."

Meffo Virgus made answer :

"People of Juno, we have come to visit you upon the back of Amita, Messenger of the Stars ; we came upon the wings of the morning and bring to thee the greetings of the Worlds;" and turning to his companion, "This good Master of the Planet ERTHUS, I bring to thee thru the power of wisdom, that he may visit your fair planet Jupiter and learn the ways of a world rejuvenated :

"Peace be unto thee."

The old Minister stepped forth saying, "Men of Juno, I thank you all from my heart for your kindly welcome."

"Master of Erthus," said the man of Juno again, "we bid thee thrice welcome, and place ourselves at your command.

"We have here a thoughtful fellow from the observatory who bethot him to bring a phono. Any message that thou dost wish he will send to those high in authority."

This man placed his instrument in the ground and immediately began a wireless speech with the city that lay far beneath them.

While this man was speeding the news to Juno of the great Event of a visitor from Erthus to Jupiter, the crowd that was now quickly growing in numbers turned and began to shout : "Here comes an Airboat."

The old Dominie following the way they were looking saw sailing toward them, high in the air, an air-ship.

Great cheering greeted the first to arrive from the city beneath.

The news spread like wild-fire, and soon many were seen coming by the roadways and thru the air.

One of the next to arrive was a small—as they explained—run-about airmotor, which came laden with refreshments for the visitors. Great was the curiosity of all as they arrived and saw Sir John in his strange garb of Erthus and Meffo in his Prismatic garments, but greatest of all was the intense interest all took in the lovely white bird as it sat low, resting after its long Flight of the Heavens.

Noting the old Minister's evident surprise at the fast arrival of many airboats which he afterwards described as "just looking like a regatta day"—they ventured to ask him if there were not airships upon Erthus to which he replied, "No, we have not quite succeeded in traveling in the air, but we are trying, we are trying," he repeated half to himself.

Presently there came a splendid Purple Car larger than the others in which were seated a number of men dressed in rich colors, as the old Dominie could plainly see thru a glass handed to him.

"These that arrive in the Purple Car, Sir Master, are the Wisemen or High-Equals of Juno, who hasten hither to do honor to our distinguished visitors," this vouchsafed the old Professor from the Observatory.

As the High-Equals came overhead, the morning breeze had freshened a little, and they had let out long ropes from their airboat which found many willing

hands to catch hold of and bring the car to a safe and easy landing.

A fine body of men, all well in years stepped from out the Purple Beauty and came toward the strangers to their Planet—but before they could say anything Meffo raised his arm and all were still, hanging on each word of his:

“Fair men of Juno, I, Meffo Virgus, Equerry from afar and beyond, present to you the Rev. John Smith, Chosen Master from the Planet Erthus. Into thy hands I commend him in the name of the great Unknown.

“He comes amongst you to learn the story of the Incarnation of your Blessed Planet. Freely I ask you to give to him the knowledge of Right-living as it has been given to thee—that he may carry back to his Planet Erthus—now far in the path of evil—the glad tidings of Redemption.”

A Clean, erect Old man, dressed in Purple Satin, stepped out and answered:

“Master of Erthus, Chosen,

“Jupiter is this day conscious of the honor of your visit to our Planet, and I can safely say that she extends to you the warm hand of greeting and the freedom of her institutions, and I think that you will ever find us ready to help you toward a good purpose.”

Prolonged cheering acknowledged the introductions.

The great bird, having partaken of the food so generously proffered, Meffo Virgus announced—to the great sorrow of the mighty throng now present—that the time was at hand for his departure; and climbing

upon the back of Amita, Queen of the Clouds, he turned to the vast multitude of happy people and said:

"Fare thee well! Master of Erthus; I leave thee in good hands.

"People of Jupiter, Adieu!

"Guard safely the Key to Fairness and Equity; I thank thee and bid thee all a fond farewell."

Softly the White Messenger of the Stars mounted into the sky to the honest cheers and bravos of the thousands of good citizens and soon was traveling thru space in the distance.

The glad crowds watched eagerly till their strange visitor had been swallowed in the heavens, and then bethot them of the white-haired old man who was to remain amongst them, and of the return to their proud City that spread out so grandly at the foot of the Hill, and as far as the eye could reach.

When the High-Equals invited the old Minister to enter the Purple Air-Car for the trip to Juno, the old Minister felt for a moment as if he were back upon Erthus, and was timid and held back at first from the evidently kind invitation of the Wisemen, but confidence soon returned when he saw the crowds of airboats rising into the air laden with their jolly and fearless passengers.

The old Dominie told his new friends that were he to live a thousand years he could never forget the wonders of that gala-morning upon Observation Hill.

As he sailed away thru the air with the Purple men, he could not refrain from telling them of the joy he *felt at this* motionless mode of traveling—at the great

charm of this smiling, happy people who looked so genuine in their simple and sensible clothes of many pretty colors—of the splendid physique of his new found friends.

"I feel, Gentlemen of Juno, as if we were to be great friends. I have few misgivings but many hopes, and I beg of you to treat me as an ordinary individual."

"We hope, good Master, to make you feel at home whilst you sojourn with us, and as a rule you will find us an undemonstrative people and not much given to hero-worship. You must give us a little extra latitude in your case, for your coming to visit us from our sister-Planet Erthus is a momentous epoch in our history."

It was a triumphal procession in the air that settled down upon Juno that morning where the expectant crowds were gathered at the appointed place of landing intensely interested in the coming events.

CHAPTER XI.

"'Tis strange" (as a friend of mine once aptly said), "how some people take after others so differently."—Mabel.

John Smith, while still in the air, had noticed one feature of Juno City, wide, intersecting Avenues or Boulevards ran to its extent, and at equal distance came broad Parks or Squares, each with splendid large green lawns—these places were used for the occasional landing of air-boats. At the centre of this modern model city, the square was four times the usual size,

and it was in this middle Park that the ship of the High-Equals with the old Dominie alit.

The crowds and the demonstration was immense. Bands of musicians, hundreds strong, had collected, and the National Songs of Jupiter greeted their ears long before they had reached the ground.

Prolonged salvos of cheers rang out from the lusty throats of a Happy and Honest People as their distinguished Guest stepped out upon the green.

The Purple man who had acted as spokesman on the Hill introduced Sir John to the Wisemen who were assembled, and after a short pow-wow amongst themselves, it was decided that their Guest was to be a resident for a while, with one Omu, a Redman, also a High-Equal.

Omu was chosen for several reasons—chiefly for his being a representative family—that is his family was of long lineage, consisting of three sons and two daughters and their Mother. The life in his home was considered a good fair example of Home life of a good class of Society.

So without much delay Omu carried the still wondering old Minister off.

A carriage, pulled by six lovely black animals, drew up and they entered and drove off to a rousing song.

"I must say, My dear Omu," first spoke the Rev. John Smith, "that I am charmed with my entry into Jupiter. All your people seem so glad, so ready to laugh or to sing. All seem so well dressed—I should say so sensibly dressed. The pretty colors so affected

by your people are greatly in contrast to the sombre and funereal apparel of my fellowmen of Erthus.

"And your Women, Omu!—so healthily gowned in common sense clothes—whilst, I must confess, our women have gone to the extreme of absurdity in rash and foolish get-ups.

"But I have heard much of your good Planet and wish to learn many things about you."

"We are naturally proud, Sir John, of our modern ways—more especially the change for the better over the old and stupid ways which obtained in the Dark Age—as we call the time before the Downfall of the Reign of Ignorance."

"Now, your City of Juno," said Sir John, "I had a splendid view of from that comfortable Air-boat. Your plan of Avenues and Streets are marvelous in their simplicity. I never dreamt that it were possible—at least it were only a dream—to build a great City like this must be, without congestion!

"You must tell me, Omu, how large your City is and its Population."

"Ten Million souls reside in Juno, Sir John, within an area of ten thousand square miles.

"Our City is now about 100 miles from one side to the other. In olden days they would have built a city for that number of Inhabitants in less than one tenth of the space—but then the land foolishly belonged to the few, whereas now the land belongs to everybody as it rightfully should.

"You will notice that our public buildings cover a large area. The Unity sees that—" "I beg your par-

don, Omu," interrupted John Smith. "But what do you mean when you say Unity?"

"That, Sir John, is what we call ourselves, our Government, our System. The Unity—because we are all One."

"Do you mean to tell me that Jupiter, this vast Planet of the Heavens, is all one Country?"

"Well, not exactly that, Sir Erthus. We have many countries, of many climes but all under one System of Government, The Unity."

"It is all incomprehensible," was all Sir John could say at the moment as the Black Beauties flew them along the boulevard of smooth roadway and fine trees —(at each opportunity a flower bed or fountain had been thiotfully provided for.)

"As you were saying, Omu,"—

"Yes," went on Omu, "The Unity insists on all buildings, whether Public or Private, being well lit up by the day-light and well ventilated by the Air and Sunlight. To the loss of sunlight in the days of our torefathers was accountable much of the crime and disease which was rampant at that ill-fated era.

"Sunlight, Sir John, is the secret of Success to the Body, Soul and the Mind.

"Four-fifths of disease (we call crime a disease now-a-days), of the past has been cured—indeed five-fifths in many cases—by letting in the sunlight and fresh air on us night and day and doing away with all quack medicines.

"That man that just bowed to us, Sir John, you will

observe has a red band around the arm of his coat; he is a Unity Doctor, there are no others.

"All Doctors wear that broad, red band. In cases of sickness or accident, one calls the nearest Doctor and there is no charge in Jupiter for his service, the Unity looks after its ill and hurt ones free.

"You will readily see, Sir Master of Erthus, the advantages of a system that puts no obligation on one in distress of body."

"But I suppose, Omu, that the patients often present the Doctor with what we call a 'tip'?"

"I understand, Sir John, what you mean, but there is no tipping thruout our land—many do not even know its meaning, and the idea would be repugnant to our people."

"I wish, Omu, that you would explain to me this Avenue, Park, Driveway, or whatever it is we are driving along."

"We call these Avenues, Sir John. They are ten streets apart each way and about three times the width of a street.

"First you will see the houses along the Avenue, the usual sidewalk in front of them, then comes a walk or boulevard lined with various trees, making a shady walk with occasional flower beds, looking as near like nature as possible, (not all in a row like bottles on a shelf.) At the squares at intersecting Avenues are fountains and drinking places for animals and people, as well as 'Restes' where one may wash or attend to the demands of nature.

"Next, outside the 'Shady way' comes the bicycle

and tricycle track. Then the bridle path, which you will notice is just inside this driveway upon which we are now; this is for carriages, autos and so forth; in the centre under the 'Highway' or elevated railway is the Speedway.

"Now, Sir John, I think that you understand the surface ways of the Avenue. To get to the Highway, the entrance you will probably have noticed is from the boulevard by a gradual incline.

"The Highway has a Station at every five streets, there are four single tracks on the first tier of this railway, one track to each service. The Monoway system we call it; you will agree with me, Sir Erthus, I think, when I say that its slender and symmetrical structure is rather an ornament than otherwise to the broad Avenue!

"Two tracks are for the Local Trains which stop at every station, the other two are for Express Trains—which only stop every five avenues, or fifty streets.

"And then you see above the four tracks another tier of two rails, these are for what we commonly call the Quick Train or Flyer.

"I trust that I don't tire you, Sir John, but we will soon arrive out at Cherry Roost as we call our place.

"Our home is about ten miles from where we started and we thot that the drive would be of more interest to you than 'shooting out' on the Flyer."

"My dear Omu, I am both deeply interested and delighted;—now tell me have you no surface or street cars, or underground subways for carrying people?"

"You see that motor car passing up on the other

side, Sir John, with seats for about twenty? Well, that is our only surface car. They run at ten minute intervals, and are intended for those who may find it difficult to mount the easy incline to the Highway.

From what you have already told me, Sir John, I gather that the conditions prevailing upon Erthus to-day are much the same as existed upon Jupiter before the Age of Reason.

At that time the Cities were very congested, and everything being unsystematic and every man for himself, the people were tumbling over each other in the mornings to work at one centre, and back again in filthy, ill-ventilated cars. Ten men running hither and thither to do the work of one, where energy is properly applied.

"Juno and all our modern cities are so laid out that the workers come from every direction to all parts and the travel is at no time congested.

"As regards a subway, we have them a-plenty under our cities. They are a great feature of the System—but perhaps you will be surprised to hear that they are not for passengers.

"This great City of Juno, as I said before, extends from the sea a hundred miles inland and along the coast, provision is always made for its extension.

"Now the great Store of Merchandise for our needs here, and for export and import is all carried thru our Subways from Ocean to interior and vice versa.

"For instance: A steamer lands her cargo along the water front. The Subways cars run out and are loaded or unloaded directly on to these cars which pass

under the city to our huge storehouses and factories, and thus from these to distributing retail stores which are arranged at convenient distances apart. Thus, Sir John, we avoid the confusion, and unsightly loads of goods passing thru our streets, and today you may drive your carriage along the docks or any where else for that matter, and you will find the flowers blooming and the birds singing; for in Jupiter we do not frighten our little feathered friends and they have no fear of us. Now I see we are getting near home, being 40 miles away from the Sea or from the present extremity of the city, or in other words, 10 miles from the centre of Juno.

"The Avenues are numbered from North to South, so as it happens we live at 50th Avenue and 401st Street.

"Juno has at present 1,000 Streets and 100 Avenues; of course all of them are not finished, nor have the Avenues all Highways, but the convenience of travel and extension of lines is amply provided for in the plans of our System."

"I have noticed, Omu, as we came along, that these streets of yours are like what we would call private Driveways."

"Yes! Sir John, that is the idea exactly. The Unity wishes to lose the old cut and dried Street—and we have succeeded in bringing the country into the very heart of the city."

Shrubs and trees, vines and hedges abounded, pretty walks and shady nooks were everywhere, no two alike, and one caught thru the fruit and shade trees a glimpse

of the usual cozy house amongst the flower beds, withdrawn demurely and Homelike.

"Master of Erthus," spake Omu, as the scampering horses dashed into one of these pretty lanes, "let me present you to Cherry Roost," and the old man's face beamed with joy at the loveliness of this simple home in Juno.

Sir John thanked the reinsman and then petted each of the black beauties in turn; just then a fine looking young fellow came bounding over the lawn dressed in flannels.

"Sir John," said Omu, who had affectionately greeted his son, "this is our son, Larry Omu. Larry, my son, this is our Guest, The Master of Erthus."

"I heard Sir" said young Omu, "that you were coming to stay with us, so I hurried home on the Flyer."

"I hope, Sir Master, that you enjoyed the drive."

"Indeed I did, my boy. Most thoroughly, I thank you!"

"Larry!" said his father, but there was no need to tell this healthy youth to help put the horses in for a rest and to look after the comfort of the reinsman.

"Cherry Roost!" exclaimed John Smith, as they turned and slowly walked across the velvet green. "What a Dreamland, Omu! what pretty hanging baskets and blossomed creepers, surrounding cozy corners and quiet spots!"

As they neared the house a motherly woman of kindly face came toward them from the long deep veranda which surrounded the house.

"This is the Housemother, my good wife, Sir John," said Omu, in introduction.

The old Dominie with fine grace of manner took the Housemother's proffered hand, and bending low, kissed it, saying with courtly chivalry, "Mrs. Omu! your avenue greeted me, your street coaxed me, Cherry Roost charms me but you, dear lady, make me feel that I am at home."

"That is indeed a pretty compliment, Sir Erthus, and I feel that we will be good friends. When I heard that you were from another World and were to come to our home, I was naturally a little fluttered at the great compliment to be paid us, but I confess, Sir John, that I am relieved to find that you are much the same as ourselves, and that we speak the same tongue. You must let me show you to your room, Sir John, for I am sure that you are tired and dusty."

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Omu, for your thoughtfulness. I will be glad of a little brush up after all my strange experiences of the morning." As they gained the broad veranda with its comfortable seats and inviting nooks, the old Dominie was gazing around with beaming eyes. "Your Home and Garden, Omu, are entrancing—to think of a charming place like this 40 miles within your City!"

"I am sure Erthus, that we are all pleased that you like our cabin; it is a fair sample of many homes in Juno."

Mrs. Omu led the way in thru the long window to the common room and thru the large spacious hall to the wide stairway. "Nooks and cozy corners every-

where," said the old Minister, "indeed I am a very lucky man, Mrs. Omu."

"This will be your room, Sir John," said Mrs. Omu, as they passed into a large room on the first landing.

The old man was somewhat puzzled at first for he had never seen a room quite like this before, and he said so.

The two outsides of the room seemed of large glass walls that opened up onto a balcony. "You may open it up like a tent," said Mrs. Omu. "You see, Sir John, we live in the open air as much as possible, and sleep in the open. You will find the bed over there in that alcove, out of any draught's way; this small room off is your bath room, so I will leave you, Sir John, but you must tell us of any clothes that you require.

I suppose that we will have to initiate you into the raiment of modern Jupiter!"

"Indeed, Madam, I feel quite ready to adopt it from what I have already seen, everything seems so simple and sensible; in fact, my dear Mrs. Omu, I am most happily impressed with the lack of ostentation and your naturalness."

The old Dominie did enjoy with relish his first bath in Jupiter, and as he dressed, the birds came and sang in the lilac trees outside his window, thru which the sun came gently but not too warmly.

Bye and bye he found his way down to the veranda where Omu was sitting; a great dog on either side of him.

The dogs arose and greeted the visitor.

"These are our friends, 'Mike and Dan,' Sir John."

"Beauties! they are," said the old man, as he affectionately patted them both—then a moment's sadness crossed his face as he did so. "They remind me, Omu, of my old chum Jock, my faithful dumb friend upon Erthus; I hope he is well looked after!"

"We lay great store by all our animals today, Sir John. In the olden days they were much neglected and ill-treated."

Just then a little girl with an armful of flowers came bounding onto the veranda, but she checked herself at sight of (to her) such a funny looking man.

"Come hither, Lassie," said her father, and she ran to him and kissed him.

"This, Sir John, is Lita, the Omu baby," and the child courtesied to the old Minister.

"Where were you, Lita?" asked Omu.

"I have been to the flower beds, Daddie dear! and I brot you some of the flowers you like," (and, shyly) —"but I would like, Daddie, to give some of them to this gentleman, and I can bring you more tomorrow;" and, going over to the old Minister, Lita courtesied and handed him the lovely fresh cut flowers, rich in perfume.

This little touch of childish good manners went to the old man's heart. "Thank you Sweetheart!" he said, taking the flowers and caressing the child, "You have quite won my heart, little one."

Mrs. Omu came with a tray.

"You see," she said, "you are just in time for our *afternoon tea*, Sir Master!"

Omu was called away to the phono, and Mrs. Omu was explaining to the old Dominie how part of the children's work and education, was the care of Unity flower beds.

"Our system of education may seem odd to you, Sir John, but the old way of housing children in stuffy rooms for hours at a time, has passed along to the ignorant past with the incompetent teachers that taught them.

"Everybody, even the children, work for the Unity, and we all study as we work, we learn from practical example as it were."

CHAPTER XII.

"In trying to imitate others, we often forget to be our own natural selves and become ridiculous more often than otherwise."—Hobo.

A rippling laugh, then a few bars of a duet was heard.

"More of the tribe of Omu," said their Mother to the old Dominie who was an interested listener.

"Mother! Mother!"—in chorus—"where art thou Mother mine?" and a boy and girl came singing thru the window to the veranda.

They had heard the wonderful news in Juno of the coming of the stranger from Erthus, but they had not guessed that he was to be the guest of Cherry Roost; however, it quickly dawned upon these happy youths who the strange man was.

Their Mother smiled at their being caught un-awares.

"These, Good Master of Erthus, are the family twins, Eve and Hal. Commonly called 'Bad' and 'Worse,'" chimed in their Father, appearing around the corner of the garden, his two splendid hounds in faithful attendance.

The old Dominie greeted the Twins warmly and they were soon fast friends.

As they all sat enjoying the afternoon, there appeared another person at the "window door."

"Come here, 'Lisbeth," spoke Mrs. Omu.

"Sir John, let me present to you the bright star of Cherry Roost," and an old colored woman drew near and courtesied to the old Dominie.

"'Lisbeth is quite one of the famly, Sir Master, as was her mother before her, and she is a good woman and a great help to us all."

Old 'Lisbeth was much pleased when John Smith shook hands with her, and spoke to her in his kindly way, and then she and Mrs. Omu retired to the kitchen to look after the housekeeping.

"Perhaps, Sir John," said Omu, "you would like me to explain to you a few of our daily customs—in the home life—

"We arise in the morning at daylight and work in the garden, for I may say that every home has a garden—where we grow many of the vegetables and fruits for our own use—then there are the flowers to look after—for we revel in flowers of all kinds. The *poultry* have to be attended to, as well as the numer-

ous pets—of which there are generally a number, and most people keep a horse or horses, or ponies—perhaps a donkey; then the family has a cup of tea—and works around till 9 o'clock—when breakfast is served, then we set out upon Unity work and return home in time for dinner at 4 o'clock.

“Two meals a day is our motto, as we find it a saving of time and better for the health.

“This plan leaves a long evening for enjoyment, or recreations, of which we have many,—then before retiring we have a custom of drinking our National Beverage, which we call ‘Coa.’

“That, Sir Master, is a general outline of our mode of living—of course, subject to consistent variation.”

“Now for instance, Erthus, the dinner hour draws near, so instead of ringing a bell of notice we appoint one of the family—each in turn to sing a song of warning.

“Singing is encouraged in every one, and it is surprising how few there are who cannot sing worth listening to.

“We aim to make life one grand song. The art of voice culture has greatly advanced over the old hard plodding days of the past.”

“I am really not what I appear to ye, but what ye think me!”

John Smith had retired to his room to prepare for dinner and was resting pleasantly, contemplating his

first day so far, when there broke in upon him the "get ready song."

He arose and quietly going out into the hall slowly made his way, noiselessly, down the broad, easy stairway to the direction from whence the lovely song came.

Thru the door of the room he saw that it was Eve sitting at the piano. She sang as a pretty bird might sing, clear, easy and soulful and the old man stood entranced at the purity of this simple girl's song. It filled him with a great joy.

The song ended; Eve getting up from the piano, turning, saw the silent and charmed listener, and running toward him, the old Dominie gallantly kissed his thanks upon her brow, and they turned and beheld the Mother and Father, and all laughed heartily as they went in to dinner.

Eve led her charge to the seat of honor beside her mother, and sat herself down opposite to her vivacious twin, Lita sat next her father, and there were two vacant seats.

"One seat," explained Mrs. Omu, "is for Larry who is away trying a new air boat—the weather being propitious—and the other vacant seat is for the unbidden guest who may drop in unexpectedly.

"We have another son, Rex," said Omu, "who is abroad at present, attending the Annual Violin competition—the best players thruout the land are chosen and sent by the Unity each year to compete before our Masters for Unity Prizes.

"In a simple way we get at the best of everything and make the most of life.

"Everyone is free to try for the contests locally, and where the judges decide that a certain high standard has been attained the Unity allows the lucky student the time and the passage to the place where the final test is made.

"This rule applies in all branches of the Arts and Trades and is a great incentive to advancement, as well as a never-ending source of amusement and encouragement to our young people.

"As a result of this unity of all working for a common purpose, the Artists and Mechanics of today far surpass the heavily handicapped ones of the past, who had to depend so much upon luck and money and influential friends.

"There is no luck or influence today, Erthus! but real Merit only."

As the meal ended, Hal went to the piano and played a piece of Thanks-giving.

"It is a strict habit with us," continued Omu, "to encourage the joys of life and not to waste time. The maxim is that if we look after and do not neglect the little things, that the big things will come and develop themselves as a matter of course.

"We try to base all things on practical facts instead of in dreaming theories—which so often ended in tiny realities.

The Motto of Jupiter, Sir John, is:

"First be Sensible—then be anything you choose!"

"A most excellent Motto, Omu, and a great improvement upon that of Erthus."

"Oh! please tell us, Sir Master!" lisped little Lita, an interested listener.

"I am rather ashamed of it," answered the old Dominie, "but as we say 'fair exchange is not robbery,' and 'turn about is fair play,' Our Motto is 'Evil be to him that Evil thinketh.'"

"It rather smacks of revenge, and I regret to say that we of Erthus are a revengeful people."

"Shortly after the New Era began," spoke Omu, "many of the old foolish proverbs were deemed hurtful, and ignored till forgotten or changed. Now for instance, that Motto of Erthus we had, but made it read 'Evil diggeth its own grave.'"

"Now, Sir John," said Omu, "with your permission, I will take you to the smoking room—but perhaps you object to the habit!"

"On the contrary, my dear Omu, it was a little weakness of mine in which I occasionally indulged." Bowing to the Ladies he followed Omu up stairs and up a second flight to a cupola room, surmounting the house top.

CHAPTER XIII.

"He that doeth right in the sight of his own conscience honoreth himself."—Eno.

"This, Erthus, is a typical Smoking Room of Juno,"
—*it might* be called a glass observation room—small

but cozy, with lounges and big deep easy chairs, and all made more comfortable with a good cigar or a friendly pipe.

Mike and Dan must needs follow the Master up, and when the old Minister had been seated a moment, a shiny black cat made friends with him, took possession of his lap and slept. Hanging baskets of flowers and even singing birds were here also.

"You must not mind, Omu, if I seem to ask many questions—for all your customs are strange to me.

"For instance: In Erthus we have a habit of asking God's Blessing upon a meal about to be partaken, and we offer Him thanks upon having eaten."

A slight smile came to Omu's face, (perhaps a smile of pity, who knows?) he answered: "I think that perhaps we do the same thing, but only in another way.

"Our song is a symbol of thanksgiving, and the cheerfulness which we exact at meal-times—a blessing."

John Smith said nothing in reply, but continued:

"I am surprised that you allow smoking in Jupiter! In Erthus the habit is popular to a fearful extent and does a great deal of harm; even the women and children smoke, but not openly as the men do."

"Our wise men of Jupiter, my dear Erthus, when forming the new rules for our commonwealth were confronted with a peculiar and serious problem in this habit of smoking that had attached itself to so many, and they decided it a necessary Evil—but not so bad if properly restricted.

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"In tolerating it, they insisted that it must be limited. Men and women might smoke, and must not be looked down upon for doing so; children under 20 years of age were prohibited, and smoking is only allowed in the smoking parlors. These places are established thruout the city and always on the roof—One may not smoke in the streets or buildings but one may smoke in the open country outside the town line."

"A grand scheme, Omu! But if such a plan were made a law in Erthus, the People would rebel, and say that their Liberty and Freedom were being usurped, and they would defy the law in every way."

"Our wise men, Erthus, the men who by long, pure lives have earned the right, decide what is best for the Unity, and the people, having been taught aright, obey the rules that are so wisely made for them.

"In olden times, Sir John, Liberty was a great boast—but an idle one—for liberty generally meant freedom to be nasty, vulgar, unkind, unclean, selfish and all the deadly sins."

"And there came a merry maiden, merry twinkle in her eye."

As they were enjoying their smoke and debating many of the ways and means of Jupiter, some one was heard approaching, singing, and Eve entered bearing a tray, and ended her sweet song with a merry laugh and a courtesy.

"Will the noble men of high degree condescend to drink of the fragrant coffee, prepared by the hand of the daughter of the house of Omu the Redman?"

The old Dominic arose equal to the occasion and replied:

"Fair daughter of merriment, brot thee lamp-oil with such sweet song and happy mien, man, the ever-adorer of thy sex, would'st drink befitting the Nectar of the Gods!"

All had a good laugh at the parry of wit:

"I declare, Omu, your children are making me young again!"

Omu reminded Sir John that it was time for them to depart for the meeting with the High-Equals, so they descended—animals and all, and found Hal awaiting them outside with a motor-wagon, and they were soon traveling along the Speedway at a lively clip.

"Might I ask, Omu, how fast you are allowed to ride in one of these horseless-carriages?"

"That is left to the 'common sense,' the same as the speed at which one must walk or run in the street.

"You see we are all going the same way on this roadway and as our cross streets are depressed, (and white tiled) there is no danger of collisions at crossings or corners, and where avenues cross each other they widen out considerably.

"Those running North and South are depressed under those running East and West. Each separate way for pedestrians, cycles, carriages, etc., have a small drive or walk, leading down or up, and into the avenue going at right angles—in this way we all are going the same way on any given path, and never have to cross each other."

"Marvelous, I say, Omu! Splendid."

Suddenly Hal turned the auto into one of the large Park Squares that came at every 5th Avenue of Juno, and the old Dominie startled at what he beheld, exclaimed:

"Heavens! Omu. What wondrous place is this I see?"

"You are gazing, Erthus, upon the 'Triumph of Jupiter!'

"That majestic building is a Monument to the New Era. All the best of modern Jupiter is centered there

"This noble structure which we see yet some distance off is called thruout the Unity The Temple of JUNO, The PALACE OF ECSTASY!"

And this is what the old Master of Erthus Saw:

A magnificent building of tremendous size and wondrous architectural art, reaching, it seemed, away unto the heavens!

"Dedicated to the triumphs and successes of the New Era, it is symbolic of our best purposes and our highest aims, a citadel of truth and reason, by far and away the largest building ever erected in all time. It has been building for about 100 years and is now 77 floors high, and will, we trust, be building for hundreds of years to come, to the Glory of The Unity.

"Here it is, Sir John, that we worship the glories attained, and those still sought after.

"Thousands upon thousands of rooms there are, and their wonders are legion. At its base is an immense lawn intelligently laid out so as to harmonize exactly *with this ever growing Tower to the Heavens.*

"A mountain of architectural beauty that rolls the genius of past generations into the adoration of the ever present one."

Starting at its spreading step-ways leading into this vast Hall of Fame, the eye saw the richest of varied marbles—its gilded and metaled threshold, its bejeweled porticos and gem-studded doorway, its thousands of balconies of marvelous designs, its steeples upon steeples, turrets and alcoves innumerable, its countless carvings in solid granite and glistening onyx, its hundreds of entrancing figures of man and beast—in all their beauty of natural attitudes. All splendidly in harmony with the surroundings, and an everlasting dream to the naked eye.

"I never thot, Omu," said the Rev. John Smith, when he could find speech, "to behold such grandeur; truly it is named the Palace of Ecstasy!"

"We are justly proud, I think, of our monument to Co-Operation. But later on you will have a chance to judge for yourself from the inside: Tonight we must speed on to the meet of the High-Equals.

"Anything, Erthus, that you may look upon in wonderment whilst in Jupiter, will only serve to remind you of the possibilities of a mankind working as a unit in healthy, honest application for the Commonwealth, unhampered by the exaggerated traditions of the Past or the blind teachings of the miraculous which never happens—the unselfishness and the sympathy of a body politic and in unison.

"Not, dear Erthus, great contending parties arrayed against each other and progress, battling down and

trampling under foot the best interests in common to both, but a mighty army, led by the Captains of Harmony and Justice, marching against the foe of darkness and unbelief, and tearing from the bowels of Nature's wonderful never ceasing resources the joys of the untold Gifts of the Gods of Creation.

"Let our religion be Love."

This visit of their distinguished guest from Erthus to the High-Equals in the Chamber of Purple, was not made known to the populace, but many were about that memorable evening, and soon recognized the Old Dominie in his tall silk hat, and he was greeted with a warm reception of "hurrahs" as Hal drove their motor carriage up to the entrance.

As the old Dominie climbed the steps, arm in arm with Omu, he saw a splendid building of the rarest marble, of the most delicate purple.

Arriving at the large stoop at the entrance door, they were met by the wisemen in their robes of office.

At their head was a venerable old giant of great age, superbly gowned in purple satin and royal ermine, who raised his arms and spake:

"Master, Chosen One of ERTHUS, on behalf of the Highmen of JUPITER, I bid thee a loving greeting," and he embraced the old Dominie affectionately.

John Smith was much moved at the warmth of the greeting and replied with great earnestness:

"Most Venerable Sire, and Wisemen of Jupiter, I

give unto thee the heartfelt thanks of the Messenger of Erthus, And I pray unto thee lend me the key of thy Wisdom and the secret of thy Truth."

The Venerable centenarian led the Rev. John Smith within to a seat in the center of the large council room among the Purple-men who were of the highest order of the Wisemen of Jupiter.

Seated around him, at crescent-shaped, long, intersecting tables, were thousands of these hoary-headed Purple-men, the oldest toward the center.

The sight of this grand body of old men filled his heart with great admiration.

Three-quarters around this splendid chamber of authority were immense galleries, divided into three separate spaces, each decorated in the individual colors of the High-Equals, of the order therein.

In the Red space sat the Redmen, and likewise in the Blue and Green division, all gowned according to their color or order.

In the fourth quarter of the gallery was built a huge organ, from which rolled forth, as all were seated, the flute-like strains of the Unity Hymn—a soul-inspiring song without words—or as the old Dominie thot, a befitting opening prayer of music.

Cento, the "Father of the Council" as he was called owing to his great age, arose as the delightful strains faded away thru the open window, and spake:

"Perhaps thou wilt tell us, Master of Erthus, thy quest to our Planet?"

"My quest, Comrades of Jupiter, is the key to the

book of Reason, which I am foretold that thou and all thy blest people hold.

"Be gracious, I pray thee, and open thy wondrous stores of Truth and Equity, and reveal to me the secret of thy unity and universal happiness, which I see on every side.

"Unfold, I beg thee, Highmen of Jupiter, that I may teach and restore my own lost World, whose people live in ignorance, deceit and sorrow, days without end, whilst they live midst plenty. I have spoken!"

"My dear Erthus!" affectionately replied Cento, the centenarian, "Be of good cheer! whatsoever we have shall be freely given thee.

"Listen, Good Master, I pray thee!

"Thrice happy day two centuries ago, there came from out of nature's fold a man of simple ways, a thoughtful fellow who stood without our Cities of Injustice and our countries of unfairness:

"He saw the Truth. And, returning to his natural retreat, worked out the means to the end, that meant the Salvation of Jupiter.

"This simple but wonderful man, good Master of Erthus, did, single-handed, wipe out the immorality of ages and let our fair land be born again.

"This man—Our Benefactor, to whom the Unity pays everlasting homage, was—

Reuben Brown, The SALVATOR OF JUPITER
of him you will hear more anon.

"In the first place, Comrade of Erthus, your being in *Jupiter* instead of our being in Erthus, makes it

proper that I should first explain to you a few of the forms and ways of our System, as we call it.

"To begin with myself: You will note that we have no false modesty—by what they are pleased to call my great age, I am the spokesman this evening; otherwise I have the same power, or as we say, right to do good as my fellow Purple-men, and that just so long as I exercise the same wisdom as they do.

"In ancient days—before the New Era—our people governed themselves very differently; at least they thought that they governed themselves—but in reality they did not.

"At certain set times the male portion of the adult population, assisted morally (?) by the women, arrayed themselves on sides upon certain beliefs, trumped up for the occasion, and the side having the greatest number won.

"Each side had a chosen leader, and the fortunate leader was called a President, or a Governor, a Mayor or some such misleading title. These Presidents, etc., had power to choose their impromptu assistants, they also had certain elective bodies who were supposed to represent a certain number of people; it all sounded well but was, in reality, governing for the few at the expense of the many.

"The principle was fundamentally wrong.

"In those trying days there were many different Nations, speaking many different tongues, and various forms of government besides those of which I have spoken.

"But all gave the same Result.

"The many workers were the slaves of the idle few, or those who took the substance of their labor.

"Business and government were in a constant state of chaos and uncertainty, and both Unfair to the Masses.

"Now, my dear Master of Erthus, all is changed for the better. Every man is just as well off as he behaves. The reason for being Evil has been removed, and the reason for doing that which is right is always present.

"We no longer govern our affairs by choice of sides, nor by chance power, or thru money's influence; But by Merit alone.

"All are eligible for our highest offices, if they so live aright.

"Every one of our people has what we call a 'Book of Life;' in it is recorded their history, from the 'cradle to the grave,' and for safety a perfect copy is kept in the vaults of the Unity.

"This, Erthus, has proved the greatest blessing that ever came upon us—and I can assure you that it is much simpler than at first sight.

"One's life may be so uneventful that entries in this book of merit may be few and far between.

"All events of moment are recorded, whether for or against the person. We have a fixed Standard of points of merit, and one knows as they live, just how high or how low they stand in the estimation of the Unity.

"If, at the age of 50, a man's Life Book shows *enough* marks of merit after a high standard set, he

is entitled to sit in the Councils of the Redmen, whose duty it is to preside over the Civil-laws of government, and such matters as we term in the 4th Class.

"At the age of 60 the Redmen become Greenmen—provided they have kept up their high standard of merit—And then they exercise the authority of the 3rd Class; and in the same way the Greenmen at the age of 70 move up and become Bluemen—presiding with each move up over matters of greater importance—of the 2nd Class; finally, at the age of 80 the Bluemen—all things being right—become Purple men of the Highest Order in the gift of the Unity—giving authority over affairs of the 1st Class, or last and final Courts and decisions of the Unity."

The Venerable old Cento ceased, as the Rev. John Smith exclaimed, "Excellent, my dear Sir, the most complete and just system of government I ever dreamt of!"

"So you see, Sir Master, that we have a great veneration for age."

This speech was greeted with an ovation.

"I often forget my age, Erthus, for I am so old as I feel!

"In the past dark ages, history tells us, that but few men lived to the age of 80 and over, or if they did they were feeble of mind and body. But look round, Sir Chosen, at the Council of Purplemen and you see 1000 odd men, who have risen to the highest office in the realm, all hale and hearty and deserving of it—that is the result, Master, of living aright the laws of nature.

"Many of my Comrades, Sir Chosen, are in the highest honor list of our Unity—that is the 'Centenarian Order.'

"I think, perhaps," went on Cento, with a merry twinkle in his lovable old eyes, and a certain degree of honest pride—"that I may have aroused your curiosity and had better confess my age.

"I have lived, Sir, 110 years in this Grand Unity of ours! I have, in my time, seen many Comrades come and go, and many changes have taken place but always for the better—and now, hale and hearty, I rejoice each day more and more at the great Victory of Ordinary Sense over the old time Selfishness, Deceit and Greed—and I feel sure, Dear Master of Erthus, that when thou hast learned the genuineness and far-reaching good results of our System for the Commonweal—that thou wilt carry back to thy mistaken people of Erthus the greatest blessing that was ever the gift of one enlightened people, to bestow upon a people groping in the darkness of Sin and its baneful reward."

Lusty applause from honest throats greeted the speech as the old Patriarch took his seat and the organ pealed forth in triumphal music.

There was much hand-shaking and many wished to be presented to the old Dominie, then the meeting ended.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Opportunity is that which makes the poor and unhappy—If they don't get it."

When Omu and the old Minister—escorted by many of the High-Equals—reached the street entrance they beheld an immense crowd of Jupiterites, assembled in the brilliantly lighted street or plaza.

Lusty cheers rang out as they appeared and a band of one hundred instruments struck up the National airs. Then a procession of the Youth of Juno began to pass in review before the Purple Chamber.

A wonderful procession it was that the old Dominie looked out upon. Lads and lassies in the most grotesque attire; Clowns and Harlequins, Queens and Kings, some afoot, while others were on horseback, on mules or donkeys, some astride bullocks, others in gilded vehicles of wondrous design, drawn by goats, ostriches, lambs and such like, and every conceivable makeup that fun would suggest.

"Our youth, Erthus, take great pleasure out of their innocent fun, and they are allowed much liberty so long as they behave—and they seldom forfeit the right—for the reasons to be naughty do not exist today as they did in the olden times."

"Altho we see many thousands of people in front of

us, Omu, I must say that they keep good order with little crowding, and I have failed so far to recognize your police."

"They are a thing of the Past, Sir John!"

"Do you mean to tell me, Omu, that you have no police in Jupiter?"

"Yes, Erthus! in the sense that you mean. We have a Unity rule that all men between the ages of 30 and 40 are the police and firemen, that is when occasion calls all these must immediately constitute themselves the guardians.

"But we really have little use for the police as you will better understand when you know more of the detail of our simple System and our fires are scarce as compared to what they were under the old, stupid way. Every precaution is taken in the first place for safety.

"Our public buildings are as nearly fireproof as possible, are rarely over three stories high and have every device for exit, etc."

"It all seems strange to me, Omu, but splendid."

Entering their Auto-car amid the deafening bravos of the happy multitudes, Omu took Sir John for a tour of the City, where the clubs, gymnasiums, swimming baths and many fine buildings were given over to the joys of the populace. Readings rooms, with every comfort, immense buildings in every section of the city for games of all sorts, where any could play without cost.

"It is all very easy to have Erthus! where everyone works together and for the Common-weal."

Bye-and-bye their Auto turned Homeward, along the beautiful and noiseless Avenue, and Cherry Roost looked more homelike than ever as they rolled up the garden drive, thru the trees hanging with dainty colored fairy lanthorns, to find the family awaiting them.

Mrs. Omu, that cheerful housemother, beamed upon them with a—

“Welcome home, Sir John!”

A little later the old Dominie came down stairs to join in the customary “Snack” before retiring.

“We will introduce you tonight, Sir John,” said Mrs. Omu, “to our Unity drink.” Just then ‘Lisbeth appeared, carrying in a tray with cups and refreshments, while Mrs. Omu presided over the boiling copper-kettle that stood an ornament on the electric heater.

“Our Unity drink,” said Omu, “is called ‘Coa’ being related to the old time drinks—which are still in use—coffee, tea and cocoa.

“Our scientific wisemen, having only one end in view—the common-weal—have advanced the food and drink question to a much higher standard of perfection than in the old selfish days when personal gain was the prize mostly sought after.

“The welfare of our people is the one object of our Wisemen today, and these men, by experimenting, succeeded in producing a plant with a bean combining the best flavors of the three old drinks in one.

“This bean proved so successful and so popular that it was adopted by common consent to make the

National Drink, and this they called 'Coa.' It is both food and drink and practically harmless."

John Smith eagerly watched Mrs. Omu as she poured out a steaming cupful, adding cream and sugar.

"In olden days, Sir John," she said, as she handed him a cup, "only the few could enjoy the luxury of cream, but nowadays every one may have cream and the common good things of life."

The old Minister's face beamed the pleasure he anticipated as the aroma from his steaming cup tickled his senses, and having tasted he was delighted with this truly splendid drink.

"It promotes a restful night," went on Omu, "helps build the tissue and feeds the nerves and does not destroy or retard as did so many of the old fashioned beverages so much indulged in."

"I must tell you, Mrs. Omu, that I have noticed the excellent quality of your bread."

"We use nowadays, Sir John, a combination flour in preference to a wheat flour. We make flour for common use out of many things, wheat, rice, banana, cocoanut, potato, corn and beans principally, and these, made together or separately in a bread or cake, are better relished by keeping awhile—and more wholesome and digestive.

"We have a larger variety of good, healthful foods and have cultivated a better wisdom in partaking of them.

"Gluttony, that huge evil of the time of the Down-

fall, is considered not only bad form but injurious in the extreme, and not allowed.

"As a Unity we are much more cleanly. The bathtub reigns supreme. Then again the Unity insists on our bathing the lungs constantly with pure air. We are a race, Sir John, of 'Breathe deeplys.' We sleep in the fresh air, and while we are still meat eaters one-half to one-third of the quantity formerly used sufficeth us."

"It seems too good to be true, Dear Madam; but how do you bring it about or enforce these rules or habits?"

"Simply, Sir Erthus, by ordinary sense!

"Children are first taught these principles: they learn about the 'temple of life,' that is their bodies—the different organs, the function that each has to perform; then they are taught the enemies of each organ and the body as a whole. But, Sir John, above all we are taught to OBEY implicitly, for it avails man, woman or child nothing to do wrong against the Unity or their own body, for the reason to do Evil has been removed."

"Many people are unkind and call it 'Dignity.' "

The old Dominie had a nice long chat with the Housemother and so interested were they both in their subject that the Master of the house felt it incumbent upon him to say at the first pause: "Another of our favorite mottoes, Sir John, is:

"Early to bed and early to rise."

"A healthy person allows himself six hours in summer and seven hours in winter, to sleep; The Unity arises with the sun as a rule. We have learned the joys of the fragrant bedewed early morn—and I might add, Erthus—a siesta after dinner is much in favor with our people."

"I am afraid, dear people," said the old Dominie, "that I have kept you up past your usual hour."

"Indeed, Sir John," replied Mrs. Omu, "we allow ourselves to indulge occasionally and your visit being extra-special will require extra latitude. But the Unity teaches its children to be the creatures of habit; it demands a certain amount of regularity. The curse of olden-times was in allowing the youth thru either overkindness, (so-called) or neglect, to form habits that were ever a burden to them thru after life."

The old Minister felt quite ready to tuck himself away in the alcove-bed after Larry had shown him how to adjust the movable sides of his bed-room so as to let in the air to best advantage.

"It seems a pity, my boy," he remarked to Larry as he thanked him, "to waste even the six or seven hours in sleep in this land of yours."

CHAPTER XV.

"I hear the whistle, and bell ring;
Crowds from each everywhere they bring.
Then all goes on from day to day,
When morning breaks and I away."—Mac.

John Smith awoke early, greatly refreshed by the sound sleep that had blest his first night in Juno. He lay awake awhile quietly musing. The songs of the garden birds floated in thru the open sides of his room with the perfume of the flower-beds covered with dew; cut-roses and picked wild-flowers were around the room, window boxes covered with blossoms were there and good to look upon. "Truly a place of flowers and song," he thot, as he arose to enjoy that universal joy, the morning bath of Jupiter.

Tip-toeing down stairs thru the silent house the old Minister bethot him to steal a march on the household and be the first out.

Passing onto the veranda, he stood drinking in great deep lungfuls of fresh air and the pretty home-like garden scene.

Mike and Dan, the sentinels, came to be petted, wagging their tails, and then he spied someone working in the garden, and slowly going toward them thru the winding paths of current bushes he came upon the Twins, bending over their work of weed-

ing. The hounds surprised them and they ran to greet the Master of Erthus affectionately; and took him on a tour of inspection to see the hens and chickens, to gather the early egg, to feed the bunnies, to drink their favorite ponies, and then back to Cherry Roost for the stimulating cup of morning tea.

As they neared the veranda with its sweet smelling honeysuckle the old man paused, listening to the beautiful strains from an organ.

Eve, noting his questioning look, explained that he was listening to the Good-morning hymn of Juno, played at the same time in nearly every home in the city automatically.

"I bid thee a joyous morning, good Housemother," as Mrs. Omu came with 'Lisbeth, "and to you, kind 'Lisbeth," (they brot with them tray and cups). "Thank you, yes! I slept like a brick, praised be your bed room plan," answered the jolly old Dominie.

"It is our custom, Sir John," said Mrs. Omu, "to have a snack at early morning to tide over till our breakfast later on."

After the cup of "slow-poison," as Larry called it jokingly, Omu invited the old man to join him in his own "sanctum," the "Busy-Room" as they appropriately called it—built well off by itself in a quiet corner of the house.

"In the mornings till breakfast-time, Erthus, I am able to attend to Unity affairs over which I preside as a Redman. From this room, with the use of the phonoscope and my mail, I can accomplish much *without interruption.*

"This morning, anticipating your society, I was at work earlier than usual, hearing my mail and answering it—thinking that you might want to put some question to me regarding our System."

"I most certainly do, Omu, for I am intensely interested! For instance—I noticed that you just used an expression new to me, 'hearing your mail.' "

"I will explain, Erthus! In the first place, you must remember that we are all working for one big firm, 'The Unity,' instead of every man for himself—matters naturally run more smoothly at a much less cost of Time and Energy.

"In olden days, for instance, the Telephone was in the hands of the monopolists who controlled the Profits of telephoning by dictating the cost to the user, and it was to their best interest of profit often to delay rather than to advance many new Labor-saving inventions which might cut into Private Profits.

"But now, having but One Purpose, the Commonweal, we advance with giant strides in the fields of Science and Economy, and one of our most practical inventions was the phono-photo-scope, or as we commonly call it 'The Phono.'

"I take up this envelope here and extract this letter, all that is visible to the naked-eye is a small thin wax-like sheet, apparently nothing on it."

"This is a letter, Omu.

"By placing it in this little machine which is run by a spring, in motion, I hear thru this funnel-shaped horn the contents of the letter.

"Now listen! 'Omu, Redman, Cherry Roost—Greet-

ing to you and our distinguished guest, Sir John Smith, we beg to present to the Master of Erthus a small packet which should reach you in the morning, with the compliments of the Unity of Jupiter. Bid thee the guest well!"

"Now, Sir John, we will take this little sheet of wax-like paper and put it in the instrument, reverse the lever and send our acknowledgment.

Omu, talking easily into the funnel, said:

"The Master of Erthus will await expectant your packet and reply in person later.—Omu."

"Now, Erthus, we can either send this by envelope which I would put in that mail box outside the door thru this slit here, or I can place it upon the machine, press the button and the central office may read in their reflector the address, call up the person addressed who may read the message by sight without leaving the phono, or have it by mail. The instrument automatically records a copy of all messages that I send.

"In doing our correspondence this way, Erthus, we have done away, in great part, with the old-fashioned type-writer and operator. This means a big saving in time and labor.

"To appreciate more fully the time saved in letter writing, you must understand that in Unity there is many times less correspondence necessary in a business way than when thousands were contending in the same lines of business for trade. The waste was enormous.

"Especially was this so in Advertising and in Busi-

ness Failures, which are both done away with entirely at the present time."

"I thank you, Omu, for your clear explanation of these interesting subjects which come so fast that I have ceased to wonder what will be the next surprise! I have wanted to ask you, Omu, about your Money-system."

Just then Eve's voice was heard outside the door: "Please may I come in?" and entering she said: "I am the bearer of a packet for the Master of Erthus," and handed it to Sir John, who, turning it over, noticed the purple-seal and Crest upon it. The Crest, a simple circle, with a heart in it and underneath the one word, "Together."

"The packet you will observe, Sir Master, is in Purple, which tells us that it comes from the Purple-men and is of the first importance.

"The Seal upon it is the Crest and Motto of Jupiter."

Sir John opened the packet and took from within a small pocket book of the richest, with golden bands on one side the circle and heart with a pure lustrous white diamond in the centre on the other side, engraved on a golden plate, "The gift of the Unity of Jupiter to the Master of Erthus," and the date.

The old Minister, pleased as a small boy with a new trinket, opened the case and found inside a lot of strange looking tickets.

"It was exceedingly kind of the Purple-men, Omu, to think of me, but I must confess that I do not understand the contents—they look something like our car tickets in Erthus!"

"The arrival of this little book is opportune," answered Omu. You had just asked me about our money System—that book, Sir John, contains the money of our Unity—or what means money to you.

"Perhaps it will surprise you to learn that we have neither money nor banks! Before the Unity they had Money and all its unfair and evil results.

"At the time of the 'Reign of Terror'—as the period between the Old Era and the New was called—the leading men sat down amidst the ruins of the past to find the real reason of the 'Downfall' and plan a new future. They found the trouble traceable to MONEY.

"MONEY WAS THE SOURCE OF MOST EVIL, and time has proved their conclusions beyond a doubt."

"I cannot conceive, Omu, how you get along without money! It seems to me impossible—but, no doubt, you have some wonderful solution of the problem!"

"Our System of Exchange, Erthus, has turned out one of the simplest of our ways and means," replied Omu.

"Thruout this vast Globe of ours, instead of being many people of different Nationalities as in B. U., (as we call the days before the Unity) we are now One People with One common Language.

"The old tongues of our forefathers are not lost entirely, but are retained in part as studies of the Dead Past.

"This was simple to bring about—the children born

after a certain time were taught the Universal Language, consequently knew no other; after the third and fourth generation all used this one language and knew no other, while at the same time the spelling of words was changed to conform with Sound and Common sense.

"We are today, Erthus, One large Factory, Farm and City. The country has been brot into the city, and, the city has melted into the country. And all must work in the Factory for the COMMONWEAL.

"After long years of the Evolution of our System the Unity knows by practice and a careful accounting the Exact Amount of ENERGY it can command, and THE COST IN Energy for the maintenance of its PEOPLE.

"We know each year what can be reasonably produced, and the DEMAND for Consumption. Thus is the Unity able to determine how much to allow each and every person at their different stages of life.

"And thus, My dear Erthus, is the allowance or income made available thru the medium of the scheme of these 'little tickets', (as you are pleased to call them) or which we call POINTS OF ENERGY; or still more commonly Points.

"The Fault with the old money system was that sometimes it represented real energy but more often it Did Not—It was a False Money—not sound in all its parts.

"Instead of cancelling the money as it was used for the energy it represented, it was used time and time again in place of energy that had never existed and

when, by chance, the false money so used did mean real energy, the power had to be manufactured after the money it should have first represented had been used.

“Now for Blunder No. 2: Having turned innocently enough down the wrong lane instead of turning back and getting upon the Main Road, it became necessary to conceive of places of deposit for the accumulations of this false and idle money. These places were called ‘Banks,’ and they grew like mushrooms and the Selfish (but clever or lucky) men of that day saw here their opportunity to gain the power over their less fortunate brothers, by wielding against them the very power or energy that they had created in the beginning and turning it to the enriching of their few Selves. To this, Dear Master of Erthus, man’s inhumanity to man was traceable the ills amany that bound the masses with the yoke they forged around their own necks.

“By this means a lot of real energy was expended in a false cause, and in an unfair cause, for many of the real workers had to be taken away from the real producers to act as the serfs of the idle and dissolute rich, to handle this false money in a myriad different ways not legitimate with Equity; and thus had the real workers not only to produce their own subsistence, but they also had to produce for an ever-growing army of unproductive people.

“Is it any wonder, Sir John, that enlarging upon this vile system of greed and dishonesty, our beautiful

Planet should reek with the foul smell of Meanness, Immorality, Poverty and even Starvation!

"Millions at that time in our great cities, Sir John, went hungry, hundreds of thousands were prostituted and immoral, tens of thousands were diseased, drunken and deceitful—and all were more or less Selfish, Unclean and Thoughtless.

"Thanks to our SALVATOR—Reuben Brown—all is now changed, after those miserable centuries of cowardly Manhood.

"What insanity could have overtaken our Ancestors, I ask you! when we find that by the proper use and application of our Energy, One Fifth Alone will suffice to feed and clothe ALL in comfort and happiness—leaving us Four-Fifths of our strength to enjoy the wonders of this glorious Planet Jupiter and to learn to play and recreate—which is the condition of a living Heaven."

At this moment a soft sweet bell rang out in the room—"The Phono calls," explained Omu—and turning in his chair he faced the instrument. "'Tis well," he said, speaking at the disc or transmitter—at the same moment there came into view on the frame a living picture of the actual speaker at the other end whose every expression might be seen and who was distinctly heard to say, "Good morning, Omu, will you please convey the lasting compliments of the Ancient Historians to the honored guest of our Unity—Sir John Smith—and say that we will be pleased to give a lecture this evening at the Palace, on the

Downfall of old Jupiter and the birth of the New Era, if it should be his pleasure to attend."

Sir John, amazed at the phono which Omu swung toward him, replied "that he would be delighted to attend," and he was much amused to find himself talking face to face with a man that was actually miles away.

"This phono's wonders never cease, Omu!"

"We have no Capitalists now-a-days to retard our Scientists and inventors and each year sees splendid strides in capturing the secrets from the boundless stores of Nature."

"You are certainly a wonderful people, Omu! I could see every expression—even the coloring of the Ancient Historian as he spoke to me."

"You in Erthus, my dear Sir John, from what I gather from you, must live in much the same state of the so-called advancement or civilization as was in Jupiter, B. U.

"We have learned in Unity the proper application of our Energy and Intellect which rebounds with blessed results for the common good of all."

"The more I learn of your ways, Omu, the more a great light breaks in upon me. I feel very grateful to your Purple-men for so thoughtfully providing me with a purse of your money—no doubt I will soon need it for car-fares, postage, etc."

Omu smiled at this half-question.

"I see that we will have to go slowly with you, Sir John, and remember that you are not one of us even if one among us.

"I might as well tell you, Erthus, that we do not have car-fares in modern Jupiter. Why should we charge ourselves or take from one pocket to put in the other—it would mean a great loss of time.

"The people of Jupiter, Sir John, are not free and equal, as was the common boast B. U. 'All men are born free and equal' is an exploded fallacy and does not obtain now-a-days.

"It was one of the many foolish conceits that the woefully self-entranced people of olden times wrought themselves to believe in.

"Nobody is FREE and NOBODY is EQUAL in JUPITER.

"A man with us is just as free as the situation demands in which the question of freedom is the case in point, and as regards no question of deduction of freedom from any one else.

"Freedom meant to our ancient stupid ancestors—To be free, to be cruel, unjust, vulgar, bad-mannered and to take advantage of unequal positions. Equality was always an absurdity when applied to the human race or to Nature.

"Nature never made two people or two apples alike or equal. But, dear Erthus, do not misunderstand me—Everyone has an equal right to be kind, generous and true.

"In Jupiter all mankind is subject to the Unity. All have their appointed work to do from their cradle to their grave.

"My little daughter works for the Nation the same

as I do, but honest effort and regular work to us is the antithesis of trouble and wrong doing.

"So, dear Erthus, if we travel we are upon Unity business and it would be foolish to waste time selling us tickets at one minute to collect them the next, besides having to employ large armies of unproducers to keep account of this unwise system.

"If one is at leisure to travel the Unity permits the leisure and provides every convenience to make the time enjoyable and consistent. In other words, Erthus, the Unity exacts the performance of certain work from the individual for the commonweal, and after that devotes its time to the pleasures and comforts of all.

"The same rule applies in much the same way as to postage. It costs nothing to send letter or parcel, within reason, for the same end is not in view as in the old dark days when most of the mail was in the competition of the individual.

Competition was the death of Trade.

"By applying the same rule to many of the old usages you can readily see the enormous energy saved to the Unity which may be turned into productive channels. This will the better enable you to understand why, with one-fifth of the Energy at the command of the Unity, we are able to produce food and raiment and the necessities of life for all of our people alike, instead of the few having more than they need and the many not sufficient, whilst all being together upon a planet of plenty."

"Marvelous, Omu, Marvelous! I say; the light

breaks in upon my brain with bounds of reason and I see more and more the equity of your splendid System."

"Our daily newspapers, Sir John, are Free to all—of course they are very different from the false issue of the past, when they were used principally by the moneyed rascals to deceive and exploit the man that labored faithfully. Sensation and distorted truth was the paramount theme,—Their vulgar, immoral publications are things of the Past for the simple reason that the cause for such does not exist under the present System.

"All Unity matters are in the hands of our Wisemen who become such only by the Reward of Merit.

"Those good men and true pass on all literature, consequently all unfit is cast out.

"A small charge is made for magazines, books, etc., and if one is fortunate in writing something worthy of being published they will reap a certain reward as a prize, which encourages individuality as well as purity of production. Hence today, Sir John, our literature is of a high class and perfectly 'clean,' and our illustrated works of the highest order with a premium set only on good work.

"In this way the Unity controls our great Artists in all branches; consequently we have not people writing Trash or painting hideous scenes who might better be cleaning streets or building fences."

"I should think, Omu, that the people would take advantage to excess of free newspapers, postage and such like."

"It would serve a person ill, Sir John, to take two newspapers, or two free rides, or send two free letters simply because they are free, for he would only waste his own precious moments and not hurt the Unity."

"In Erthus," remarked Sir John, "our papers and magazines are great mediums to Advertise all things for sale—quack medicines, wonderful soaps and complexion powders, and a thousand different things the public seem to wish for."

Omu laughed heartily at this.

"Anything, Erthus, that the genius of our people produce and the Wisemen deem good for the commonweal, is properly written about and forms the basis for the major part of our writings and becomes common knowledge thru our publications of various kinds. The sad and immense loss of energy thru old time Absurd Advertising is now conserved to the best interests of all, instead of being one of the many millstones of ignorance that our foolish, mistaken forefathers hung around their necks at such fearful expense to their fellowmen at large.

"Was it any wonder, Erthus, that the poor and needy were in countless thousands with such a propaganda of absurd business principles in force?

"We are able, thru our genuine System, to immediately outcast the useless and deceptive."

CHAPTER XVI.

Remember that there is nothing so small but that it has a half to itself—therefore nothing is an impossibility.

Mrs. Omu appeared at the Busy Room door and there floated in thru the opening the strains of beautiful melody.

"The Breakfast warning! another of the many gifts of the Unity to its faithful," explained Mrs. Omu.

John Smith listened in rapt attention to what he believed was an orchestra of wind instruments in the near distance.

"At this time each day, Sir John," said Mrs. Omu, "this music is heard. The best band of musicians that can be had play at a given point and thru the aid of magic invention the music is listened to in thousands of homes."

"Every hour of this life on Jupiter, My dear Mrs. Omu, has a new wonder to charm me. My ears have listened this morning to some of the most wonderful things that it was ever their privilege."

"I must confess," said John Smith, as they gathered around the breakfast table, "that I have been quite prepared after all that I have heard and seen for you to tell me that you have the science of eating to such an advanced stage that you simply swallow a pill or eat a wafer for a meal, but I am agreeably surprised.

"I see here before us the tempting toast and fresh morning egg, cream and delightful fruits and many good things for the inner man."

"The breakfast table, Sir Master," replied Mrs. Omu, "is provided for generally within the home gates. The home would be incomplete without our Poultry, our Vegetable garden and our many fruits. Our butter, cream and milk come from the Unity Farms—absolutely pure and healthful.

"We pride ourselves, Sir John, that Jupiter is the Land of homes in the true sense. Many of the ills that befell the people of olden days were traceable to the public way of living, crowded in the congested cities and even in the suburban towns.

"We encourage seclusion in the home life—shut out from the busy world. But by seclusion we do not mean the blinds down, a dull house, the sun shut out and a hush about; on the contrary we make it bright and attractive, where each one may whistle, sing or even joke as they may feel so disposed with all due respect to each other in age and sex; as little restraint as possible—the aim, an Individual Kingdom.

"We encourage a love for animals as pets and companions and they prove a source of much sincere pleasure. Our houses we prefer withdrawn away from the public gaze and deep in amongst our favorite shrubs and trees, surrounded by flower beds and vegetable patches, which we cultivate for health, joy and profit.

"Home means little in Jupiter, Sir John, without

garden and animals and I am happy to say that few are without."

"Of course, Erthus," put in Omu, "had our wise men centered the gifts of their genius upon one Idea, we might today be laying eggs by simply pressing a button, or we might produce the family vegetable overnight from a window box; but unlike the so-called wisemen of B. U. whose greatest ambition was to make life automatic, our aim is to retain our individuality so that we may be strong when called upon publicly."

"Perhaps," said Hal, "Sir John will think that we do not have hotels and restaurants."

"I wish that you would tell me, Hal, my boy," replied the old Minister. "I shall be very happy to show you some of them, Sir, if you will permit me some time"—"and we have also sewing societies, Sir," put in Eve mischievously.

"And what may it please you to sew?" replied the old Dominie beaming upon her.

"Promise me, Sir Master, that I may take you some day and introduce you to one of our meetings?"

"Readily do I promise, my dear girl!"

"After breakfast, Sir John," said Mrs. Omu, "we go about our Unity work. My being the mother of a family, I look after the home and being in a certain grade of merit I take part in women's councils on matters pertaining to women, which entitles me to a certain amount of assistance in my household. Women today are on the same plane as men—that is women regulate to large extent the Affairs of Women.

"Eve goes away to her sewing class this morning and certain mornings she takes classes of children and does many other little matters at the bid of the Unity.

"Hal goes off to the Unity offices, but, Sir John, whilst we all work for the Unity in one grand co-operation, we naturally have short hours of work and long hours of play as well as many holidays—but very little Idleness.

"The mind is the greatest physician."

"If you would care to join me 'atop,' Erthus, as we call the smoking room?" asked Omu, "I will let you into a few more of what must seem to you our strange ways.

"I might repeat, Erthus," went on Omu, as they mounted the stairs—"that as it costs the Unity only one-fifth of its daily energy to produce the food and raiment necessary, we consequently have four-fifths of our energy to apply to the glory and upbuilding of our Nation. Laziness is discouraged and thrift espoused."

Lighting their pipes they were soon in the depths of a good chat on Unity matters—Metse, the black kitten with white toes, made herself comfortable on the old Minister's lap.

"I would like to know, my dear Omu, how the Unity starts its wheels of industry?—how it is decided who is to do this and who is to do that?"

"'Tis a long story, Sir John, but perhaps I can convey to you quickly the general idea.

"The Unity being now over 200 years old, has at this period learned almost exactly its annual requirements as well as what it may reasonably expect to produce. It also knows the energy at its command from its army of workers and the amount of work to be done in each department and trade of our System.

"The Unity decides the rule of all work. Even children at the age of seven years are expected to do their tiny quota of work,—there are many useful things that children may do for the commonweal under our system. At the age of twenty they are supposed to have attained man or woman-hood and to have decided in their own minds the field of usefulness to which they prefer to turn; they volunteer or make application to do certain work.

"In order that one kind of work may not be over-volunteered while another goes neglected on account of being less attractive, there has been devised a scheme whereby the hours of labor or service are long or short as the case may be—this measure, with other conditions of lesser note, generally has the desired effect of controlling available energy in one direction or another, and where the work is particularly onerous extra compensation in the way of a prize is offered.

"Our greatest endeavor is to make all work attractive.

"As we advance in Jupiter only by the merit system, the right man is generally found in the right place. The foreman or the head of a department is there

because the best fitted to be so;—it is no discredit to have a man pass over you because he was fortunately born better equipped to do certain work than you—such a feeling has been almost entirely eradicated and would not be tolerated. You will learn in time, Sir John, that thru our system of marriage and selection many of the unfair habits of our ancestors have been to a large extent out-born as we say.

“On the other hand, Erthus, it is a credit to advance over others but not at the expense of those others, so you can see we have a system of promotion that not only in theory but in practice we consider to be about perfect.

“There is no favoritism in Jupiter, except that which Nature endows upon the Individual.”

“It is a grand scheme, Omu, I must confess, but I fear that my people upon Erthus would call it the wildest Dream and not worthy of anything but contempt. It is this way, Omu! In order to carry out this IDEAL government of yours you had first to sink into Oblivion SELF—this was only brot about by some remarkable event of the greatest moment in your history, happening, and your people only turned from their Unequal Ways thru abject fear, as it were, before they could see that in their old Selfish ways of conducting their affairs that they were ever working against, instead of for, the interest of the Commonwealth.

“I only pray, dear Omu, that I may be made to thoroly understand your ways and be permitted to instil them into the hearts of our miserable people.

of Erthus—or else they go on forever in their circle of generations thru Selfishness and Immorality.”

“It will be so, Sir John, be of good cheer ;

“Perhaps,” continued Omu, “I had better take you back to a little before the New Era, or at a time when the Unity had the outline of our System on the way of working with a fair amount of success.

“It was decided that the immense Unity of Jupiter must needs build themselves a Model City—a great Capital City—a monument to the Future.

“In order to do so it was first decided that they must pick out a locality so situate geographically as to insure the best average climate, both for health and productive qualities. The city must needs be a seaport with suitable harbor, such a place at the mouth of a river must be considered ; in fact, an ideal spot.

“The People—The Owners of Jupiter—were the ones to decide the location of this model capital city. The Unity offered prizes for suggestions which poured in from every land—having first been submitted to the local High-Equals, who in turn sent on the worthy ones to the main City where the head affairs of the Unity were carried on by the Council of International High-Equals.

“In this way the site was chosen upon which we now are, and they called the city JUNO, ‘PRIDE OF THE UNITY.’

“First as a compliment to the country that had brot about the Reformation, and, secondly, because of its natural advantages for the ideal city.

“The climate of Juno is moderate inclining toward

warmth. Instead of six months flowers and six months without we have here about ten months of foliage and very seldom ice or snow.

"The great centers of population under Unity have been able to pick and choose, and as a consequence the majorities have moved toward the South to avoid the long winters and enjoy the out-of-door-life more.

"After a century and a half Juno has grown into a vast city of Ten Million Souls—extending over one-hundred miles each way, an immense place, according to old fashioned plans. But with the modern idea of bringing the country into the city and taking the city into the country, we pride ourselves upon our CITY of REAL HOMES in the TRUE SENSE.

"The plans of this great model city were laid out on almost unlimited lines, and the city grows steadily apace—each new addition only being one part more of a great whole.

"With a fresh-water river running thru its middle its shores neat and well kept, its waters unpolluted, up which the Ocean-going ships may pass to unload their foreign goods and there take their loads of domestic things to our comrades abroad; built upon a gradual sloping ground—permitting of perfect drainage—it rises higher and higher as it recedes inland to the hills and mountains. A truly ideal city with splendid possibilities, doing daily honor to the Unity that conceived it and to the master mind that gave it birth for the good of all.

"All this, my dear Erthus—when we look back upon

all time—has only been possible under CO-OPERATION.

"Working TOGETHER has driven away nearly all crime and immeasurably reduced DISEASE.

"These two things, with the system of competition that was in vogue for centuries, were the cause in greater part of all unfairness and inequality that obtained for AGES.

"Practically the same system that applies in Juno is followed thruout the lands of Jupiter. I would impress you again, Sir John, that individuality of the person is not suppressed by our system for it has proven to call out the best from our people, and it has made us endeavor TO Never Be MONOTONOUS but rather to allow full play to all ideas that are worthy."

"It all seems grand, Omú. Marvelous! but I do not yet understand how you pay your people."

"Naturally, Sir John! you must first remember that we are a common-wealth in very truth—the strong have to help the weak—which we have always found is the best way in the end towards helping themselves.

"We are all paid on a plan worked out—as I once before explained to you—by the Unity knowing approximately the amount of energy they can reasonably command in one year and the amount required to expend for the necessary food and raiment, and an additional requirement for a certain Standard of Comfort to everyone commensurate with ordinary sense.

"Every living Soul, Erthus, in Jupiter is in the pay of the Unity. For example, (as a neighbor of ours

says) : a lad at the age of 20 takes up the serious work and he receives so many Points each year—such as in that little book of yours, Sir John—he receives the same amount each year till 30 years of age when he is allowed a larger number of Points of Energy, till the age of 40, at which age he has the privilege of letting up on the amount of energy the Unity requires from him. Whilst the Unity expects something from everybody during their lifetime—while of able body and mind—after 40 we are able to permit of more leisure, or Selftime, as we call it.

“A true account is kept of each person in their Merit Books, or Life Books. Now, Erthus, this may seem a large undertaking to you as it did to a great many of our people at its initiation, but contrary to prediction—as theory is generally in practice—it has proved both an excellent and feasible system.

“The Merit Books show the Unity who are the leaders of men, the responsible positions being intrusted to those best fitted to look after them and not left to chance or favoritism as was too often the case in olden days.

“We have also another plan that works concurrently with the regular expected routine, and this is that PRIZES are offered at all times for Excellence, Invention, Genius or anything extraordinary that may add to the welfare or glory of the Commonwealth.

“In this way, Sir Master, there is always reward and incentive to do well and better—for one fines oneself, do they lag or tarry or leave well enough alone—but perhaps I tire you, Sir John?”

... "Not at all, my dear Omu, I pray you proceed."

"Well, to continue and digress a little. The unwritten law is that man or woman marry so soon as they come to maturity. This, under present conditions, is observed naturally to a large degree, the exceptions being in cases of ill-health and such-like.

"The Unity allows each year so many Points for each child the result of the union with an increased amount the second Ten Years. In this way is equity dealt out to the Laws of Nature so well as the Laws of the Land."

"It seems wonderfully fair, Omu! I wish that you would permit me," continued Sir John, "to interrupt you here and ask you regarding Your Ways and Laws of Marriage."

"That is an interesting subject, Sir John, which I think you had better let me explain to you later. We have already sat long and I hear some one coming. 'Tis a custom of ours, Sir John, when approaching unseen to sing or whistle softly."

A child's voice was heard sweetly singing as she came up stairs.

"'Tis our lassie, Lita, who comes," said her father affectionately.

This little blossom of Juno came thru the door bearing a tray with a couple of glasses upon it, as the old Dominie was gently stroking the soft black back of Metse upon his lap.

As Lita made a courtesy to the gentlemen, one of the dogs jumped up to her playfully, which caused one of the tumblers upon the tray to fall and upset

upon the floor. Sir John, seeing the accident, made a quick move to save the glass but missed it, and it fell with a thud and rolled toward him. He picked it up and to his astonishment found it unbroken but with a *Dent* in it.

"What freak is this?" said he, holding the glass up to Omu. "Is this a trick glass? Or do you mean to tell me that in Jupiter you have the secret of making glass soft and unbreakable?"

"I certainly do," responded Omu, a little surprised at the question. "We have, Sir John, for perhaps a century been manufacturing Malleable Glass.

"It had been a lost art for ages but under the Unity's admirable system the lost arts are gradually being restored and many new and excellent ones discovered and developed.

"That reminds me, Erthus, that perhaps you would like 'to stretch your legs,' if so we might take a run out to the glass works on the 'Flyer.'"

"I will be delighted to go anywhere with you, my dear Omu, for I am charmed and fascinated by your ways and means.

"Your Planet, Omu, is not unlike my own—in nature's way—but the contrast of our different economic systems is intensely interesting to me and I must admit so far greatly in your favor."

"Our little daughter, Erthus, brot hither these glasses that you might partake of some unfermented grape juice if you so wish," and Omu produced from a cupboard a decanter.

"This, Erthus," said Omu, filling the glasses, "is

an innocent drink much affected thruout the land. Slightly refreshing and supplying the liquid necessary to good health and digestion if taken at the proper time, that is an hour or two after eating."

Descending the stairs they found the house deserted, and passing out thru the garden at the rear they left the empty house behind.

"I noticed, Omu, that you did not lock the House on our leaving it?" Omu laughed heartily at this remark—a great, splendid laugh had this big simple man Omu.

"Why should I lock up, Erthus?"

Sir John told Omu that it was a necessary custom in Erthus to lock the house securely upon going out or retiring—to prevent thieving.

"We have no stealing of that kind here, Sir John, we long ago removed the reasons for stealing as we have for most of the old-time failings of mankind which prevailed in olden times."

"Wonders will never cease," was the old Dominie's only reply.

They passed out around the quaint old home, thru the scent of the abounding sweet-smelling creepers and shrubs; flowers were to be seen in every nook and crannie and the birds seemed at home everywhere.

"I notice the wild birds about in many varieties," continued the Dominie.

"You can hardly call them wild birds, Sir John—no one in Jupiter illtreats or frightens our feathered friends, consequently they abound and fear us not."

They walked along a neat vegetable garden thru fruit and berry bushes wherein were many good things.

"You have the most home-like place I ever saw," said the old Dominie to Omu. "Everything seems so genuinely thot out—it appeals to one—yet the whole is without lavish display or costly extravagance."

"Most of our homes are on much the same simple lines—each garden speaking its usefulness and individuality. We roll, Sir John, our religion and our politics into one and Worship our Homes.

"The secret of the Downfall was found in the masse: getting (or rather being driven) away from the true home-life.

"They cramped their homes, (or I should say the places they lived in), in days gone by—and incidentally their minds, in their one great Religion that swept over our land to its own destruction—the Worship of GRËED for WËALTH."

Sir John became very thotful—as Omu continued to talk in this strain—perhaps he was thinking how nearly Omu's description of the Awful Past of Jupiter tallied with the Dreadful Present of his own Planet Erthus.

Walking along by the high fruit wall they went out into the street thru the back gate, the Old Dominie listening in rapt attention to the peaceful songs of the tomtits and wrens, as they sauntered along the flowering hedge.

They strolled along, these two big kind-hearted men of Erthus and Jupiter—fine specimens of manhood ~~they were~~—John Smith admiring the various homes

as they meandered in the direction of the Avenue at which the "flyer" stopped. These peculiar trains amused the Master greatly—with their single rail above and one below to run along—their sharp pointed forward carriage, made so to break the wind and enhance the speed, and didn't they go!

The novelty and the speed made the old man's eyes glisten and the superb view that was his from the high position in the air made his thots run fast with the speeding "flyer."

Arriving at their destination and walking about ten minutes, Omu led the way into some park-like ground where one might see standing well back thru the tall trees a vine-covered building of picturesque appearance.

"One of your colleges or schools?" hazarded the old Dominie.

"No! You will have to guess again," replied Omu.

"Well. Perhaps a Museum or maybe a Library?"

"No! wrong again."

"This is the Glass factory where they manufacture Malleable Glass."

"You don't mean to tell me so!"

"You see," continued Omu, "it costs a little more at first—to have our factories and work-shops nicely situated and neatly equipped, but it is a big saving in the long run.

"It is this way, Erthus! The Unity owns all the lands and having good, honest, healthy workmen and many of them—it is first able to make them comfortable and have an eye to the beautiful as well."

A little man of distinguished appearance suddenly came into view around a corner path.

"Why, here is Colonel Tuck!" exclaimed Omu. "Greeting, Colonel!"

"Greeting to you, Sir Omu," then turning to the Master of Erthus he made a courtly bow.

"Colonel," said Omu, "let me have the honor of presenting you to Our Guest of the Unity, Sir John Smith, The Master of Erthus."

"I am delighted, Sir, profoundly honored, Sir," responded the dapper little gentleman.

"I was on my way, Sir, at this very moment, Sir, to the house of our good Omu, to pay my respects to you, Sir!"

"I am more than pleased at your Kindness, Sir," replied John Smith, and all three went on the tour of inspection of the Glass works.

It was an immense building three stories high, covering several acres of ground in wings and courtyards, where fountains were playing, their cooling waters and flower beds sending their fragrant perfumes floating in thru the windows to please the senses of the workers.

Sir John saw them turning out all kinds of glass goods of the non-breakable kind.

He was much struck with the cleanliness, the perfect light and ventilation and more especially with the fine manly Laborers—healthy and intelligent looking as he remarked: "More like high-class picked students."

"This is a fair sample," said Omu, "of the workshops and workmen thruout the land."

"Yes, Sir! but I claim, Sir! that they have taken away, Sir! the liberty of the men. I belong to the 'old school,' Sir! and never will I allow them to take away my liberty, Sir!" and the perky little man was working himself up when Omu interrupted him gently.

"You must not mind the Colonel, Sir John! It is only his playful way. He is one of the few who still maintain that we are on the wrong road in Jupiter. But, he stands almost alone today; do you not, Colonel?" remarked Omu playfully, patting the little gentleman on the shoulder.

"I may stand alone, Sir! but I am for Independence every time, Sir!"

Omu suavely turned the conversation by suggesting that they go over nearby and inspect one of the Solar Stations; as they passed out thru the splendid trees surrounding the Glass works, Omu noticed John Smith intently watching a "flyer" as it raced swiftly in the near view.

"Our Monoway interests you, Erthus?"

"Yes, Omu. I was still wondering at the great speed of the 'flyer' as you so well call it, and moreover, I am amazed at the lack of noise made by your trains and street vehicles."

"Quite a good many years ago, Sir Master, our wise-men of science learned how to incorporate in with the steel of the rail a substance equally indistructible that reduced the common vibrations of noise

to a minimum; the single rail itself helped toward the same end."

As they went along Omu raised his cane to his mouth and blew a mild whistle to attract a carriage that he saw down the Avenue, which quickly turned about at the sound and came scampering up to the curb alongside of them.

"I am going to introduce you now to one of our varieties of street conveyances. These are for the use of people who prefer to travel this way or find it more convenient, or to take them more directly than the Monoway or other ways of travel."

They all entered this low running wagonette of four seats.

"This lad in uniform has charge of the carriage and serves his time as elsewhere for the Unity."

"Will you please drive us over to Solar Station V, my good boy," requested Omu in his kindly manner, and off they galloped behind the shaggy ponies along the noiseless Avenue.

"Now, Sir John, for this mode of traveling the Unity exacts a small tax—for obvious reasons," and suiting his words he drew forth his Point book, the Colonel doing the same.

"My dear friends, you will please permit me to pay for this drive from my Point book—I insist!" said John Smith.

"Well, Sir John, I see that you do not know the custom of Jupiter as yet, so I will tell you that each one in Jupiter pays his own fare. It is now a long established custom—the treating system went out with

the Old World and her illogical ways; of course there are extenuating circumstances and it is not a crime but is considered ill-mannered to go against the rules laid down by the Wisemen of our Planet."

"An excellent plan, gentlemen, and one I quite agree with."

"I," put in Colonel Tuck, "take exception to the habit, Sir! and I protest most vigorously, Sir! It takes away the age of chivalry, Sir!" Nevertheless, he permitted the uniformed Driver to punch his Point book as did the others.

"At last!" exclaimed Sir John, "I have been able to spend something."

"Yes!" replied Omu, "you will notice that at the time we spend our money we also cancel it! You can't eat your cake and have it."

The ponies—and fine little fellows they were—soon had their fares over at the Solar Station and here was more for the Chosen Man of Erthus to wonder at.

"A remarkably neat and pretty place," he remarked, "if nothing else. But, my dear Omu, what may this queer place be, we have nothing like it upon Erthus as I know of?"

"This, Erthus, is where we make captive the SUN. We call it a 'Solar Station.' These highly burnished metal reflectors are so arranged that when the Sun shines its great heat is absorbed into storage and available for practical purposes. It represents Force, Energy,—and is used in many ways—principally in attracting Electricity which is used for a host of things.

"The new Era, Sir John, has seen some magnificent strides ahead in the usages of that subtle fluid, Electricity, and our scientists have only recently discovered whence comes this wonderful representative of Energy—as well as how to hold it when gathered or attracted—with a slight loss in leakage or waste in transmission.

"From these Solar Stations, Erthus, comes much of the power that moves the wheels of our Workshops as well as the wheels of our Monoways. We have also another splendid discovery due to the New Era and that is the Ice Motor. In the far North the vast fields of solid ice are being used to generate Force for the dwellers of the Northern climes."

"You are certainly a progressive people, Omu, amazingly so. I heard you say just now that your wisemen had found out from whence comes Electricity?"

"From our Moons, Sir John, no less.

"This splendid power they tell us is the result of friction caused by our Planet traveling thru space at such a tremendous speed. This has caused, in the Majesty of time, these moons or metallic bodies to be created as it were."

"I must concede, Sir!" put in the dapper little Colonel, "that the Planet has advanced considerably in this direction, Sir."

"You mean," jokingly put in Omu, with a laugh, "that you almost regretfully have to acknowledge, Sir, that we have improved in Something?"

"T must be fair, Sir!" gave in Col. Tuck, with none too good grace.

"We had better now turn homeward," remarked Omu, and addressing himself to the Colonel, "I hope, Colonel, that you have accepted Mrs. Omu's invitation to dinner for Yola and yourself tomorrow."

"Indeed, Sir," replied Col. Tuck, "I hope that you will convey my lasting compliments to your good housewife, and say, Sir, that we shall both be delighted, Sir," and saluting in military fashion he continued: "I bid you both, gentlemen, a very good afternoon, as I am on my way to my club," and off he trotted, as Omu hailed a passing Bus upon which he and John Smith climbed atop and away they rolled homeward.

"A well known character is Colonel Tuck, Sir John. He is one of the few remnants of the old world remaining that cling tenaciously to the Past."

The old Dominie had a good view of that part of Juno thru which they were passing from their high seat and eagerly took in the beauties of this fair model city.

"It is marvelous what has been accomplished, Omu! and the more I learn and see, the more it all seems so POSSIBLE. Oh! a thousand times I say, Omu, that my poor misguided fellowmen of Erthus could be brot to understand the wonderful things that are so truly within their reach if they could GET TOGETHER, sink their SELFISH MOTIVES and work as a UNIT for THE COMMONWEAL. I will

do my best, Omu, you may depend, to make them see the possibilities of it all.

"With your lovely JUNO, Omu! I am splendidly impressed; a quiet air of repose and peaceful happiness pervades the very atmosphere. Your cleanly streets and pretty villa homes charm me, also the songs of the birds and the flower beds thotfully everywhere, and above all the kindly gentleness of all whom I have met—the absence of the poverty stricken people which comprise the majority of my fellowmen upon Erthus; the modesty of all I see here, Omu, the lack of ostentation and vulgar make-believe which abounds in my own ignorant Planet. I find here, Omu, good plain sense written everywhere and all so REAL, so GENUINE and SO ATTAINABLE."

"Yes! Sir John," replied Omu, "I think that we may well look back and truthfully say that we have infinitely bettered our conditions, when we think of the dark past where unnecessary SORROW was found DOWN EVERY STREET and in EVERY LAND."

As Omu and John Smith walked along the garden front of Cherry Roost they peered over the boxwood hedge to see Mrs. Omu and Larry strolling affectionately over the lawn, the handsome lad with his arm around his Mother's waist, comrades so well as Mother and Son.

CHAPTER XVII.

Two Cardinal VIRTUES—To be able to draw a logical conclusion; and to mind one's own business.

As dinner was ending that evening Larry suggested that as the weather was most favorable they all go for a sail in his airboat so that Sir John might get a good view of the City before dark and witness a night-fall and the sparkling lights break forth from the greatest city of all modern time.

The saucy yacht of the air lay without at anchor in anticipation of the evening cruise, and soon all climbed abroad and with Larry at the helm, the twins as crew and Lita in the box as lookout—the others took their places as guests—the motor whirred, and casting off from the anchor line they gently rose into the air and began the evening sail as softly as the whisper of the running brook bids good-bye to its moss covered shores as it slowly jaunts onward in its purifying course.

Up into the air they rose affording a splendid view of that vast city of JUNO extending one hundred miles from its one extent to the other. "Yon below, Sir John," spake Omu, "is the river, flowing onward to the sea thru the city's middle. That Majestic river, 'The SUBLIME Gowanus' made famous by our illus-

trious poet, the childlike Hobo," and Eve recited for John Smith the classic epic:

An Ode to the GOWANUS.

("Especially dedicated to the City of Brooklyn.")

Oh thou Sublime, most passive stream!
Which moveth forth like stately Queen,
In Majesty and grace serene;

Gowanus Ever.

Thy wooded banks, Thy oily flanks,
With ebb and flow, forever go—
With ships commerce and bridge perverse;—
Gowanus Ever!

Methinks I hear the whistle blow,
From yonder little "tug" below—
I wonder if 'twill always? Oh!
(Go on as Ever) Gowanus Ever!

As child I played upon your shores;
As man I worked there:—less or more—
And now I sit and yet Adore!
Gowanus Ever!

It seems but yesterd'y I saw,
While roaming o'er your sides galore,
The wonders of your trade with awe;—
Gowanus Ever!

Good-Morn, Good-Night, Good-Afternoon:
As Age creeps on, our parting soon—
Must hide away the thot of doom:—
Go On as Ever!
(By Hobo.)

"Splendid, Miss Eve, a magnificent poem befitting this glorious stream that flows on 'in Majesty and grace serene,' beneath us; thank you, thank you! I say—"

"Now, Erthus," continued Omu, "follow its course and thru the clear atmosphere you may see the stream widen as it enters its salty grave. Thru this glass, Erthus, you may see the harbor with its ocean going vessels and beyond the deep blue sea."

"A fair sight, Omu! A fair sight, indeed," was all Sir John could say as he gazed around at the majesty of the view beyond and below them.

"The sensation Larry, my boy, is superb," at last spake the old Dominie when he could find speech, or rather, I should say the absence of sensation. "It delights the SOUL—I feel half bird, half man," and addressing himself to no one in particular, "what may the name be of our beauty craft that rocks us so peacefully in Mother air?"

Eve caught John Smith's eye and placed her fingers to her lips as if to enjoin silence; the old Minister understood, and following her with his eyes saw her raise a cushion on which was worked a name.

The old Dominie read "YOLA." "'Tis a secret," whispered EVE—and Sir John was mum, for he thot he saw a robin in the cherry tree.

As night came they gradually fell with the Sun as it made a glorious disappearance into the sea. The "YOLA" noiselessly soared from one place of interest to another as they watched the night met half way by the myriad of twinkling lights as the city slowly took on its evening garb—an entrancing scene.

They could distinctly see the happy throngs of moving people—now near below—for 'twas a gala night in the city.

"One of the grandest periods in my life, dear people," said the old Dominie with pathos in his voice, "is to be here, to know that below lies the Majestic City of JUNO with its TEN MILLION SOULS and yet no Poverty—No SORROW— No SHAME—as we know it in our great cities of Erthus. No HUNGER that cannot be satisfied,—No WANT that is right that cannot be fulfilled."

Larry Omu brot the "Yola" nearer and nearer to the TEMPLE of JUNO which took on a marvelous appearance as its myriad lights of all hues met the falling night half way. "A glorious sight, Omu, evening or night-fall in an air-boat over the Ideal City."

Deftly was the motionless craft guided thru the steeples and past the turrets and balconies of the PALACE of ECSTASY—grazing its stately towers, then peeping thru the windows of priceless design—catching a glimpse here and there of the marvelous splendor and the exquisite secrets within its wonderful walls, and at last tearing themselves away from its seductive attractions to return as softly to Jupiter's surface as they had left it a short while before, "as if from a visit to the Gods" as the old Dominie termed it.

*"To be good is to be happy! BUT—
to do good is to make others HAPPY."*

CHAPTER XVIII.

BID ME THE ROSES!

Bid me the roses! That I love thee!
Nor could they tell me the reason why?
Perhaps 'tis better not to tell me
Lest the charm of loving take wings and fly.

The following Evening just before dinner John Smith was reclining comfortably in the cupola room, gently stroking the purring beauty, Metse, upon his knee—drinking in the fragrance of the cut-flowers and thinking over the wonders of Juno as they had been unfolded to him; there came to him floating in thru the open door the strains of a song, and as the old Minister listened to the strange voice he felt that he was listening to the melody of the sweetest song he ever heard. The beauty of the voice enthralled him and he felt himself unable to resist the power he felt drawing him toward it,—down the stairs a-tip-toe he went to the music room and gently parting the curtains he looked in—and I will tell you what the old man saw—:

Seated at the harp a girl just rounding into womanhood, plump yet she was slender—jet black hair in profusion—a healthy vigorous lassie, the roses in her dark-skinned cheeks—singing with heart and soul her love-song—still not conscious of it. "*Bid me the Roses.*"

The listeners stood in rhapsody at nature's melody—for another besides the Dominie listened—watched.

Larry and John Smith were wrapt in the song!—the one because he loved—the other because he was listening to the virgin's voice outpouring in song the words she could not in modesty speak.

As the climax to the song came and ended there came from the sitting room the applause so well earned.

Hal and Eve were playing a quiet game while Omu and the Colonel had halted their chat to listen. Mrs. Omu went in to the girl at the harp and thanked her with a motherly kiss and turning to John Smith who had advanced into the room said: "Master of Erthus, let me present to you Yola, the daughter of Colonel Tuck," and taking the maiden's hand the old gentleman bent over it as Yola arose from her seat.

As they proceeded toward the dinner room Colonel Tuck arose and stepping toward John Smith bowed with great dignity saying: "It is with infinite pleasure, Sir Master of Erthus, that my daughter and myself greet you, Sir, and we wish you the bounteous joys of Jupiter," and turning to Yola the dapper little Colonel, with courtly manner, thanked his pretty daughter for her song—as he might a stranger.

It was a merry dinner party at Cherry Roost that evening—the Colonel the life of it with his ready wit and delighting stories—but frowning occasionally upon Yola when the motherless girl—the pride of his heart—cast covetous glances in the direction of Larry. The Colonel resented it, not because he disliked the lad—for he thot the world of Larry—but the idea of

anyone daring to presume to covet even a glance from his Yola—the reincarnation of her gifted mother—roused the old-fashioned ire of this odd character representing the chivalry of the Past.

As they all sat enjoying the cool after-dinner on the veranda Omu reminded John Smith that they must prepare to depart for the lecture by the "Ancient Historian" upon the "Dark Past."

Colonel Tuck who outwardly did not believe in the "Dark Past" begged to be excused from going—much to Larry's regret—for as the lecture was for "men only" he thought he saw an opportunity for a few moments with Yola, but instead, his father requested him to go with them, as he thought it would be instructive at his age—and it was a subject that at this date was rather tabooed.

As the men were ready to depart Hal came and announced that the reindeer waited. "Reindeer!" exclaimed John Smith—"what next, pray?"

"These, Erthus, are Hal's pets—he calls them 'Goodie' and Baddie.' They are a prize that he won from the Unity. Reindeer have been acclimated and re-bred and used for many years now—but are always the gift of the Unity."

"Present me, Hal, my boy," jocularly said the old Dominie, stepping out upon the lawn while Mrs. Omu held the Colonel interested—Yola and Larry had a few moments together, then all went scampering away behind the fleet-footed reindeer.

"I say, Omu! this reindeer idea is capital."

"You see, Sir John, our Wisemen are always on

the lookout for diversity of amusement,—the pleasures and hobbies of our people are as carefully considered as the practical necessities of life are.

“Reindeer were found to be tractable and docile to our wants and climate and have proved a great adjunct to the resources of the Unity.”

Hal pushed his beauties to their limit—as it was quite a distance to The Palace, but thanks to the custom of early dinner in Juno there was time for a good, long evening.

The flying Steeds galloped into the Grand Park Square adjoining the ample lawn approaches to the Palace of Ecstasy, where great crowds had collected and formed a long living avenue of happy, cheering human beings.

As they drew up at the colossal steps of marble leading to the bejeweled entrance—a huge procession of High-Equals of Juno and many visiting Wisemen in full regalia—hundreds of Men of Color—fine specimens of manhood arrayed in the several colors of their Orders, gorgeous in beautiful silks and satins. Truly a fair sight! As Hal brot the glistening Red carriage, emblazoned with the Omu Colors, to a stop, the thousands of fairy lights upon this Heaven Built Castle of JUNO suddenly burst into a million sparkling stars from turret to tower—from balcony to facade—then broke forth the strains of the grandest music that ever greeted the ears of man.

Sir John confessed afterwards that he was much dazed at the grandeur of it all—so unexpected after their unpretentious drive over from Cherry Roost.

As the music faded away the scene changed to a wonderful display of harmless fireworks and changing lights, surpassing the description of pen.

Escorted by the Centenarian Order of Purple-Men John Smith mounted the long easy steps with stately bearing, and the procession entered twenty abreast thru the translucent doorway which in the dazzling light reflected the prismatic colors of the rainbow.

It is simply impossible to describe the grandeur of the scene that spread itself out before the advancing procession as they entered the immense CHAMBER of SPEECH of this wondrous PALACE, the Pride of Jupiter—it was truly befitting and indeed surpassed the scenes that went before.

50,000 souls could be conveniently seated within this colossal Auditorium, and tonight every seat was filled in short order—but with the greatest decorum—no crowding or ill-manners—for to be ungentlemanly was almost unheard of at this day in Jupiter.

When a thing was considered right and necessary it was insisted upon and there was no appeal. The old saying, “the King can do no wrong” was more aptly applied here to the Wisemen and High-Equals—whom a life-time of Zeal, Virtue and High Character most seemly befitted to judge and make customs best suited for the WELFARE of the vast populations under them.

Immense tho it was the Chamber of Speech was especially adapted for sound, so that all might hear without extra effort on the part of the speaker or listener.

The system of ventilation was also as perfect as the genius of the age could produce—a unique plan whereby the fresh air from out-a-doors was sifted in near the floor—upward and drawn out at the very top where the gases from the used air found their way—causing no draught.

In warm weather and with a large crowd the air passed over frozen pipes before entering and distributed a delightful freshness that was most pleasing—especially when one came in from the heat outside.

In cold weather the plan was simply reversed, that is the fresh air passed in over warm or heated pipes.

There were many people that night that could not gain entrance for the throng was far beyond the capacity of any room.

Many were satisfied to have been there and quietly returned home, while thousands upon thousands of others entered the PALACE and distributed themselves among the many lecture halls, theatres, music rooms and scores of places of interest and amusement within its capacious walls.

Sir John, Omu and other distinguished guests of the evening were escorted to what they were pleased to call the "Royal Box," and gazing out and around, the old Dominie beheld the tiers of boxes and balconies innumerable, the exquisite decorations in gold and silver, the enchanting effect of hidden lights and delicate shading, the magnificent columns of alabaster and the rarest marbles; the luxury and comfort was delightful and John Smith was dumbfounded at the immensity of *it all*.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is easier for a rich man to thief from his fellow-men thru the subtle guise of piety than it will be for him to enter into the kingdom of heaven.—Rott.

As the sound of the Unity Song died away the presiding High-Equal of the Noble Historians—a man of giant stature and god-like physique—advanced upon the speaker's dais and brot the vast assembly to a silence supreme by simply stretching out his arm. In a voice as pure as the thots of his listeners he made known the object of the momentous gathering and introduced the speaker of the evening in some happy remarks apropos of the evening's subject.

One of Juno's best orators—Samu—an Ancient Historian—A Purple-man stepped forth—and silence reigned a moment except for the sound of the huge audience as they made comfortable to listen.

"Great Master of ERTHUS, Comrades of Juno and Jupiter, I bring unto thee the greetings from the Dark Past to the Enlightened Present. I bid thee the joys of good-living.

"We are gathered here to do Honor—in the first place—to the greatest event in our modern history.

"It has pleased the Creator of Worlds to do honor to our Chosen Planet Jupiter by sending hither a man of great piety from our Sister Planet ERTHUS, to learn from us of the advantages that have befallen us.

"People of Jupiter, I say unto thee, let us love this man, John Smith, and freely give unto him the benefit of our knowledge. For were we not told the other morn upon yon mount without our city—by the Messenger of the STARS—One MEFFO VIRGUS—that he came, the Ambassador of WORLDS bringing hither this great White-man of ERTHUS upon the Quest of the SECRET of Right Doing, of which we of Jupiter became so possessed as I will relate and which has been so far denied a blessing to our Sister ERTHUS.

"Comrade of Erthus and fellowmen of Jupiter, agone 200 years and more there existed upon this Planet of Ours—for ages and ages—a condition of sin and sorrow which our forefathers evolved from the unknown secret of the beginning of creation.

"The Dark Age was representative of THEORY—as the New Era is of FACT AND REALITY. The people of the Dark Age starved in body and Soul upon this Fertile Jupiter of Ours—they lived in the Clouds of Mythical Enigma and Narrow Schisms. Man the ever-Superior Being of the Brutes was chained in the prison of MORAL THEORY, and worshiped at the Shine of Spiritual Godhead evolved of a Mystical Past—on which the generations built instead of upon the ACTUAL.

"We will quickly review the condition of affairs at the time and just before the DOWNFALL. Millions of People dwelt upon Jupiter then as now but they were of many Races, Tribes and many Languages, most of them living in Ignorance and Superstition. The many dominated and Servile to the FEW,—carry-

ing on constant commercial wars and Wars of Conquest. Some called themselves KINGDOMS—and permitted themselves to be enslaved and Taxed by the 'ROYAL COURTS.'

"Others termed themselves 'REPUBLICS' and gave their Power over to a low class of Leaders—spoken of as Politicians. Of these I would speak—For this Fine Country of Ours was a 'REPUBLIC' that had risen from the enthraldom of a Kingdom thru a war of REVOLUTION to the Dignity of an INDEPENDENT NATION.

"Our Forefathers who ruled this land chose to call their New Republic the 'UNION of States.'

"Master of ERTHUS and COMRADES of Jupiter, this UNION of States, owing to its splendid Natural Resources and advantages—its mineral wealth—its wells—its fertile soils and boundless forests—its multiple of waterways—salt and fresh—pregnant of food and POWER—became a leading land among the Nations of Jupiter—grew apace under the new stimulus of INDEPENDENCE—and flourished 'like the green bay tree.'

"Its Commerce and Industry—both Foreign and Domestic, became Vast, its Wealth piled up—and it became famous the Planet over for its men of Fabulous Fortunes and their aspirations. But alas, I SAY ALAS! Comrades—amid the Lavish Ostentation of their new-found wealth were THROGS of the Population—who Suffered—who Toiled—who Hungered and were in want—MORALLY and PHYSICALLY. And the great majority of these boasting—so called

'LIBERTY LOVING' People were the VERIEST TOOLS and SLAVES of the MIDAS-EARED Ras-cals who ruled them and robbed them at every corner.

"Comrades, you and I who enjoy the Blessings of Jupiter today have little conception of the degenerate condition of affairs as they existed upon this fair Planet of ours in its so-called '20th Century,' the time I speak of—The Dark Age.

"Those must have indeed been FEARFUL Days when the Rich became RICHER and the poor became POORER, and ALL became Drunken with the Desire and GREED for Money—for WEALTH. MONEY was the FIRST thot of EVERYONE—MONEY, that CURSE of our FOREFATHERS.

"Finally one day the Leaders of the producing class arose to strike at the throat of the Spending Class, and CLASS fought CLASS in the Historic WAR of LABOR against CAPITAL.

"The Laborer organized in Clubs to fight the Capitalists but the POWER of MONEY was RESIST-LESS and leader after leader fell a victim to the Bribes and Offices of the MONEY-BAGS.

"MONEY was the Power that Corrupted the wan-ing manhood of the Republic, bribery was rampant—honesty long thrown to the four winds—and the MONEY BARONS became MORE wealthy than ever at the sad COST of the producers.

"The Oily tongued VULTURES of WEALTH with their extravagant town Palaces and Costly COUNTRY SEATS grew arrogantly bolder as they

vulgarly vaunted their STOLEN MEANS before the eyes of their wretched Victims—for

“To him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath NOT shall be taken away even that which he Hath.”

“To THINK, Comrades, that in this beautiful land of OURS—amidst the abundance of Nature’s RICH STORES—where there should have been PLENTY for ALL—and much to spare—one-third were really poorly off, one-third were half fed and half clothed whilst the other one-third were in abject POVERTY. Besides the land was steeped in Dreadsome SIN and Degrading IMMORALITY.

“STILL ‘MONEY—MONEY’—was the Cry on every LIP and the longing in EVERY HEART.

“The NATION took on a vulgar and bestial appearance—good manners were thrown to the FOUR WINDS and Honor and Chivalry had become obsolete.

“When a poor man by chance became rich, he soon forgot that he had ever been poor and deserted the ranks of the Toilers.

“This sad and AWFUL state of affairs, dear Comrades, obtained Abroad thruout the many countries of Jupiter—if in lesser degree perhaps in different form and anarchy was smoldering in the Hearts of the OPPRESSED in Every Land.

“The Fight for WEALTH went madly on.

“The long-eared RICH—ran their horses—built their Palaces—sailed their Yachts and invented new

paths to squander their ill-gotten means they so ruthlessly squeezed from the REAL PRODUCERS.

"Instead of the production of ALL NECESSARIES being under the control of the Government for the BENEFIT of ALL, nearly EVERYTHING was conducted by the Individual on the plan of 'every man for himself.' The blind led the blind thro their FOOLISH BELIEF that COMPETITION was the LIFE of TRADE when as a matter of FACT COMPETITION was the DEATH of TRADE—and of all HUMANITY—did it not cease.

"The Country, Gentlemen, was run at a frightful EXPENSE of ENERGY. The Mills of the GOD'S ground slowly BUT SURELY, and EVIL DIGGETH ITS OWN GRAVE sooner or later.

"Every year these our once Ancestors of the so-called UNION of States held an election to choose a presiding Officer for their Nation—as well as other officials—a modern King of the ONE-MAN power. They styled him 'PRESIDENT.'

"This man was over all and his first act should have been to OVERTHROW the Rich-Robbers of the TOILING POOR, (as he invariably promised to do before his election). But as usual this whilom chosen Head soon fell a prey to the Bribes or the flatteries of the REMORSELESS OWNERS of the MONEY-BAGS—or else he was so taken up with the IMPORTANCE of HIMSELF, that he went 'peacock-ing' around amongst his lesser-lights or snivelling appointees—listening to their subtle reports—the *commands of their MASTERS*—the Barons of Wealth.

"These SAD conditions of Affairs, my dear Master of Erthus, might have gone on for other thousands of years and we of Jupiter would never have seen this Glorious Day had not a TINY spark of Wisdom, broken in thru the inky darkness of ignorance and Deceit and made the way possible to put an END FOREVER to the UNJUST CUSTOMS that had prevailed so long.

"As fast as the ever growing Unions of the Workers built up their 'card castles' of Reform, just so often their Leaders were led astray and fell victims to the princely offers of their 'silk-stockinged' friends the Enemy.

"MONEY! MONEY! became the battle cry of life of rich and poor alike. All fell prostrate before their MAMMON to WORSHIP the Greed of GAIN.

"Bye and bye there came a day when a NEW PARTY sprang up to great numbers if not to great Power. They called themselves THE SOCIETY PARTY.

"They advocated the UNITY of Co-Operation for the BENEFIT of ALL.

"This Movement, Master of Erthus and Gentlemen of Jupiter, even tho it met with the GIBES and JEERS of the MONEY-MAD populace was in reality the Nucleus of the 'Beginning of the END' of UNFAIRNESS, and the pre-natality of OUR GLORIOUS COMMONWEAL of JUPITER today.

"At this date whereof I speak there AROSE a PROPHET within the Land—A believer in SOCIETY,— Unknown,—Unheralded,—he warned

the People from Lands end to Lands end that the Power of the 'MONEY-BAGS' was to be Crushed and Overthrown—That JUSTICE must Obtain and CRIME Cease.

"This COMMAND (but THREAT) was spurned and laughed to scorn. BUT the DEATH-RATTLE was in the throats of the MONEY-SUCKERS, and well had it been for them had they listened to the command and heeded the bid to give unto the PRODUCER the fairness of his LABOR for some might have been saved from the ignominious DEATH they so richly deserved.

"But so secure felt these MONSTERS of HUMANITY behind their FORTRESS of MONEY-BAGS that they feared not the fiat of SOCIETY.

"Bear with me, Our Guest and Comrades;

"There appeared one day a MYSTERIOUS proclamation—from whence it came no one knew. It spread from Lands end to EVERY NATION—it read:

"FRIENDS and Comrades of Society, be it known unto all men that, 'MONEY and PROFIT are the roots of ALL EVIL,'—ALL MEN should have EQUAL-RIGHTS so long as they SERVE equally well the Commonweal.

"The source of Evil must, therefore, be done away with before good results may come.

"All MONIED INTERESTS be duly warned from the moment of this proclamation thruout this Planet of ours, that ALL MONIES and SECURITIES must be freely given into a common FUND.

"ALL MONARCHIES and all kinds of GOVERNMENT thruout the Planet be herein warned and ordered that their POWERS of OFFICE must be ABDICATED into one common TRIBUNE for the HONEST USAGES of all PEOPLES alike. EVERY POWER of the INDIVIDUAL take heed from this warning this day, that all such Power MUST be handed over forthwith to the common TRIBUNE to help serve all alike.

"Be Every Individual affected by this proclamation and hereby warned WITHOUT RECOURSE, that their LIVES may be the FORFEIT should they not comply as herein commanded. Being granted ONE MONTH'S GRACE.

"ALL LABOR and ENERGY, be it known, must SERVE for the requirements of ALL.

"The STRONG must help to bear the BURDEN of the WEAK and thus gain their reward.

"All Wrong-doing, DECEIT, Rascality, will be punished by DEATH.

"Thus has SPOKEN the hand of FATE at the SIGN of the HEART.

"Imagine, Sir Master and Comrades, the curiosity and FEAR that spread o'er the Planet at this strange proclamation.

"One class charged the other with being responsible for its promulgation. The strong-growing SOCIETY PARTY was even blamed for it—but they as well as all others denied its origin and whilst little attention was paid on the surface, a great undercurrent of interest manifested itself, yet there seemed to be no

particular reason why any more attention should have been taken than to the thousand and one strange manifestos, the production of time. However, this the latest of them had early widespread notoriety throughout the World of JUPITER.

"The sleek, fat holders of the Money-Bags ignored the warning, the Kings, Queens and all those in authority paid not the slightest attention to the proclamation—still a certain amount of expectancy was aroused as the 30 days' grace allowed to act drew to an end. Nothing having been done on the last day toward fulfilling the COMMAND the PEOPLED World trembled and stood STILL as the startling and appalling news flashed to every quarter of the Globe, that the Tyrant Emperor of a Vast Country of down-trodden People WAS STRUCK DEAD by some mysterious agent, unseen, as he dined with his Queen and Court.

"Fulfilling the PROPHECY."

CHAPTER XX.

"Great Mighty Master, whose unseen hand—
Dost Guide our will—our way:
How can'st THOU count for tragedy THUS?
THY Church—THY People, pray!"

An intense HUSH was upon his vast audience of intent listeners as Samu, the Ancient Historian, paused to drink from a vessel of water nearby.

"Fortunate for us—dear Comrades, that we have

outborn the past," continued Samu, in that wonderful voice of his—so full of pathos.

"Little do we today understand and appreciate as a body politic the meaning of awfulness the stricken Emperor meant to the population of Jupiter at that time.

"The KING was DEAD—no one knew from whence.

"When they laid him down and sought the reason—all that was found was a PURPLE MARK upon his breast.

"Naturally a great fear began to eat into the hearts of those for whom the Manifesto had been intended—and when the Second warning came—QUICK and SHORT—'BEWARE, perhaps you may be the NEXT. By the sign of the heart,' an intense uneasiness came upon many.

"But the LOVE of MONEY overcame the FEAR of DEATH and still they clung to their POWER and THEIR MONEY CHESTS.

"The SOCIETY PARTY, alive to the growing feeling of UNREST and seeing an opportunity to further their CAUSE, offered to constitute themselves the CUSTODIANS in accordance with the proclamation. But as one day passed another and NOTHING happened the plutocrats took fresh courage and began to laugh at their own fears—When came the news in A-W-F-U-L P-O-R-T-E-N-D that another cruel, arrogant, self-styled Ruler in the Divine Right had met the FATE of the PURPLE mark and lay dead

in the Palace of his Forefathers, surrounded by his weeping Queen and sniveling favorites.

"Fear was now aplenty within the breasts of those only who had the power to see REDRESS and JUSTICE dealt to all—but AGES of HABIT had so ingrained the DIVINE RIGHT Idea and the love of power within them that they knew not how to turn back and return the resources of their lands and Kingdoms unto the People to whom they rightly belonged.

"A week later ANOTHER DEATH bolt lay low the Crowned head of a suffering humanity and then only did the WIDE WORLD awaken to the FACT that a mysterious agent of PUNISHMENT was really at work such as had never been known before within the ken of man.

"SEARCH as they could with their all-power and their wealth no clue could the Enemies of the people and good government find to the appalling power of destruction that was working with such deadly aim the HAVOC they now began to so thoroughly FEAR.

"Never, dear people, in the history of time was such force brot to bear to unearth the source of the deadly unseen hand that was at work. Faithful search failed to cast the least light upon the RELENTLESS FOE of PLUTOCRACY.

"In a short while there appeared again from they knew not where another proclamation from the Original source; it read:

"'BEWARE, I SAY—I warned ye self-appointed keepers of the PEOPLE'S POWER, but ye heeded *not*, and WOE is THEE—the die is cast—THY fate

is SURE—the day of your reckoning has come and all must learn to serve each other and be again as little children. R-E-M-E-M-B-E-R the warning of command and do so accordingly, and when thou art CONTRITE and show thy willingness to submit to the COMMAND of FAIRNESS the way will be shown unto thee, and when thou seekest advice as how to proceed the way will freely be shown thee. BUT ALL from highest to lowest MUST be submissive to the commonweal as will be hereinafter foretold. I have again spoken at the Sign of the Heart.'

"Consternation anew fell upon the now thoroly aroused populace of the Universe at this second mysterious threat—and all were intent to see where next the blow would fall.

"A few there were who made known their willingness to comply with the demand of the UNKNOWN.

"Committees were formed by the SOCIETY PARTY and others who were inclined toward a GREAT COMMONWEALTH and slowly they began to formulate plans to carry out the IDEA so far as they understood it—but little was done by the Crowned Heads and Great Heads of the REPUBLICS—when again the BLOW fell heavily in an unexpected quarter.

"In the Chamber of State (at the Capitol) of this once Union of States sat the so-called Representatives of the PEOPLE framing as USUAL their UNJUST LAWS to ROB the PUBLIC—unheeding the command to relinquish ALL power to the USAGES of all in EQUITY, when thrice the blow fell and laid low

in DEATH THREE MONSTERS in human form, who loved SELF better than all the World.

"It was notorious thruout the Union of States that these three VULTURES of Society were responsible in greater part for the MIGHTY WRONGS that were put upon the People.

"Their sudden DEMISE after the fashion of the CRUEL MONARCHS caused a direful sensation and the World stood aghast at the marvelous power of this secret agent of fearful punishment that seemingly struck at will thousands of miles from whence the last bolt fell.

"Master of Erthus, and Gentlemen of JUPITER, would that I had not to relate this story as TRUTH.

"Would that this HIDEOUS PAST of our Ancestors was a dream—a fairy tale—but alas, The Wages of SIN are the DEATH of HAPPINESS.

"But to return—the sneaking Capitalists and cowardly beings—calling themselves men—in high places, were now thoroly scared and caused it to be known secretly to the SOCIETY PARTY that they would pay largely of their ill-gotten gains to bribe their way to PERSONAL SAFETY, but the Society Party denied all knowledge of the origin of the factor of destruction and promptly refused to be bribed.

"Instead they offered their good offices to take over the worldly goods of these MONEY-BARONS in compliance with the proclamation of the UNKNOWN.

"The Leader of the Land, the Chosen President, and his associates of high office of State—quaked at the *sight of their co-law-makers lying cold in Death—a*

ghastly purple mark upon their breasts—at the sign of the heart—because they kept not their promises to the people.

“Some of the Great Masters of Finance and Commerce, conscious that they were GUILTY of ROB-BING the TOILER thru their nefarious schemes born of their lousy minds, conceived to place themselves in hiding.

“One Captain of Finance the pompous ring-leader of their many devilish plans to extort from the masses; this ugly creature was secretly conferring with his thieving partners at his private gilded Offices preparing the way so that they might go into secret retirement on their private yachts or in one of their marble palaces till the reign of terror had passed. But the hand of the Avenger was sure. As these rascally rogues plotted to deceive the enemy the bolt came; as they gloated over their miserable Stocks and Bonds and plans of safety all died the miserable death they so richly deserved—struck down by the invisible hand they plotted to cheat, surrounded by their ill-gotten gains squeezed from the very heart’s-blood of their trusting dupes, all lay DEAD and HIDEOUS, the purple mark upon their hairy breasts.

“Imagine, fellow Comrades, the state of PANIC and CHAOS that existed in this fair land of ours at those trying times!

“Those whom the UNKNOWN hand of JUSTICE particularly chose for his wrath were fearful as each day saw one or another of their greedy companions

struck off the list of the living—in a flash—without warning.

“The World of Jupiter was helpless before this dealer of punishment and utterly aghast and in the dark as to its source. But, Gentlemen and Comrades! is there any wonder when we stop to think—that someone should devise a means of putting an end to the fearful age of man’s inhumanity to his fellowmen when Immorality,—Licence,—Deceit,—Hypocrisy,—Gambling,—Dissolute living,—Dissipation,—Drunkenness,—were rife thruout this now fair land of ours.

“The World of Jupiter, my dear friends, was in decay thru the LUST and GREED for WEALTH—was rotting thru the CURSE of the MIS-SYSTEM of MONEY and PROFIT.

“There lay the seat of all the trouble, Dear Master of EARTHUS—Money and Profit—they were morally illogical.

“Picture the scéne, I say,—Men, who had their surroundings been different—might have been men—were turned into vulgar gloating brutes making fortunes thru the ignorance of the mis-led and trusting poor; under the guise of ‘Benefactor’ robbing the wages of the real producers thru their dastardly schemes—and returning ostentatiously a small portion on cowardly CHARITY, then posing for the adulation the foolish people bestowed upon them when they had far better have kicked the sneaking hypocrite from his gilded mansion into the filthy gutter where he properly belonged.

“When one so-called philanthropist (?) fell dead in

front of the library he had with great self-advertisement presented to the people of the city with the money robbed from them, and another was hurled suddenly into Eternity as he was being driven past the hospital he had given for 'fallen-women,' for whom his selfish stealing had in reality been responsible, then and only then, my dear Comrades, did these contemptible hounds of Society shake at the knees and try to bring about a halt in the holocaust of death amongst their ranks.

"PANIC reigned supreme in the hearts of the GUILTY—But the many who had nothing to fear and little to lose, secretly rejoiced at the unmasking of the RASCALS, the JACKALS of SOCIETY—feeling that good for the masses must come out of it all.

"As the fortunes and savings of the Wealthy—the INHERITORS—came pouring into the common fund and the control of great necessities of life came under the management for the benefit of the commonwealth, committees and organizations that were formed to manage affairs were from time to time instructed as how to proceed by the mysterious UNKNOWN, in the bringing about of a condition that all who DE-SERVED might reap their just reward.

"The SOCIETY PARTY at this trying time were about the only ones who kept their heads and seemed to know what they were about. Their ranks were greatly augmented and it seemed to fall most naturally to them to man the Ship of State in the STORM of CHAOS that existed.

"The Barons of the MONEY-BAGS and control-

ers of the Workshops, the Railways, the Mines and Forests, the Fields and Rivers, disgorged their ill-gotten WEALTH and POWER—for woe was he who tarried by the way for the morrow might find him cold in death, an ugly purple sign upon his unmanly bosom.

“Need I go further, Dear Friends, in this gruesome story of awesome History.—Suffice it to say that the EYES of the vast population were having taken from them the film of ignorance and a splendid TRUTH was gradually bursting in upon the hearts of the POPULACE.

“The Enemies of JUST COMMERCE and their inhuman schemes were being put to rout, and the FERTILE WORLD broke forth in the SPRING-TIME of promise and said unto its own myriad of thirsty souls: ‘Come, drink at the fountain of common-sense and be well filled by that which is yours by EVERY RIGHT.’ Thus, Gentlemen, was the beginning of the END of the RULE of DECEIT, SELFISHNESS and GREED, and the beginning of the NEW ERA of EQUITY in this beautiful and glorious JUPITER of OURS.

“And let us never forget, my Comrades of Jupiter, and be it known unto thee, good Master of Erthus, that the man who brot about this magnificent change for our betterment was

Reuben Brown, the SALVATOR OF JUPITER.”

Hearty given salvos of cheers filled the Auditorium as the Speaker ended his oration and retired amid the

hurrahs, followed by the soul inspiring music of the "Song-of-Unity."

Someone led the Old Dominie out of the Grand Chamber, for the old man was like one in a trance after listening to the tragic narrative of the DOWN-FALL by the gifted orator on whose words all had hung in bated breath.

They took him into a small golden chamber of wondrous beauty, which seemed to rise and rise with an almost absence of sound or motion. Only the delightful strains of music fell softly upon his ears, whilst the extravagant perfume of myriad delicate flower blossoms was wafted into the breath of his nostrils inducing a thousand joys to swell into his heart and steal away from his mind the stench of the awful story, and left him pure and able to talk and question without the taint of the sorrow of the dead and forgiven PAST.

"Nervousness is bad manners"! Leastwise says my Aunt.

They had risen to one of the many roofs upon this wonderful PALACE of ECSTASY and the old Minister found himself surrounded by a select few of the Wisemen of this glorious New World.

"Oh thrice happy me," he thot, as he glanced around at the gently swaying palm trees, at the gold fish playing in the water at his feet, at the thousand and splendid realities of this charming roof garden.

As he gazed out he beheld the placid waters of the silver river as it sped on with its deep blue waters purified to mix with the salty brine of the ocean's

vastness—all for some good purpose,—who knows?
The lovely stream brot to his mind those simple words
of HOB0:

“Oh! thou Sublime: most passive stream;
Which moveth forth like stately Queen,
In Majesty and Grace serene,
Gō on as ever.”

“Yonder, my dear Sir John,” spake Joli, a tall handsome man of good physique who stood beside him—as he stretched out his long arm of richly covered purple satin and pointed toward the North, “Yonder is the TOWER of FORGIVENESS,” and as he spoke a magnificent shaft of a million lights of a thousand colors burst forth into view and the myriad bells of harmony rang out in the entrancing strains of the National Song of Thanksgiving.

“That, Sir John,” said the High-Equal man of Purple, “is our Monument to the PAST—it means that all is forgiven and we are a thankful people.”

The Old Dominie was speechless with admiration at the grandeur of the Scene about and below—as Juno, proud city, burst forth a blaze of radiant beauty,—it recalled to his mind another stanza of the child-like Hobo:

“Methinks I hear the whistle blow!
From yonder little ‘Tug’ below:
I wonder if ‘twill always—Oh!
Go on as ever.”

As they descended again to Mother Jupiter’s surface another big surprise was in store for the old *Master of Erthus*.

Joli, the giant Purple man had him in charge.—“It is our little way, good Master,” he was saying as they went toward the main Exit, “that when perforce we must take unpleasant medicine”—meaning the lecture—to follow it with something jolly and refreshing, so in your honor our young people of Juno have prepared for your benefit and escort a procession.”

An immense chariot of dazzling light and color stood without the entrance of the Palace of Ecstasy. The seats upon this strange “Vehicle of State” rose high in tiers to the throne-seat of honor where usually the “King and Queen” of the festival were wont to sit. Upon this occasion John Smith and the Wisemen in Purple were met half-way by a company of tiny curly-headed boys—dressed in purple satin by special permission—who, chanting in their sweet childlike voices, conducted their Illustrious Visitor and their High-Equals to the besparkling Chariot. To the high seat upon the dais they led Sir John and Joli, the Purple man.

As the old Minister was seated and turned to look out upon the crowd, he beheld a vast throng of happy people—all the youths and lassies in holiday and carnival attire bearing dainty torches and pretty colored lanterns.

“A fair sight indeed, Joli!” said the old man, who gazed in wonder at the gorgeous night scene.

As they started off amid the lusty cheers and the musical blasts of the fairy horns, Sir John noticed for the first time that their huge wagon was being pulled by a drove of the purest white reindeer.

Joli, noticing the interest the old man took in them, remarked that these lovely white beauties were the "Admiration of JUNO."

"Our People, Sir John, dwelling in UNITY, and having discarded the VICES and WASTES of the PAST, have much time at their leisure to devote to the improvement of all things:—Hence, my good Master, this gorgeous display—these richly caparisoned Deer—White as the driven snow."

"These animals after years of careful selection and breeding have been brot to a high standard of perfection—but I might add—are as yet somewhat rare. As you have probably observed, Sir ERTHUS, our youths have learned to drive many strange animals to harness,—always being considerate—cruelty to our dumb friends would not be tolerated for a moment."

As the glistening CHARIOT of TRIUMPH was drawn up appropriately in the Square facing the PALACE to witness the procession pass in review before it—there came leading the fun the quaintest of tiny carriages—resembling a walnut bestudded with sparkling jewels, and seated queenly within the sweetest of tiny-bits of humanity—Mea, the fairy dwarf—made much of by the gala-set of Juno. Drawing this darling of a carriage—much to the amazement of John Smith—were two of the sleekest of tigers—perfectly matched and controlled—in golden shredded harness and collars of precious stones.

This Mite of a Queen was befittingly escorted by *her knights of chivalry* astride tiny zebra ponies—

superbly uniformed; Richly adorned cars laden with girls of wondrous beauty and costume—pulled by oxen sleek of skin; Goats of all kinds pulling happy children in the most grotesque of get-ups. Clowns and odd characters would give way to asses and donkeys carrying royally their battalions of courtiers and attendants—men on stilts were followed by ostrich chariots; then came the giants' brigade, thousands strong and seven abreast, mounted upon their herds of tame elephants;—after them droves of camel magnificently shrouded in the priceless paraphernalia of ancient history, all interspersed with harlequins innumerable, and a host of continuous fun went merrily on, laughing as they jogged along in the "Procession of Joy" to the sound of enthusing music, all in joyous harmony;—Finally the CHARIOT of TRIUMPH moved onward escorted by the tens of thousands of merry-makers and the old Dominie was impressed beyond words with the spirit and possibility of it all.

CHAPTER XXI.

SYSTEM in our WORK is only another name for the short way home—
SYSTEM is our THOUGHTS is the smoother way to higher inspirations.

"I bid thee a good morning, my dear Mrs. Omu," said the Rev. John Smith, getting up from his comfortable veranda seat and gallantly bending over her hand in old fashioned greeting,—*"Yes! thank you,*

I came down early—quite refreshed by sleeping in the open air—to enjoy the bedewed garden and my chums, the birds and animals, and I also found here one of your ‘magazines’ which has interested me deeply.

“I have been wishing, dear lady, to learn something of Woman’s sphere and about your system of educating the children. I was just reading in the ‘CAMEO’ a delightful description of the ‘Morning Gardens’ of Juno where the young children go with their teachers to learn, as your system seems to teach by object lessons and practical work; but I have not yet heard, Mrs. Omu, how you conduct your Public Schools.”

“I see, Sir John,” replied the good housemother, “that you are not aware that the old-fashioned system of public schools was done away with shortly after the Reign of Terror.

“Our Wisemen and women decided that fundamentally a people, to be moral, happy and to advance, must look to the particular care of the young children,—so the Unity takes the children in hand at as early an age as possible and in their own way and does not leave them to chance. Many of the Ills of ye olden times were traceable to the stupid plan of sending all sorts and conditions of children to huge, ugly, ill ventilated buildings, rightly named schools—packing them into overheated stuffy rooms for hours at a time, and putting to ‘teach’ them men and women from the common classes—people wretchedly equipped *in general* knowledge and especially in manners—to

improve their minds; and worse still, cramming their innocent little heads with four-fifths nonsense.

"The System, Sir John, of forcing children to learn, and mostly rubbish at that, was found and proved to be wrong.

"We bring the child into position so that it may absorb and mould its future needs, not force and shape its Destiny. Of course, we plainly understand that the real reason was to get rid of the children for the most of the day—as well as the great amount of money that was to be handled—leaving one of the many opportunities for Dishonesty, so much sought by the unscrupulous in office—which kind predominated at that day.

"Greed of Money, Sir John, generally turns up as the vital reason for the gross errors of the old days. Especially were the children of the poor (the real workers and producers) sent to school that their parents might work the harder, so that the Money Kings might have bigger profits for their own profligate uses.

"Then again, Sir Master, these so-called teachers—in many cases the favored appointees of the dishonest Politicians of the day who abounded everywhere—were much overpaid.

"They allowed them three or four times the amount of pay often, with short hours and many holidays, that the real toilers received for many times harder work. Today, Sir John, all is changed—we work as a Unity for the commonweal each receiving equal payment—the laggards fine themselves, and those

that most deserve our praise reap their reward in prizes, such as you will learn more of as your stay among us lengthens."

"I am beginning to see the trend of your argument, Mrs. Omu!"

"Our Children," continued Mrs. Omu, "learn by absorbing into their mind's eye the things they see and hear, in the true light around them as they grow in years. We depend a great deal upon the Home-Influence and demand Absolute Obedience without recourse.

"All parents and elders have been trained from their youth just for such an end; so you see, Sir John, once you start aright and get the first generation of children upon the right way—the others naturally, from habit, fall in line—the young being always receptive to environment.

"In olden dark days when people and families in greater number were living in Poverty, Filth and Sorrow, where crimes of all vicious kinds were of daily occurrence,—when the leading men, as well as others were criminal at heart and Licence and Vice were rampant, it was consequently a most difficult matter to keep all those daily harrowing Sins from the knowledge of the children—even from those children who might have some small chance under such unfavorable conditions of becoming fair citizenship.

"But with all these dreadful facts openly talked of in the family and the dreadful newspaper of that day openly publishing every filthy sorrow, every

family scandal—even emphasizing the fact in large black head-lines so that none might escape it,—I say, Sir John, that it was not possible to prevent the Contamination of the Young.

“But all that sad story is changed for the better at this fair day, Good Master. Thanks to our Savior, Reuben Brown, we have succeeded in devising a SOCIAL PLAN whereby we have removed the CAUSE and REASON for all the pitiable crimes and unfairness that abounded in the sad dark days of the cruel past.

“The Unity HAS made a MORAL CURE and done away in greater part with the pitfalls that then beset SOCIETY.”

“Surely, My dear Mrs. Omu! that is the right way to cure an EVIL—BY REMOVING the CAUSE.”

“The child,” continued Mrs. Omu, “goes out when able to toddle along to the ‘morning gardens’ as we designate them—under the care of the ‘out-mothers’ as they are named.

“The Gardens, the Factories, the Fields, the Shops and Forests are themselves the teachers. Those in charge are chosen to their positions as ‘out-mothers’ by merit as being especially fitted for the work they are assigned to; they out-mother the children—not teach them. They must be chosen naturally for their gentleness of manner and refinement of breeding; if they have these two qualities inbred the rest comes easy. As the child becomes a boy he is taken under the control of tutelage of men, learned in the different branches of our Unity workshops, who are best fitted

in manners and qualifications to explain (not teach, the eye and brain does that) the workings of our varied systems of manufacture and the sciences.

"The most important branch of our system of education we consider, Sir John, our SCHOOL of LOGIC. We wish to enable the growing child to learn to reason as he or she goes out on their daily pilgrimages for KNOWLEDGE. The Unity asks and expects them to Draw a LOGICAL Conclusion. We are told in history that at the time of the DOWN-FALL that only perhaps one child in one thousand could do so while today the exception is the rule.

"Then there is the College of MANNERS and ORATORY, where the child learns to speak softly and correctly, the right time when to speak, especially to their elders, the art of never being shy, but of always being in his place—the respect properly due to others. Then, Sir John, there are other classes that the scholar migrates to under the guidance of the 'out-mothers and out-fathers' where they learn by object, by doing things, as well as observing things.

"All our factories and places of unity production are especially constructed to allow of these daily classes of observation, or playing at work.

"Following along this excellent system of education (as we have found it to be) we find that the youth at 20 years of age has a good general average knowledge of things practical and useful.

"He has learned to use and the use of many tools—he knows the functions performed by the different organs of his body—where those organs are located

and some simple form of relief in case of distress. He knows the names of the birds and animals, where they are native of, and what they are noted for—he knows how to swim and to fish, and if he has been a good comrade of the Unity and has done something worthy of the prize he is taught to hunt—for we have preserved the beasts of the forest in their natural homes and the fowls of the air to the Glory of Jupiter.

“Girls and boys are taught to ride their ponies, and all good manly and womanly games of sport, but the strenuous life in the old sense is interdicted. One must know how to compose and entertain one’s-self, and above all to be manly and womanly—each one must have a mind of their own and use it at all times, consequently, Sir John, at the age of man and womanhood they are ‘well found’ as it were, have few vices (if any at all) and are a pleasure to us; but the old foolish saying ‘that the Child is Father to the man’ is obsolete.

“We are always aiming to near the goal of perfection, and by bringing up a child good and true the Unity presents itself with an adult, an asset to the community, instead of a bad debt.”

Mrs. Omu came to an abrupt stop.—“Dear me, how my tongue runs along! You see, Sir John, that there is one thing we have not succeeded in doing yet.”

“And Pray, what may that be, Madam?”

“To curb a woman’s tongue. But I must run away and look after the morning cup that cheers.” They had a jolly tea-party that morning as usual,

and Eve and Hal sang the old Dominie his favorite duet.

"Now, Erthus," as Omu affectionately liked to call John Smith, "I am called away on Unity affairs this morning, so I am going to leave you to the boys. Perhaps you would care to go with them to some of the Unity Sports and Games that are always on?"

"Care to go!" said the old man, beaming, "why Larry, my boy," said he, taking him by the one arm, "and Hal, my fine fellow," by the other, "you will make the old man very happy if you will only take him with you—you know, Omu, I am fond indeed of these boys of yours," "and poor me," came from a voice in the doorway; "Why to you, my dear," replied the old Minister with gallantry, "I lost my heart when first we met!" and all had a jolly laugh.

"I wonder if we might take sister along with us," coaxingly said John Smith, looking at both the boys.

"We would like very much to have her," said both lads together.

So away went this jolly party on pleasure bent, with the housemother's blessing after them.

As they marched across the lawn, Eve said: "Sir Master, Hal is going to drive us over behind his team of white mules," and the old Dominie went up and stroked the white beauties.

"This one here, Sir John, is called 'DID' and the other 'DONT.'"

"Did and Dont," repeated the old man, roaring with laughter at the odd names.

As they went merrily trotting down one of the

cross avenues of Juno the old gentleman asked the boys "how came it that they were away from work today."

"In Jupiter, Sir Master!" answered Larry, "ALL must work for the Unity—as a consequence we have much leisure—it is easy in a case like this to arrange our work or do it at another time."

"There are several good games on this morning," remarked Hal, "the Trades and Sciences are playing 'finals' at bat, at the oval."

Soon the white mules had them over to the playground—a splendid green field in superb condition and appointment—where perhaps twenty to thirty thousand people were in close attention, watching the play that was already on. The old Minister had the game explained to him, but he became more interested in the fine grounds, and the happy contented crowd interested him most of all—such cleanly people with pretty costumes of wonderful grace and simplicity, all in harmonious bright colors, in gala attire—as indeed they always seemed to be—all light-hearted and merry, yet no vulgarity, no discordant note, just honest encouragement to the side favored by the individual; "no care-worn faces," thot the old man; and why should there be any? Everybody that was willing to try and simply do what they were bid for the good of the commonweal was entitled to sufficient "Points of Energy" to live comfortably, to never want any fair necessity of life, why should they look careworn? "In such contrast," said John Smith, half aloud, "to the sombre funereal clothes worn by

the majority of our people of Erthus—" and Eve detected a sadness come into the kindly old face—but an apt remark and the merry sound of her laughing voice soon dispelled the momentary cloud.

As the Omu party were passing, the crowd recognized their distinguished guest—the women bowing gracefully, while the men all touched their hats, but they were far too well-mannered to cause any demonstration or bother them in any way.

"Alluding to your remark about clothes, Sir Master," said Larry, as they strolled down the green, "we learn from history of the unsanitary clothes worn by our ancestors—they wore undergarments which they washed, but their outer garments, as a rule, were never washed, only brushed at times. Light colored clothes showed the dirt, they used to say—so they wore dark clothes as a rule. One of the first rules of Jupiter is Cleanliness, so it was decreed that all clothes must be simple and sanitary and washable."

The old Dominic had a bright happy day with these simple jolly children of the Omu's: he saw Juno at play in many different ways.

After watching the various games and crowds that they could easily reach with the white mules, "DID and DONT," they left them enroute and took the Monoway to the Beautiful "Gowanus," and the Yacht Club, where the old man watched the races with ever-increasing interest, while he sipped his favorite coa. "How splendid it all is," he thot, "the happy throngs of pleasure-bent people intent on their own particular kind of race"—and there were races for all—fair

races and no favors—for these Jupiterians were true sportsmen—in it for the love of the game. Then they took a flying trip across the river in an Air-boat to the race track—a heaven chosen spot where all kinds of animals were raced—trained dogs, goats, ponies, fowl, horses or any animal that might be raced without cruelty and in true sport.

“We are told,” said Larry, “that in the olden days races and sports were encouraged principally for the money that was made out of them, and that much gambling and dishonesty was the result,—but under the Unity system of Sport, Sir John, there being no money to deal with, our games are more for the true playfulness of the thing.”

“But Larry, my boy, do you not have some reward? For instance, you compete in a race of mules with ‘Did and Dont’ and you win, what do you get for it?”

“In the first place, Sir Master, we get the satisfaction of having won. It is this way: on ordinary days like today, nearly all sports are trials for place, and on the holidays, Wednesdays and Saturdays the big games or finals take place—for the finals the Unity arranges Prizes.

“All metals, Sir John, and precious stones belong to the Unity and are seldom allowed for purchase—as our ancestors did—but the Unity offers them as prizes, so as a rule when you see a person wearing a ring of gold with jewels it is a prize they have won—a necklace of pearls, a diamond broach, a silver goblet, a watch chain, etc.—all are prizes; even watches

are rewards. Every boy at the age of fifteen, if their merit books show sufficient good marks is entitled to a watch."

"And a wonderful system it is indeed," remarked John Smith, who seemed to be in a study.

"We always say, Sir John," said Hal, "that every day is a holiday in Jupiter. Our Wisemen tell us that it only costs the Unity a fraction of its energy to produce the necessary food and raiment leaving a good margin to make this world of ours more comfortable and more beautiful,—building, inventing, improving—and there is still plenty of time left for pleasure and leisure—but we have an unwritten law that laziness is prohibited."

CHAPTER XXII.

Love is a WONDERFUL STORY—
The sweetest story ever TOLD—
IS yet UNTOLD!

That evening Sir John and the others dined with Col. Tuck and a charming hostess the old man thot Yola—her wonderful beauty, of which she seemed unconscious,—her gentleness of manner,—her simplicity of raiment,—yet she was perfectly gowned, he thot. Noticing a splendid necklet of pearls around her throat the old Dominie thot of what Hal had told him in the afternoon, and he mentioned this to Yola. She told him that it was a Unity prize for her song culture, whereupon he asked her if she would sing

for him. As she went to the piano he took a seat near her father, and as she began her song he noticed the look of great affection with which the eyes of the old Colonel followed her.

"Her mother, Sir John," said Col. Tuck, "had a magnificent voice." Truly, that the old Minister, as the song went on,—the daughter had inherited the voice—for he had never listened to such a wonderful one. The song was of love,—first, the telling of the story—the waiting—the doubt—the hope, then the pleading, as the song rose till the world seemed full of beautiful melody and gradually fell till the whisper of the leaves seemed to beg an answer—rising again to almost demand it, and when it came the listener could plainly read in voice and face the happy reply, for the song broke into abandon and uncovered its heart and laid bare the truth of love returned.

The old man sat listening as one in a dream,—he felt that he wished the song might never end. He wondered that the Unity could only adorn this heaven-born songstress with a single necklace of pearls—if he were the Wisemen of Jupiter—he would cover the innocent girl with precious stones and smother her with the costly gifts of the Commonweal. The song ended and Erthus slowly returned from the unknown land to Jupiter again and heard his own voice bearing gifts of praise.

Later, when chatting with the Colonel, by way of a little mischief the old Dominie remarked, "that Larry Omu was a fine fellow." "A young rascal, Sir, is Larry Omu," bristled up the fiery little man—"a

rascal, I say, Sir! He presumes to the hand of my daughter, Sir! My Daughter!"

"Oh, Father," said Yola—who was nearby—coming over to him, "Larry has never spoken of marriage to me."

"He dares, Sir," continued the fiery Colonel with great dignity, "to make love to MY DAUGHTER, Sir! She in whose veins runs the Royal Blue Blood of the sacred Past!"

"Father," spake Yola, affectionately, "Larry knows your objections, and never speaks to me of love!"

"Nevertheless, My dear, he makes love to you," went on the Colonel, cooling down a bit—"makes love, I say, and I forbid—" and he brot down his aristocratic old hand with a thump as tho he meant it. But soon the good old wines—presented by the Unity to this unique remnant of the past—wines hundreds of years old—mellowed the dapper little gentleman who really had the most charming of manners once the memory of the past was safely tucked away.

"They have the decency, Sir Master of Erthus, to provide me with the good old wines of my ancestors, but I protest, Sir, at their taking away the liberty of man, Sir—and say that a man shalt not take a drink, Sir, if he feels like it, Sir."

When they had finished their cigars, Sir John said, "early to bed and early to rise, Colonel," and they bid the Colonel and his pretty daughter good-night.

"I regret the good old days, Sir, when a man sat

up all night, Sir," was the little Colonel's last thrust at his everlasting enemy.

Larry seized the opportunity to drive the ponies over for them—with perhaps the thought that he might see his beloved.

When the old Colonel greeted him at the entrance to the pretty grounds, he did so warmly, slapping him upon the shoulder. "Larry, you young rascal, come in, Sir. I thank you, my boy, for coming over for my honored guests, Sir. Come in, I say, my boy, and have a nip,—Yola, you imp of Tuck, get this young rascal some refreshments immediately," and thus this contrary old Colonel made a way for Larry and Yola to see each other, for down in his heart he loved the boy.

Knowledge is the pudding of life, but the proper application is the eating thereof.

John Smith was fast learning the ever interesting customs of Jupiter, and it was that he might get a general knowledge of affairs, ways and means, that he was kept so quietly with the Omu family till he understood the happy habits of this world rejuvenated—when he would go out more among the people and be widely entertained.

The morning following the quiet little dinner party with that odd character, Col. Tuck, Sir John and Omu spent quietly at home discussing many subjects.

Sir John was saying: "I wanted to tell you, Omu, that the conditions that existed upon Jupiter before

the New Era as described by Samu, the ancient historian, the other evening, impressed me as being much similar to the present day state of affairs upon my own misguided Erthus. Thanks to the Unknown Power which has brot me hither, I am more able now to see things as they really are—I can plainly see that thru the love of Money and Vanity we have come to a condition of moral depravity—we have no moral sense and have lost nearly all the sense of honor, our people are fast becoming degenerate—our code of honesty is almost obsolete thru our wild chase for Money and Power. Passions are unrestrained and we are sinking into moral obliquity thru lust and Selfishness—we are turning into a race of gluttons and the followers of dissolute ways.”

“Exactly the conditions and reasons, Sir John, that brot about the change in Jupiter some 200 years ago. It would be safe for me to say, probably, that your big men of means, your great leaders in high office have the masses of their fellow men in their power—almost slaves to their every wish. The Few Control the Many, instead of as here at the present day, where ALL work along a system of EQUALITY. All work together for a common-end.

“The human heart, Sir John, is the same undoubtedly thruout all the Worlds, but the slave to its environments.

“Money, that root of all Evil, is pre-eminently the first cause of your unfair and unhappy results. Then over-entertaining of the individual—AND DRINK—there is the Secret of nearly all sorrows, Sir John,

Drinking of spirituous liquors,—that brings us, dear Erthus, to where Samu left off the other evening.”

“Yes, Omu, I beg you continue the story of the wonderful reformation from that point.”

“Well!” continuel Omu, “great fear had struck into the heart of the Money-grubbers and those in mis-guided authority—many were cold in death by the mysterious enemy of wrong-doing, and those who remained and were conscious of their unfair holdings and methods, showed strongly an inclination to comply with the demand to yield their wealth and power to the Common-Fund.

“As yet no one knew the source from whence came the death-bolts that laid low the monsters—or the author of the mysterious manifestos that continued to be made known from time to time for the guidance of affairs.

“The Society-Party saw great promise in the UP-HEAVAL and were blamed by many of the wielders of power with being responsible for their downfall—all of which they forcibly denied. On the other hand they showed good judgment in offering to co-operate with all other societies for bringing about order out of chaos and a new condition for the betterment of all, without resorting to unnecessary bloodshed—but the Society-Party was firm in its demands that all should work and produce for the common benefit of all.

“The time, as it proved, dear Master, was ripe for a change for the better and the furthering of the equitable plans—and whenever any one showed signs

of wishing to return to the old unfair methods, the mysterious hand of death probably came down with a thud that soon brot reason to bear.

"Under the 'great fear' and guided from time to time by 'the instructions from nowhere' they soon found that matters framed themselves for reforms far beyond their fondest hopes.

"They found, Erthus, that when all conserved their forces to a common good end that the result was as magnificent as simple.

"It was decreed that they go slowly but surely,—a small beginning meant a big ending,—some committees took charge of the great workshops, merging their products to the requirements, others estimated the wants while they regulated the supply. It must have been a grand spectacle for the mind's eye, Erthus, to see this ever-growing army of producers marching on to organization, getting to work smoothly together like a splendid piece of machinery, no friction of competition,—Organization, that's the word, Sir John!

"No sooner did the work whip into shape in the great city where the New-Era might first be said to have come into existence, than it spread to others. Some day, Sir John, we will visit that old city where the nucleus of right living took place, it has now been for years a deserted city, a moss-covered Giant Monument to the unsanitary and immoral methods of the Dark-Past.

"Once the true spirit of reform came over the masses, and the knowledge that dishonesty might

mean sudden death, the good work went apace beyond the wildest hope."

"But, Omu, were there not mutinous uprisings and much opposition from some quarters?"

"Yes! there were several, Sir John, I am sorry to say, and of considerable importance, but the leaders became the victims of the Purple-Mark—and their followers soon fell into line thru fear."

"But do you mean to tell me, Omu, that the source of these mysterious deaths was still unknown?"

"Absolutely, Sir Master! but I will tell you more of that later on."

"Very well! I will try and be patient, but tell me, my dear Omu, would it have been possible to bring this wonderful change for the better without this secret agent of death?"

"Possible, of course, Erthus, for ages, but most improbable when you come to consider the awful conditions of Society as they existed.

"Why! can you believe, Erthus, when I tell you that in that immense City where the convention of reform was being brot to a focus, this City of four million inhabitants had 15,000 vile Drinking Places licensed by the people themselves,—each place in itself a death breeding hell to good morals. Now turn for the moment, Sir John, to this beautiful City of Juno, with its 10,000,000 Souls and not ONE saloon or drinking place, such as ate into the vitals and morals of the past.

"These Pest-houses of the Dark-age existed, Sir John, because they were one of the most prolific

sources of income to the corrupt powers that were in control.

"MONEY, Sir John! that is the word that spelt the ruin and Downfall of the Past.

"To proceed, Erthus—Again the voice of the Unknown was heard, saying that the causes of Evil must be defined and a time set when they MUST be abolished thruout the land.

"Thinking man had his eyes opened by this social earthquake. The plan of the forward march was not to stop and blame anyone for the loathsome state of affairs, but to make the most equitable rule to discontinue the rotten conditions as they existed.

"'Look to the Children, and to the children's children for the eradication of the greatest evils,' came the mysterious word, 'pay slight attention to the present generations of adults and their inborn selfish filthy ways.

"'First form committees of the highest moral men and women of the lands into a Pre-Natal Society—so that they may look to the special care of those about to become the Mothers of the future generation.'

"I might say in passing, Sir John, that our women of expectations today have our greatest consideration—they are exempt from Unity work—but not idle—every care is taken that their environment is as it should be—all are served alike—that they may become Real-mothers, giving suckle to their off-spring, that they may be raised as nature intended them.

"In the olden-days, Erthus, surrounded by their

awesome conditions not one mother in ten could feed her child from the breast, they had to be brot up by artificial means. Was it any wonder, I say, that there was such terrific infant mortality, and that those unfortunates who survived were more often weaklings, depraved and aenemic, and well fitted for the monstrous life expected of them?

"As the good work went on a filthy state of affairs was disclosed. 50,000 depraved and prostituted women preyed daily upon the weak and evil passions of that one City alone,—thousands upon thousands of married men, sworn to chastity, carried on daily intercourse of a vile nature with women other than their wives, and often the wives of others, separation of the sacred bond of matrimony was of common occurrence.

"Divorce for cause was rampant—degeneracy was fast eating into the very vitals of existence.

"The rich were worse than the poor because they had the money to buy the souls to satisfy their inordinate desires.

"Words, my dear Erthus, refuse to describe the awful filth, poverty and immorality to which the major part of the poor or lower classes, as they were called, were driven to dwell in and raise their children, by the Money-suckers—and these unfortunate children, Erthus, were to be the toilers and producers of the future, but let me halt, Sir John, 'tis a gruesome story I tell."

"Yes! Omu, I say, enough, your tale cuts me to the quick and your description strikes near home to me."

"Cheer up, good Master! it will yet be your privilege to carry the olive branch of relief and hope to your misguided Planet.

"Let us turn to brighter subjects, Sir John. The New-way proved well beyond the wildest dream, and soon stretched its strong arms across the seas to repentant Continents.

"It was a gigantic work to merge the interests of all separate and widely different customs together, but by co-working the goodly ways from the outset, it turned out to be a labor of love and far easier than the conception of man had thot possible.

"One Hundred Years was the time allowance, Erthus, set for the rebuilding morally and physically, the animate and inanimate.

"The manufacture of liquor and other now illicit products had a graduate scale of years in which to curtail production. This worked admirably for the terms were most liberal, money was used less and less and gradually withdrawn while the Unity increased at the same time its system of computing its wealth and energy in 'points,' and the vast population of Jupiter was enrolled in one mighty domestic army. Thus at the present day, my dear Master of Erthus, I rejoice to say that our peoples, not only have not the vices of the past, but most of them never heard of them nor would they understand them if they did hear; thus have we learned the secret of happiness by the removal of evil influence—thrice blessed we."

"Indeed you are thricefold Blessed, Omu—now let me encroach a morsel more upon your good nature,

Omu—this wonderful reform and change you tell me of seems incomprehensible to me, give me some further illustration of how the mighty change from 'Private control' to Co-Operation was brot about."

"I will give you a broad idea, Sir John, for the present," said Omu.

"The re-organization was first carried on co-jointly by the great fraternal societies thruout the lands, the women's clubs—the different denominations of churches, all were commanded to co-work. Each had its special department, but in order to centralize and captain the running of affairs, the several societies and clubs merged themselves as instructed by the 'mysterious one' into one great society of government, retaining their individual or parent clubs.

"This amalgamation of clubs they were told to call, 'THE WELFARE SOCIETY,' and its aim was *The Proper application of KNOWLEDGE to the NEEDS of HUMANITY.*

"At first, Sir John, for Example, the employes of the shoe trade formed themselves, a 'little government' elected their foreman, their managers, their captains, etc., and thus ran the shoe business first for the benefit of themselves, and then for the Unity, but subject to the high authority of the Welfare-Society, and to the standard of producing and consuming unit as set and quoted from time to time. This rule applied to all trades and commerce. Until a trade was taken over it was conducted as before, but the results were turned into the common fund,

and it was an easy matter to adopt the 'standard of unit' at any time.

"The Novelty of the 'new-ways,' Erthus, and the fairness thereof appealed immediately to the majority and the Welfare-Society arranged so that any person in need of work was employed and the slogan became 'as ye work so shall ye eat,' and the drones and lazy ones fared poorly.

"Organization, Erthus, that's the thing. One of the first big moves was to withdraw the cruel child labor from the factories, mines and sweat-shops, and to replace them with the many at hand from the now idle occupations,—such as Brokers, Gamblers, those who lived off the earnings of others, 'those able-bodied persons who "worked not, neither did they spin.' The women were gradually taken away from the 'men's work' that they had been forced into by an illogical System, and they were sent back to the home and woman's kingdom where they properly belonged. Perhaps now you begin to see, Sir John, how the evolution of Jupiter went merrily on."

"Thank you, Omu, thank you, I say! you have opened the eyes of my brain, and I begin to see the grandeur of your System in its very Simplicity."

"That was the beginning, Erthus, that gradually, thru two centuries, has evolved the present equitable and practical scheme that allows us to live without Poverty, without shame, with a splendid degree of morality and an abundance of Happiness.

"After the third and fourth generations, it was *possible to do something tangible in the way of the*

'merit-system' which led naturally to the High-Equals—the Wisemen and Men of Color."

"Most interesting, Omu, now tell me plainly to what you ascribe the success of this Unity System?"

"In olden days, Erthus, they endeavored to live, govern and have their being thru the Medium of a DOCTRINE and failed as a matter of course. They lived by theory, by whim, by chance, by taking advantage of the ignorance of their fellowmen, by deceit, by unfairness. Now none of these apply to our system because it is FOUNDED upon SCIENCE. Is fundamentally correct, with sound logic in all its parts. The Science of ECONOMY applied HUMANELY and like all sciences, Sir John, while based upon fact and reason it is always Idealic, advancing from time to time, from age to age, toward the goal of PERFECTION....it is Sir Master,... The PHILOSOPHY of Life."

CHAPTER XXIII.

He walked within the garden, Maude,
Where grow the Thot's SUBLIME—
Methinks he thot the flowers there, might want for kin or
wish for care,
And thus he learned the thot's Divine.

Mrs. Omu, that thotful House mother, came herself to disturb their tete-a-tete and to announce that lunch was ready.

"This being Sunday, Sir John," she said, "we change our meal custom somewhat, to relieve the monotony."

The old Minister seemed quite startled—

"I am surprised, good people, to think that this is Sunday—my head has been full of such wonders lately that I have kept no account of time or the days of the week, and I wish to add," bowing gracefully to his hostess, "that I have been so delightfully entertained at 'CHERRY ROOST' and so charmed with your ways of Jupiter that such common-place matters as the day of the week, etc., have had no time to enter my head."

"I bow the thanks of the Unity, Sir Master of Erthus, for the compliment," mischievously put in Eve, appearing at the portieres and courtying in honest maidenly simplicity.

Sir John smiled sweetly upon the bonnie lassie in acknowledgment of the humor, and turning to the head of the House, said: "I suppose that we all attend Church today; I fear that I may have broken into your regular habits."

"Erthus," spake Omu, scarcely suppressing a guilty smile, "prepare yourself for a great shock, brace yourself for a terrible piece of news,—We have NO CHURCHES IN JUPITER."

They all went in to lunch to drink of the refreshing coa and to partake of the simple pure foods of Juno.

"You surprise me, Omu! Surprise me more than perhaps you think, when you say 'no churches in Jupiter!'"

"I quite expected to surprise you, Sir Master."

"How in the world, Omu, came your Jupiter to such a *high state* of morality without Churches?"

"Simply, dear Erthus, by cancelling the Cause or Root of EVIL—principally, Money, Greed, Competition, and the Drinking habit.

"When our Wisemen sat themselves down and carefully thot the whole matter over, unbiased by traditions or customs, they found that the Churches were largely nothing more nor less than cloaks of hypocrisy, one of the then numerous ways to help many to an easy way of living, with little effort to the lazy so-called 'Priests' and 'Ministers,' who upon a Sunday preached illogical and silly doctrines of unworldly imaginations. They were deemed bad morally—instead of good, and they turned out these white-handed laggards of the church from their vocations of ease, and with scant ceremony, Erthus, into the Army of Workers, where they had to earn their bread like other honest folk."

"You astonish me," was all the poor old Dominie could say.

"I quite expected to!" again answered Omu.

"RELIGION in the old dull stupid days, Good Master, failed because it was unscientific, illogical, not sound in its parts. The apparent aim was to be reached by a more practical application of human nature. Such an end has been reached by us today, Erthus, by the proper application of knowledge.

"We have today, Good Master, far and a way better, in place of the effete and narrow 57 different varieties of vicarious Religions.

"We worship today, Erthus, at the shrine of common sense, work and play is honestly worship—Our ONE COMMANDMENT is—'To BE NEIGHBOR-

LY and preserve thine own body and mind in Health and Cleanliness—that thou mayest the better serve **all** for a common good purpose.’

“The SOUL to us, Erthus, is—the RESULT of Being—and Heaven is the RESULT of good-works here—the rewards of doing so which rebound to the welfare of all—

“EVIL diggeth its OWN GRAVE,
and thru it one falls into The HELL of REMORSE
and SORROW.”

“But, Omu!” said the thoroughly astonished Dominie of Erthus, “do you not Worship GOD, and Believe IN THE SON of GOD?”

“We KNOW not this GOD, Erthus, of whom you speak!”

“In the Dark-Ignorant days of the cruel Past, for financial reasons the subtle-rascals of intellect made 57 different kinds of GODS to mislead the vision of the easily-led people, who mostly lacked individuality—to cloak and hide their clever schemes to further their nefarious ends to gain Temporal Power—and when they grew tired of one God they made them another one—to gain their silk-lined ends.

“But we Today, Good Master, know NO GOD BUT GOOD, we believe in the best that can be produced, and we worship the Birds’ Song—the Flower’s Blossoming—and the wonders of the Forests and Streams. We know not from whence we came and we care not whither we go, so long as we live well *here*,—If there be A GOD PERSONAL or otherwise,

his ways are SECRET and WE WANT THEM NOT.

"IF THERE BE A GOD he was the god of the DARK PAST and an EVIL GOD and MANIFESTED HIMSELF neither THEN nor NOW.

"OUR RELIGION is L-O-V-E—love to be helpful and pick the fruits it bears—love to maintain our bodies and minds in healthy conditions and to allow the same privileges to OTHERS.

"RELIGION, My dear Erthus, was much like a watch handed down in the family,—it needed winding up each day—that is, MONEY was necessary—then it RAN DOWN at TIMES, and needed cleaning often, and polishing up and oiling, and was usually worn conspicuously and finally it became worn out and old fashioned, and was then cast aside for a new and up to date one of the 57 Varieties.

"Each person, Erthus, had an undefinable image of their God differing from the other—which reminds me of a true story in History of an old woman who lived in the country—a fair sample of her class, hard working, ignorant, but not vicious, barely ever leaving the unattractive back kitchen in which she toiled day in and day out, early and late, for her thick skinned farmer husband—intensely religious, her mind when it got beyond washing milk pans and feeding slops to the pigs, would wander to thots of this wonderful, fearful God of her cramped and undeveloped brain.

"Being more than usually worked up religiously one day she was about her usual hum-drum work, and taking the milk-pans out for their usual airing, the night

was gradually falling, and in a green field close by she saw what appeared to her short-sighted eyes and frenzied brain, A Vision of GOD standing out there before her clothed in white and beckoning her toward Him. She dropped her pans and approached her GOD in fear and trembling, falling on her knees while yet some way off. Upon looking up she thot that she SAW GOD BECKON her again to draw nearer, moving His arms but He uttered no sound. Up she struggled and shambled forward only to find that her God was AN INNOCENT OLD WHITE COW, every now and again scratching her neck against the trunk of a small fruit tree,—AND SO WERE THE GODS of OLD, Erthus!"

"We still observe Sunday as a proper day of rest," added Mrs. Omu. Our work-shops cease and ~~our~~ Stores close, we rest by change, Sir John, in order that we may curb the spirit and learn restraint—we seek quiet and seclusion that we may be gentle and mild-mannered.

"Nearly all games are stopped as we have much time to play thru the week,—we have our Sunday music,—a sacred music, different from week day music. Sunday, Sir John, is also called Planting-Day, when we plant a seed, a vine, a root, to the glory of the Unity—

"Or we may go quietly into the country for the day, and commune with nature, and purify our Souls."

"A pretty sentiment, indeed, Dear Mrs. Omu, but it will take me time to get over the idea of no churches," remarked The Old Minister.

"Doing away with MONEY, did away with Churches," answered Omu.

"Nor can I yet comprehend, Good Omu, your disbelief in GOD!"

"You misunderstand us, Sir Master. It is not a disbelief in God that we have—WE WILL ACCEPT ANY GOD BUT WE MUST HAVE EVIDENCE, we will accept any truth that really REVEALS ITSELF unto US—

"The UNITY, dear Erthus, decrees thru the wisdom of the High-Equals that individuality of thot obtains naturally, but will not allow sects to form and join and teach their Doctrines as a religion. Theories and beliefs may be advanced as science or philosòphy, but not worshiped—they must be proven beyond peradventure.

"There are proper discourses for Sunday from our Wisemen, our Poets and seers,—Our music-halls are filled with the beautiful strains of Opera, but we avoid the jollifications of week-day recreations.

"It is not a crime to play quiet out-a-door games,—but matches or contests—are not permitted.

CHAPTER XXIV.

An "OPTIMIST" is a man with a good salary or income whose stomach is well filled with good things; his Health is splendid, his wife's is the same, his future is well provided for, and he has plenty of leisure time at his disposal:....REVERSE this picture and you have.... a PESSIMIST....

That Sunday afternoon a party of High-Equals called upon the Rev. John Smith and carried him off to the PALACE OF ECSTASY, but to other places therein than where he had been before. They took the old Dominie into the GRAND MUSIC ROOM that seemed to him more beautiful than his wildest dream; the design and style were rapturously entrancing, the coloring and light effect superbly alluring and beyond description. All was amazingly studded with countless jewels, sparkling and priceless and burnished metals and polished woods of wondrous natural grain fell upon the astonished eye at every glance.

John Smith was spellbound as Jeho, the patriarchal Purple-man, waved his be-satined arm, and the harmonies of a myriad of delicately sweet-melodies fell joyously upon his ears. Rising gradually out of the heavenly music in perfect unison was the Human Voice,—clear—pure—pleading, then relenting; coaxing, then fearing; gaining, winning, and joined by a magnificent chorus, led on to the VICTORY SONG.

The old man's delight was apparent but he could not find words to express it.

"This, Good Master of Erthus," spake Jeho, "is the RESULT OF UNITY.

"We have Societies," continued Jeho, "for the advancement of EVERYTHING that is GOOD and BEAUTIFUL along natural lines.

"As we breed our cattle and birds to perfection, so we breed our musicians and songsters—yet no one is forced against their will."

Then they let him listen to the "March of Juno," played upon the Golden Organ of a thousand lutes, followed by hundreds of stringed instruments that rose from the sigh of a whisper to the roaring of a Storm—he heard a concert such as he never dreamt possible.

"This," said the Venerable Patriarch, as the last sweet song faded away, "is the way that we worship our GODS—IF THERE BE ANY! This Temple of JUNO is for the best that can be produced by mankind upon this, our thrice blessed Planet of JUPITER."

They led the amazed Dominie into the MUSEUMS of a myriad wondrous curiosities—on thru the ART-galleries of marvelous works that seemed to have no limit, no ending, then they passed on thru "fairy-grottos"—beautiful beyond description—which led to other huge galleries of gorgeous furniture, draperies—Tapestries that seemed alive so real were they, and Priceless golden, silver and bejeweled articles of a thousand designs of genius.

He followed the Men of Color over sumptuous

Rugs and Carpets that seemed to thrill the Soul with infinite delight as one stepped forward upon their soft and velvety surfaces.

Higher and Higher, the marvel of each succeeding chamber more wondrously enchanting than the last, SEVENTY-SEVEN Stories high and EVER HIGHER, MASSIVE,—GRAND, — Unending, — A Splendid Monument to the PROGRESS of the Present and CO-OPERATION.

They finally descended to ~~the~~ PURPLE Chamber, situated on the 13th floor, ~~where~~ they rested.

'John Smith looked about him at a lovely Room of Gold and Purple fittings—flowers and rugs all delicately matching; even the fairy lights were tinged with the breath of heliotrope.

Ramo, a High-Equal, a handsome man of giant stature and splendid physique, became the spokesman.

"The UNITY, Sir Master of Erthus, offers prizes of various kinds and goodly proportion to those who produce something worthy to be housed within the walls of this our TEMPLE of FAME."

"An excellent plan, I should judge," answered John Smith, "but I have not yet mastered in understanding your system of compensation in money, or, I should correct myself and say Points, as you call them."

"I will try and make it plain to you, Sir Master," said Ramo.

"In the first place—from Infancy to the grave we are all in the pay of the Unity—the parent is made an allowance for each child unto a certain standard, and an increased amount at the period we call between

child-hood and man-hood, during which the child-man and child-woman does certain prescribed service for the Unity. Then from man-hood at 20 years of age and each ten years, up to a given age it increases. At the so-called 'retiring age,' which is from 40 to 50, the pay becomes fixed. Nobody, Sir John, really retires in fact, unless on account of poor health of body or mind, but at the 'retiring age' they are exempt from hard, physical labor and take up the official work for which they are best fitted from experience.

"From the 'retiring age' onward the duties are not very exacting and become less as time goes on.

"We find that most people prefer to work so long as they are able for the beautifying and improving of our UNITY.

"Laziness and indolence are frowned on severely thru the life of the individual, while ostracism follows bad marks.

"The Standard of Stipend is measured by the Energy exacted not the possible Energy at the command; for it has been found, Sir Master, as you have probably been told, that the Unity has far in a way more Energy available than it requires for the PRACTICAL WANTS of its PEOPLE.

"For example, (as my neighbor says) we know exactly what the COST was last year in Energy, or more properly speaking, from any month within the year, to the same month in the year following.

"We do not alone compute time and Energy from

January till December, but from February to January, March to February, and so on.

"So you see, Sir Master, as we always know from month to month the 'actual Cost,' the preceeding month always gives us a basis for the present and coming one.

Each comrade of the Unity receives in 'points' considerably more than will just provide necessaries. There is ample in the allowance made for the young people to save toward marriage and a home at the Proper age and start their own establishment—by thrift and good judgment they are enabled to enjoy many luxuries."

"Now permit me to ask you a question, good Ramo," interrupted the Rev. John. "Suppose a young couple about to marry wish to build a house, how do they proceed to accomplish their end?"

"In the first place, Sir Master, the Unity does all building, and the one for whom the house is intended must first have saved the Cost. There is practically no Credit in Jupiter. I might here explain to you that within a period of Three years everyone is expected to turn in or 'bank' with the Unity purse any unexpended Points of Energy. These Savings are entered in the Duplicate Merit-books, as well as in the copy in the possession of the Unity. Should any one fail to have this done, or to have their Merit-book attested within the time designated, they lose or are fined points of merit, lowering their standard in the Unity, consequently all savings are turned in—thus is 'supply and demand' largely controlled as well as outstanding

obligations in points of energy. Otherwise if no account were kept the demand might at any time embarrass the Unity's finances and unbalance the scale of 'supply and demand' as well as the density of the points of energy, as was constantly the case in the olden days before the New-Era. Our System, Sir John, has proved automatic and always acts as a safety valve."

"Certainly as you tell it to me, Good Ramo, it all seems beautiful," replied John Smith. "I suppose, Ramo, that the system has a deterrent effect upon the accumulation of a vast fortune by the individual?"

"Yes and No, I might answer to that.

"Some of our families, Sir John, are very wealthy but their WEALTH is NEVER A MENACE to others or the Unity—for the energy that their fortune represents, must have produced some equivalent which the Unity still holds in 'asset.'

"You take a large family of continued high merit, for instance, and their off-spring of large family who have combined their savings; they perhaps accumulate much wealth in points but it avails them nothing unless they use it within a reasonable time, which they will quickly do of a consequence. Now this large family may save with an object in view, Sir John.

"For instance, they wish a beautiful private motor yacht built for them, or again they wish to build a splendid large family estate or something of the kind, and thus they accomplish their end, *but no matter how many beautiful Yachts, houses, landed estates,*

sleek horses, airships, or motor wagons of which they may become possessed *THEY MUST WORK DAILY* for the Unity the same as others who have not been so fortunate or saving and they receive allowance alike.

“As our System does not permit of all the vast savings it has at its command Earning Even One Point Of ENERGY—or INTEREST—there is no danger of any ill-effect from the accumulation of a fortune in points, as it must act only for the betterment, it cannot have a deterrent effect at any time.

“I hope, Sir Master of Erthus, that you grasp the idea of our plan. For example, if the demand should continue for any length of time, greater than the normal supply, it must soon run its length for the density of the point would automatically call retrenchment thru natural means—probably unknown to the consumer—so you see we have a ‘double-back-action’ that controls itself and our affairs so long as we stick to our SYSTEM,—which I might as well tell you, Sir John, has proved itself PERFECT so far.

“Another example, (as my neighbor says), Say that it takes One Hundred Points of Energy to build a house of ORDINARY capacity—and each Point represents a day—then if you wish to build a PALACE, costing 200 points or days, you must increase your hours of labor or in other words, your number of men employed within a given time, as well as first have saved the price of your castle—you see, therefore, Sir Master, that by example the rule WORKS THREE WAYS—

"We call it our 'TRIPLE EXPANSION of SAFETY.'

"If all the People choose to work Sixteen hours a day—that is they demand the equivalent, then well and good if they can stand it and are willing, no one is to blame. But you will find in practice—at least we have found it so—that the majority prefer to work nearer the hours of labor which represent the full sufficiency of food and raiment and a moderate amount of the costly pleasures of life.

"Take it any way you like, Sir John,—All depends upon the cumulative willingness of the people as a WHOLE or UNIT.

"All goes well so long as we stick to the SYSTEM.

"The fault in Olden-Times lay, as perhaps it does in your Erthus today, with the system in vogue. Our great stupid ancestors were always trying 'to eat their cake and still have it.' The great majority were trying to get out of productive work or doing their share at the expense of others—and many, I am sorry to say, succeeded.

"Then again the point of energy for the poor-man was many times 'denser' than for the rich-man who worked not but sucked the life-blood, pleasures and strength of the worker who received generally less than nothing for his toil, while he who toiled not received more than everything than the poor-man for nothing—and so you see the whole rotten, unfair and heartless system of old was not only fundamentally wrong, but wicked beyond the belief of modern morality and uprightness.

"Probably in Erthus, Sir Master," said Ramo, "you have all the Land under 'Private ownership' as was formerly the case in Jupiter and all Lands, Commodities, foodstuffs, etc., were taxed, and the poor-man felt the Tax many-fold over the Rich-man. Today, Sir John, all Taxes for everything—Property—Foodstuffs — Pensions — Free-transportation—Free-newspapers, etc.,—All is included in the DENSITY of the POINTS of ENERGY and EQUALLY FALLS UPON ALL."

"I suppose," asked John Smith, "that the Salary or allowance of the Purple-men is the highest made by the Unity, and then graded down thru the Men-of-Color to the rank and file?"

"No!" answered Ramo, "I sec that you did not grasp my meaning!

"I will explain in another way. We start with the new-born child by allowing the parents, say—100 Points a year till the child is 10 years of age—then 200 Points a Year till the child is 20 years of age—then 300 points a Year till the man or woman is 30 years of age—then 400 Points a Year till the man or woman is 40 years of age, and so on till the age of FIFTY YEARS is reached, when they are put on the Retired Lists at the allowance of—say—300 Points.

"This rule applies to all alike—the ordinary man receives the same as the Purple-man or any of the High-Equals—BUT—the higher a man rises in MERIT the greater the Honor—and he REAPS certain PRIZES as he advances. And as regards the

different Standards of Merit—the man that is indifferent and careless in his work naturally falls below the Merit Standards and consequently ‘Fines’ himself, and in that way the Incentive is LOGICAL and the REWARD EQUITABLE.

“So you see, Sir John,” continued Ramo, “INDIVIDUAL EFFORT gets its Just Recompense and CARELESSNESS and INDIFFERENT EFFORT pays its Just Penalty.”

“As your SYSTEM gets into my head I am impressed by the keen SENSE of FAIRNESS it contains. But, dear Ramo, the keeping of the accounts of ALL INDIVIDUALLY looks to me a VAST undertaking.”

“On the contrary, Sir John, the ‘Comparison of COST in Energy’ between the old style of book-keeping and our present plan is as EIGHT to ONE in Favor of the UNITY.

“The waste of ENERGY in the Dark-foolish-Days, dear Master, was tremendous and SINFUL.

“With every few people setting up a system of their own, and then the higledy-pigledy individual way of carrying on Affairs that concerned the PUBLIC—made ten times the pro-rata of accounting that we have today under CO-OPERATION of ALL—in—ONE or TOGETHER as our Motto reads. This same statement applies to most things when comparing the Old with New. Nor, Sir Master, do our people become automatic, as was prophesied by the Doubters.

“IT HAS PROVED THE VERY ESSENCE OF INDIVIDUALITY.”

"Now, good Ramo, let me impose still further upon you, and ask you to inform me as to how this wonderful System of yours applies to FARMING and business other than that of the CITY?"

"FARMING, Sir John, has been systematized so that there is nothing like the great gulf dividing the two as existed in ye-olden-days.

"Nothing is promiscuous or left to chance now-a-days.

"The Country has been drawn nearer the City and the City taken into the Country. In the First place, Sir John, only about one-eleventh per cent. of the land farmed formerly is required now-a-days to PRODUCE our WANTS.

"The UNITY has CONCENTRATED the farming districts in the most favorable localities and given over the vast residue to forest and game preserves which, in themselves, are a most valuable ASSET to the UNITY. Even our great population centres have been drawn toward the most healthy and allwise climates and latitudes—thus conserving much of our strength, and I might add, Sir Master, that it is owing to this CONCENTRATION FEATURE of our SYSTEM in great part that the UNITY is so WEALTHY in TIME and ENERGY today, that our workingmen are required to work on an average of only FIVE hours a DAY, with a mid-week half holiday every Wednesday, a whole day off on Saturday, so well as the usual Sunday of REST.

"THRU CO-OPERATION and Concentration it is our boast, Sir Master, that we have not only made

TWO BLADES of GRASS to GROW where ONE grew before, but in many cases TENFOLD. But I tire you, Sir John!"

"Not at all, Ramo! Not at all! I beg you continue, I am intensely interested. Your grand System of UNITY grows on one, 'tis superb. But the more that I learn from you all, the more I seem to be still in the dark about.

"There is one thing, Ramo, that I would like you to enlighten me about without going to too much trouble. Is there not Danger in a GROWING WEALTHY Class, or special Class of People, of it sometime causing Rebellion or Insurrection? For with us in ERTHUS, gentlemen, some part of our GLOBE has a Rebellion or WAR on hand at all times. Your Soldiers, for instance, I have not seen—nor have I heard of your Navies."

A hearty laugh greeted these serious remarks, from the High-Equals seated about as listeners.

"I suppose," said the Old Dominie—to this unexpected result of his remark—laughing himself—"that I have made another blunder as usual."

"You must be told Right now, Good Master of Erthus," spoke up Emo, a kindly little white-haired old Purple-man who had long since passed the century mark in years, "WE HAVE NO ARMIES AND NAVIES in JUPITER, they have long been relegated to the IGNORANT STUPID PAST with many other FOOLISH ways that obtained in the old-days."

"Wonders of WONDERS!" exclaimed the old

Minister—"I will believe anything possible after hearing this."

"We had better go first a little into the LAWS that CONTROL our UNITY," said Ramo. "The LAWS that PUNISH or PREVENT EVIL. The Unity simply DECREES that certain ways and matters are Either EVIL or GOOD.

"We have already shown you many of the ways and rules that tend to promote good. As has probably been told you, Sir Master, at the beginning of the New-Era when it was decided to do away ABSOLUTELY with the KNOWN EVILS that Existed—that the UNITY was most liberal in the time-allowance set for their effacement.

"That which was BRED-IN-THE-BONE must be given time to be OUT-BORN unto the THIRD and FOURTH Generation; that, Sir John, was the LIMIT set for 'EXCUSE for BREAKING THE LAW'—BUT ONCE a TIME was SET for the ENDING of a commerce that was decided and deemed UNWISE for the commonweal there was NO RECOURSE—NO TURNING BACK.

"THE LAW MUST BE OBEYED TO THE LETTER.

"If at any time our WISEMEN deemed it that a UNITY law or rule be better changed—IT WAS CHANGED, but until it was changed IT MUST BE OBEYED ABSOLUTELY or take the CONSEQUENCE.

"This has, dear Master of Erthus, brot us at this day to the place where we find that few laws are

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NECESSARY BE THEY but ENFORCED to the LETTER beyond PERADVENTURE.

"We do not say today, good Master, 'THOU SHALT NOT STEAL,' 'THOU SHALT NOT KILL,' 'THOU SHALT NOT FORNICATE,' for it were illogical to say thus—But We say IF THOU COMMITTEST 'MURDER,' 'THEFT,' 'FORNICATION',—SUCH AND SUCH A THING WILL HAPPEN....and today it does HAPPEN, regardless of CASTE, POSITION, FAMILY TIES, OR so-called SYMPATHY.

"In Olden-days they had Laws and tens of thousands of laws, many of which were broken at will or the punishment was OBSOLETE—And many that COULD BE EVADED or GOTTEN AROUND by some Technicality.

"To make the 'PUNISHMENT fit the CRIME,' Sir John, was the work of TIME and PATIENCE—but the DOING AWAY with MONEY and the DRINK EVIL made the task three-quarters easy—and....Sir JOHN, REMOVING THE CAUSES of EVIL made an INCENTIVE to DO GOOD.

"RESPECT for the LAW, Sir John, is the FIRST PRINCIPLE of SUCCESS.

"The PEOPLE of Today, Good Master, long past the THIRD and FOURTH generation are very JEALOUS of their GOOD MORALS, and ANY-ONE daring to PRESUME to DEFY any RULE of the UNITY—even moderately—is SHUNNED and OSTRACIZED, which has proven a splendid weapon and the SEVEREST PUNISHMENT that can be

METED out—and has nearly always the desired effect.

“Take for instance the case of some people or families more fortunate than their fellowmen in position and wealth. At the beginning some were wont to ‘LORD IT’ over their less fortunate brethren.

“BUT, OSTRACISM has brot the ‘IMAGINARY HAUGHTY’ low, till Today they are FEW and FAR between.

“REMEMBER, Sir John, that we have ‘CLASSES’ and different ‘Stations of SOCIETY,’ for it was early discovered that this was NATURAL LAW—for ONE would only attain a ‘HIGHER STATION of LIFE’ and refinement by being MOST CONSIDERATE of those who were CONSCIOUS of the difference between themselves and those who were more favored by TIME and OPPORTUNITY.

“I may repeat here, Sir John, that the old AND BOASTED CLAIM of LIBERTY that ‘ALL MEN were BORN FREE and EQUAL,’ a boast that was ALMOST a RELIGION at the time of the DOWN-FALL—was soon EXPLODED and found to be one of the greatest of the many unpractical fallacies that beset the Past. It generally meant that they were Free and at Liberty to be RUDE—VULGAR—SELFISH in all things.

“ALL MANKIND Today, Sir John, are FREE to do GOOD, and at LIBERTY to be NEIGHBORLY and build to the GLORY of the UNITY.”

“That certainly is COMMON-SENSE LAW,” remarked the old Dominie as Ramo paused in speech,

"I would like to ask you, Ramo, for enlightenment regarding a Crime against the UNITY today and the penalty imposed?"

"Delighted! Sir Master,—you must understand in the first place that when the old-features of MONEY and LIQUOR-DRINKING were removed, that the major-reasons for DISOBEYING the LAWS of NATURE and the LAWS of the LAND passed away with them,—still do not mis-understand me, we have yet many faults and weaknesses and are still FAR from the PERFECTION of our IDEALS. .

"Nearly all cases of Law-Breaking were and are found TRACEABLE to HEREDITARY INCLINATIONS and ENVIRONMENT—and in the beginning had to be handled with GREAT CONSIDERATION and WISDOM. BUT if our WISEMEN found the GUILTY ONES persisted in defying the rules, and UNCONTROLABLE—at first the unfortunate was deprived of his freedom at large and ASYLUMNED—unto the third and fourth generation, after which PERIOD of the UNITY, PERSISTENT law breaking is PLAINLY and SIMPLY treated, as one would a ROTTEN APPLE found in a barrel of good ones,—CAST OUT,—or in other words, PUT to DEATH.

"This may surprise you, Sir John, but its effect in many ways WAS LIKE MAGIC. OUR WISEMEN know that which is BEST for the UNITY and no one SAYS them NAY when they decide that the UNITY would be the better SERVED if SO-and-SO was REMOVED FOREVER, then they proceed in

the most HUMANE and UNDEMONSTRATIVE way to END A BAD LIFE."

"It is ALL a WONDERFUL plan, My dear HIGH-EQUALS," said John Smith, "but not quite within the compass of my Earthly brain.

"With the people upon ERTHUS it would seem IMPOSSIBLE, divided as they are in SECTS, CLASSES, NATIONALITIES and INCLINATIONS."

"ALL that, Sir John, is the RESULT of HABIT—you allow your People of ERTHUS to take sides—form parties—political and otherwise—form societies—religious and otherwise—speak different languages—you permit one nationality to think that they are superior to the other—you let one class RULE and the other WORK—you let the UNPRODUCTIVE class THRIVE upon those who PRODUCE REAL THINGS.

"NOW, we of the UNITY of JUPITER allow NONE of these THINGS to have existence. EVERYBODY works, and EVERYBODY rests, and EVERYBODY eats—and by their WORKS for the COMMONWEAL so they stand in MERIT and take their place in the UNITY and no man can say them nay.

"We do not vote a man a HIGH-EQUAL, Sir John, he votes himself one by his STANDARD of LIFE. One-man rule, that you tell us of in ERTHUS, does not and could not obtain in JUPITER.

"We have neither EMPEROR nor KING, SUL-

TAN nor CHIEF, Queen nor President. Your people RULE by CHANCE, by WHIM, OURS by good-works alone.

"The People of JUPITER are not allowed to form sects or parties or propound strange DOCTRINES. OUR DOCTRINES are the result of the BRAINS of our WISEMEN and MUST be for ALL or for NONE.

"Any COMRADE of JUPITER is at liberty to advance a theory, a fact, or a science to the proper councils of our Wisemen, who will, of their pureness and knowledge, extract therefrom—if there be any—the science of its WISDOM and give unto the UNITY at large gratis its PHILOSOPHY which may be said to be the RELIGION of JUPITER.

"YES! WE are PHILOSOPHERS—TRUTH-SEEKERS!"

This salient peroration of Ramo was erected with hearty applause from Sir John and his fellowmen of Color.

"You ask me, Sir Master, of our Jails, our asylums and such like places, and I rejoice to answer that they are few and very different from the miserable, hideous ones of the Dark-past. If one who has offended the Unity-laws is thot possible of reclaiming, he or she is nursed with infinite care toward a cure amidst splendid surroundings—but many cases from the beginning are found incorrigible and I might liken them unto a sick hen—she has to be killed in the end.

"If man or woman consort and cohabit unlawfully,

that member of the male-sex which offendeth and is uncontrollable, and not held in check is removed the same as a malignant sore or disease, and both the man and woman are **BRANDED** upon the **FOREHEAD** and **DEATH** quickly and quietly is the penalty of the **UNCONTRITE**.

"All those who are a sore unto themselves and the Unity—

"All those inhumanely deformed in body or mind may be 'put away' at any time at **THEIR OWN** request or at the wisdom of the **HIGH-EQUALS**.

"This all tends to the benefit of the **UNITY**—physically,—and morally. You ask me, Sir Master, what became of **ALL** the **LAWYERS**,—**QUACK DOCTORS**, **PROFESSIONAL** and unprofessional men of **MANY SORTS**, and such like **LEECHES** upon the Old-World.

"I **REJOICE** to make answer that **ALL SUCH**—**Pirates**,—**Brigands**,—**Leeches**,—**Blood suckers**,—and perverters of **SOCIETY**, that existed alone for **Personal-gain**, (they worked not—usefully—neither did they spin—usefully) were dealt with **SCANT** consideration or quarter.

"These heartless **VAGABONDS**, and **SKULKING** hypocrites were quickly consigned to the ranks of the **REAL-WORKERS**, or else **THEIR BODIES** **WERE SENT TO FEED THE GRASSES**, and with small compunction. **OUT WITH THE DRONES** of **SOCIETY**.

"Today, Good Master, Owing to the **UNITY** of **GOOD-PURPOSE**, and the **LACK-OF-EVIL** thru

the discontinuance of the VILE-MONEY-and-DRINK HABITS, we HAVE-and-FIND, only necessary 1-27 of the men of So-called professions of old.

"If one is sick of body today the UNITY provides a Man-of-Medicine, FREE-OF-CHARGE. Consequently, when one 'ails' they do not hesitate or hold back ON-ACCOUNT-OF-THE-FEE-DEMANDED and thus ENCOURAGE-the-TROUBLE, BUT they send for the DOCTOR—INSTANTER.

"The RESULT is, Sir John, that SICKNESS-and-DISEASE being taken in-hand at its INCEPTION is held-in-check much easier, and the percentage of DISEASE-and-Death greatly less than was the case when IGNORANCE and Greed held SWAY upon this now Fair-Land of ours.

"Our children, Good Erthus, are taught to heed about the HUMAN-BODY, the functions performed By-Its-Variou-Organs, and the first-aid to the INJURED and Distressed.

"The Science of Medicine-and-Surgery have greatly advanced as have all the Sciences with the Unity at their back and support.

"That contemptible Class-of-QUACK-DOCTOR, that preyed upon our *easily-led* People of days-gone-by are today Non-EXISTENT so well as are the filthy-SHAM-stuffs that they Palmed-OFF upon a thoughtless people.

"It affords us much pleasure," continued Ramo, "to tell you that as a Result-of-our-System-and REMEDY that the health alone of our People, as-a-whole, is by actual computation 23 TIMES Better than when IN-

TEMPERANCE in-all-things held sway to the frightful extent that it did formerly.

"It may be readily seen, Sir Master of Erthus, that the SAVINGS ALONE in LABOR-and-Energy is something ENORMOUS.

"Little wonder is it that we have so much TIME-to-PLAY, and make JUPITER beautiful, Yet All work a little and each does his or her share.

"DRUNKNESS,—Gluttony,—and Smoking in excess was responsible for many of the ILLS of the Past, and, Sir John, while Smoking is allowed at the present-day, but under certain restrictions,—many less smoke than formerly. Smoking being permitted is NOT-Looked-Down-Upon.

"A lad, upon reaching the age of Twenty may smoke if he so wish. He-May-Not-Do-So-Before-That-Age If he smokes or DISOBEYS the UNITY Laws out of RESTRICTION—it counts materially against him in his MERIT-Book and Should he PERSIST in breaking any UNITY-Rule—he OUT-Does himself and Passes AWAY in the night—to Nourish-the-BLOSSOMS.

"And thus you may see, Good Master of Erthus, why we do not have REVOLUTIONS and INSURRECTIONS, And thus you see why The ARMIES and NAVIES of the old FOOLISH World have passed away to that mountainous Ash-Heap that stands an educational monument—to the IGNORANCE of the PAST."

Then Ramo arose in his giant stature, signalling the end of his discourse, and the Rev. John Smith went

toward him with out-stretched hands, his enthusiasm being markedly visible—and thanked him most warmly and affectionately for his dissertation.

Then Osu, Purple-man whose chief-duties were to preside over all weighty matters pertaining to the PALACE of ECSTASY, came forward and bid John Smith and his fellow High-Equals to come to the Banqueting-Hall, saying playfully to the old Dominie: “We must offer you food now, Sir Master,—man was ever interested in that subject, and with all our clever changes we have not been able to do away with Eating.”

CHAPTER XXV.

Let us EAT, DRINK and be MERRY, for tomorrow we WORK.—Hobo.

Passing into one of the splendid “elevating lifts”—accompanied by many of the be-satined HIGH-EQUALS—that was more like a cozy-library than a moving ladder—they reached without motion the floor upon which was situated the
*Most Sumptuous FEAST-HALL of all Time, the
Triumph of the PALACE.*

It was not the privilege of everyone to enter at will this gorgeous Feasting-Room—yet one would not think so to see the thousands that were partaking of food there this auspicious day.

The High-Equals might come at any time and those

upon the Unity honor-role, as well as the "prize-winners," so it was an honor and privilege much sought after to break bread in this most lovely of eating places imaginable.

There never in the Annals of All Time had been produced such a charmingly wonderful and spacious banqueting-hall.

There were hundreds of Tables of all sizes and shapes. Each bespoke separate Individuality, and each one seemed more beautifully designed, more richly embellished than its Superb Neighbor.

Precious and rare woods of alluring grain, some polished to absolute perfection, whilst others of ravishing-satin lustre, each more voluptuously entrancing than the last.

Chairs and accoutrements, told of the "Gifts of Genius" bestowed lavishly,—Table-Linen, its fineness unsurpassed, and never seen elsewhere.

Here the "potters" and "makers of China-ware" carried in triumph their "masterpieces" in design and color.

Dainty and delicate vessels of translucent pattern,—Gold and Silverware that made the heart stop to gaze upon in admiration,—All so cunningly alight with "fairy-lamps" of a myriad beauteous shades, appearing from every unsuspecting nook-and-cranny of this gorgeous "salon a manger," touching here and there the infinitely cut designs upon the Decanters of purest crystal and sparkling in-and-out among the "prismed" glasses of dainty art.

And here was to be found the "masterpieces" of cul-

inary delight,—the “palate touching” dishes,—the best that science and genius rolled into one could produce. Is it any wonder that all strove to be fit to enter this Room-of-Rooms or that it was the dream of one’s life.

Plain-old John Smith-of-Erthus was dumb at the sight of it all. The Tremendous size,—The Immense numbers,—The Marvelous grandeur.

’Twas the voice of Cento, the centenarian, that spake: “Our Comrade here, Epo, the Redman, Good Erthus,” broke upon the ears of the wondering old Dominie and awoke him from his siesta of delight—“will entertain us whilst we partake of our meal.”

“I am most honored to meet you, Sir Master, Chosen of ERTHUS,” said Epo, a swarthy man of pleasant countenance, “and I have been requested to make some few remarks relative to our customs regarding our foods, etc.”

“I will be particularly interested and I thank you, Good Epo.”

“It is, of course, a great honor,” began Epo, “to be one of the serving men or women in this, our Unity-banqueting-hall, the right to do so has to be won by good works.

“I might mention in passing, Sir Master, in case it has not been already told to you, that no man is looked down upon in any way in New-Jupiter for the work that he does—no kind of Unity work is lowering! Every one is just as good and as well thot of as they BEHAVE—be their vocation what it may.

“Now, these Comrades ‘waiting’ upon us may be

just as 'high-class' as those whom they serve with our dainty food," (and the old Minister from New York thot that it was indeed "dainty") "and they, in turn, may be some day served. You will note, Sir John, their good manners and thotful attentions—their inoffensiveness"—(indeed, Jöhn Smith had noted their cleanly uniforms—their graceful and quiet thotfulness), "they 'keep their place' perfectly—'familiarity breeds disrespect' and we are able to maintain a 'high-mark' of cleanliness.

"Working 'as one,' Sir Master, the Unity evolves the 'highest standard' of pure-food. We are able, consequently, to devote our very best energies in this direction.

"Everything is 'classified' and thoroly inspected and only the best fed to our People.

"This lends largely to the bettering of the HEALTH-and-VIGOR of the UNITY. In the Old-Dark-Days of deception, greed and disorganization, the land was over-run and over-stocked with impure and harmfully adulterated foods—and EVEN the REAL-food was of a 'low' quality as compared with today, hence the people were of a low Standard.

"We pride ourselves, Sir John, upon the 'high-grade' of our animals raised and bred for food.

"The Vegetables are as near perfection as our advanced science and civilization can produce,—And our modern FRUITS are a joy to behold and an 'ever-delight' to the 'inner-man.'

"Owing, Sir John, to the present-day high standard of morality among the peoples, their 'appetites' and

'cravings' are much less strong, and the 'degree of control' so much more in subjection that we eat 'as a whole people' much more sensibly in moderation,—consequently that Fat, Bestial, Over-Indulged, Flabby, and Stupid person so commonly seen before the New Era, has almost entirely 'disappeared from our midst.'

"Even tho our food be ever so much more 'inviting,' it is a 'deadly sin' with us to be 'abnormal,' or a slave to anything, and owing, Sir Master, to this *inbred* control of the desires—the Commonweal has not had to do away with the 'EATING of Meats' as was at first thot would be necessary.

"That 'big fault' and universal trouble 'INDIGESTION' that CURSE of the Past, is, I may say, 'A thing of the Past.'

"When, Sir John, the UNITY stopped all Traffic, Manufacture and Freedom of wines and spirituous liquors,—they wiped out AGES of SORROW and created AGES of Happiness for many—Yet does the UNITY produce the finest of both in quantities exceedingly small.

"To those who win the privilege of eating within this grand Banqueting Hall, is given the right to partake at their meals the choice of these wines and liquors, but in most consistent moderation—'tis a splendid privilege and a great treat.'

"DRUNKNESS is CONSEQUENTLY obsolete, and a Disease of the 'dead past.'"

"What a MAGNIFICENT Blessing, Men of Jupiter, this alone must be to your splendid modern civilization," exclaimed John Smith, with intense fervor.

"Believe me, Comrades and High-men of Juno, when I tell you—tho my heart breaks in the telling—that the SORROWS alone upon My poor distressed ERTHUS from this one Curse ALONE—DRINK—are as Countless AS THE SANDS OF THE SEA."

Tears stood out in the kindly eyes of the tall, handsome old white-haired Giant-of-ERTHUS, and they came to the many eyes of his earnest listeners, and eyes that had wept little—for where was the reason to weep in this Thrice blessed Jupiter?

When they had composed themselves, Epo continued:

"It avaieth us nothing to BE NAUGHTY in Jupiter, dear Master, simply because the reason has been removed—or placed out of reach.

"One must OBEY the Unity's simple rules or else pass away to sleep with their fathers.

"Being 'combined' and 'co-operative' we require very much less Land and Labor to grow our Grains, Fruits and Vegetables—these Gardens are carefully centralized—leaving to us vast forests and game preserves as you have doubtless been made aware of ere this.

"In olden times," continued Epo, "the 'confusion of governments' resulted in Profligacy, and Thotlessness: They hewed down the beautiful Forests with only the thot of Personal Money Gain, little dreaming that in doing so they were 'killing the goose that laid the Golden Egg.' Today, Good Master, our forests remain wonderfully resourceful. They drove the fowls of the air, the birds of game and many wild

animals to extinction, whilst we let them multiply to our wildest wants—they give us for the asking abundance of choice meats, and their furs and skins are a splendid asset to the community at large.

“Our swamps and feeding places of the birds and animals, we plant with the food they prefer, and each generation finds more and more at hand to bless us with.

“And so the Rivers and Streams are in like nursed and protected to the immense wealth and glory of our **UNITY**.

“Hunting and killing of our beautiful birds of plumage being under absolute control, and **HUMANE**, our feathered friends were won back to cheer us with their heaven-sent songs, to repay us—as it were—for our gentleness toward them.

“The sugar-maples were coaxed back so that we might enjoy the delights of their **PURE LIFE-GIVING** syrups. The Honey-bee we made our friend, and they give us of their sweet-health-giving-food. Their Nectar from our friends the flowers—that brot great health and strength unto the **UNITY**.

“Our Butters and cheese, our milk and cream, are as pure as the honey and syrups of nature and are within the reach of **EVERYONE**, think what that means, Sir Master!

“We make our Flour and cereals from the golden grain of selected quality; and so on, Good Master of **ERTHUS**, runs the **TRUE** story of the **BENEFITS** of **WORKING-TOGETHER** upon this beautiful

globe, which with little care gives us freely of its wondrous and boundless stores of wealth."

"Friends and Comrades," replied the old Minister warmly, as Epo ended, "I wish to thank you from my heart for having opened before my vision the lid of your priceless jewel case of knowledge, and permitting me to gaze within upon your limitless store of gems of thoughts and deeds. Your magnificent UNITY SYSTEM appeals splendidly to my reason, and the more and more that I learn of your WAYS and MEANS to the many improvements that I see over the old, cruel and stupid ways, the more am I conscious of the blessings that you have bestowed upon yourselves—BY THE PROPER APPLICATION OF KNOWLEDGE to the NEEDS of HUMANITY. Surely, I say, Comrades and High-men of Juno and Jupiter,—surely when I relate to my People of ERTHUS upon my return to that MISGUIDED WORLD the splendid results and advantages of your UNITY System, that they must heed me and TURN FROM THE FOOLISH and UN-EQUAL WAYS of THEIR OWN.

"Of course, I would to learn more of how these thrice blessings were brot to you thru the mysterious medium who caused common sense as well as great fear to enter into the hearts of your ancestors and brot about REPENTANCE and OBEDIENCE."

"You will be told, Sir Master, later on who this SALVATOR, Reuben Brown, Redeemer of Jupiter was, and how, seeing that nothing short of fear and

death would make a sinful people turn from their Evil Ways, he was able to work out the problem alone.

"If it so please you now, Good Master, we will proceed to other places that may be of interest to you."

"I must say," replied John Smith, turning to Ramo, who again took him in charge, "that I leave this enchanting place with regret, for its spell is upon my spirit and its manifold wonders entrance my very SOUL."

CHAPTER XXVI.

REMEMBER that "You cannot make a Humming-bird out of a Louse."

And so they passed out of the PALACE to the low, sweet refrain of Gala's intermezzo; but they did not pass out upon the ground floor, instead, the large Party of High-EQUALS, Sir John with Ramo leading, might have been seen to enter from the Twenty-third floor that Air-boat of Air boats the "Premos," of which there was not its equal in Existence, and away they flew on the wings of the afternoon to the tumultuous salvos and cheers of the throngs of Jupiterites who had assembled to witness the flight of their Distinguished Visitor and Wisemen, who were to journey several hundred miles into the balmy South, there to rest and sojourn a little while 'mid the tropical scenes of which that famous poet L'Amo had sung as follows:

A PARADISE INDEED.

Oh! Happy Southern sunny South
 'Neath Morida's shade, and sheltering palm,
 'Mid cocoanut grove, whose vista's mouth
 The kindly breath of Ocean's balm:—

Sweet land of constant fruit and pregnant seed—
 Sometime a wilderness, Were now a Paradise indeed.

A Heaven's gift art thine, of foliage green,
 Where clusters pink, the Oleander shrub—
 Tall Palmetto—Hibiscus—in ecstasy are seen,
 From lagoon's mirrored face—a dream.

And thou, piscatious friend!
 If fond of Amberjacks and eels,
 Draw near, and find thy sport at hand,
 Bid Neptune well, and chase the tarpon at his heels.

For hunter here finds sport—at sea—on land;
 The bear, the deer, the panther,—in wood beyond the sand.

God blest a land in Truth, where trees grow strong on
 rock,
 And sent a road of steel to help the lusty hand of toil;—
 Give thanks, Oh Native born! And those who flock
 To join this—nature's ever yielding soil.
 For Wilderness were now a Paradise Indeed.

As that historic Air-boat load sailed along that
 memorable afternoon—under perfect control, it
 seemed to “Impress” the possibilities of all the grand
 achievements of the people of Jupiter the more upon
 that sturdy white-haired old man of ERTHUS.

They sailed along smoothly “by the wind” and only
 so far from the surface to insure safety and to be able
 to see distinctly all the points of interest which were
 eagerly pointed out and explained by one High-Equal
 and then by some other of these charming gentlemen
 of Color.

They came to the outskirts of the city of Juno and as they watched the setting Sun behind the residential hills on the other side, and as he gazed out upon that beautiful evening scene across that vast Imperial City, Sir John's eyes filled with tears at the grandeur of the view out before him.

"Comrades, I am filled with the tears of joy at the ATTAINED and AT THE ATTAINABLE."

Then they came to the gardens and wheat fields, and they explained to him how it was that the city utilized all sewage, garbage, waste of all kind that was turned back to enrich the soil and Unity, hence the gardens richly laden with fruit and vegetables were possible, and the golden grain field a fact—producing many fold over the wasteful ways of the dark-era.

And thus they noiselessly traveled the moon-light night thru both hearing and asking questions, and the gray dawn of a glorious morning saw the "Premos" making steadily, under favorable circumstances, for her destination, that favored spot, "A Paradise Indeed."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Let thine ears be as big as the Elephant's when listening to that which is aright that they should hear.

A few days after our leaving the "Premos" on her air-way trip to the balmy South, 'mid cocoanut grove and sheltering palm, the good people of Juno beheld in the Southern sky the returning "Triumph of the Air"

and with the help of willing hands and the lusty cheers from thousands of honest throats, the "Premos" was safely berthed in her particular resting place, at the Palace of ECSTASY, where her passengers withdrew for the joys of the bath and the partaking of food.

Coming out later, refreshed and ready to "conquer more Wonders," as John Smith put it, they entered—several of them—a spacious and comfortable "motor-wagon" and were soon swiftly but noiselessly traveling along one of the magnificent Avenues of Juno.

Ramo was saying: "You must understand, Erthūs, that while Juno is one hundred odd miles each way, that it is subdivided so that each division, or 'Alot,' as we call them, contains the necessary shops or bazars, libraries, smoking roofs, play and exercise places, for the convenience of each nearby inhabitant.

"Now, for instance, we are coming to 'Alot 34,' where I intend to show you some of our 'Clubs' and public Buildings."

As they swung rapidly into one of those pleasing "park-squares" so common in Juno, Sir John remarked: "I must say, gentlemen and comrades, that I am more and more forcibly struck by the splendor and individuality of your architecture and the richness of your buildings; the space, the strength, the symmetry, the stability is so apparent."

They drew up in front of an immense three storied building of a delicate green marble with a most artistic entrance. Splendidly carved figures and reliefs were numerous and in harmony.

They were met at the capacious vestibule by a tall,

athletic looking "Redman." "Master of Erthus," said Ramo, "I present to you, Samso, Captain of this 'Exercise House.'"

Grasping the massive hand of the muscular Samso warmly, John Smith told this "tower of strength" of his delight at meeting him—as only John Smith could greet one.

"It will be a great privilege, Sir Master of Erthus," Samso was saying, as the procession of wise-men entered the rotunda, "to show you thru the 'Exercise' of which I think the people of today are justly proud," and passing thru the crowded reading room where many were taking advantage of the magazines and reports of the Sports of Jupiter, where all arose and saluted their distinguished visitor, as only they could salute. The old Dominie was amazed at the sight he beheld. An immense plunge bath covering acres of delicate green and gold porcelain and hundreds of jolly Jupiterites sporting in the inviting water. "The 'bath' is the thing in Jupiter, Sir John," said Samso. "We endeavor to have them within the easy reach of all thruout the land, and they are, of course, FREE to all.

"Swimming is taught to every lad and lassie at an early age and is considered one of the finest of exercises. We swim all thru the year, not just for certain seasons, and I may say that we swim all thru our lives—it is one of the first sports and takes a leading place amongst the weekly contests for prizes and so-forth."

They went on a tour of inspection and Samso

explained to John Smith the various kinds of "special" baths taken principally as "cures" then the Steam and shower bath, "steam and hot baths are not encouraged and are taken mainly at the advice of the Doctor—who considers them more or less weakening and unnatural."

Samso led the way to the floor above where they saw the Gymnasium in all its glory and perfection. "We are careful, Sir Master, that the Exercise is uniform and not over-done. The Unity expects everyone to exercise steadily from youth to age, and as the idea is taught from the beginning it becomes a matter of habit. This applies to male and female alike. There are places separate for the females where our women and girls find equal chance with the males."

Then ascending to the third floor they found billiard and pool rooms, and games of a hundred kinds, and a large attendance at every place, which pleased the old Minister immensely. "All seems so genuinely proper," he told his guides—"you are truly a people of recreation and play—your work even is not toil or a burden, my dear Samso, you are certainly a wonder-people," and along they went.

"Whither leadest me now, good Samso?"

"To the smoking and reclining garden."

"A charming place of rest, ease and comfort," John Smith called it.

"Every-place that I am shown, good Samso, only seems more wonderful than the last. Your unity-of-purpose certainly does reap splendid results."

"Our 'motto' here, Sir Master, is 'a little good work,—a lot of good play. It makes us live longer, feel better and die happier.

"Part of the 'modern education' is more physical than literary. The youths and lassies of Jupiter are taught to ride a-horse-back, to swim, to hunt, to shoot, to excel in all manly games—how to fish and the names and habits of the animals and birds, and the Unity provides the time and places and the abundance thereof. We do not run," (went on Samso), "so much to idle play as of yore, still, having so much leisure amongst a large number, all our games are generally well attended."

Samso led John Smith into many nice little bits of knowledge that summer afternoon as they sat and chatted over their smoke upon that charming rooftop, and bidding Samso the joys of good health the Old Dominic went off with Omu to the "Monoway," bound once more for "Cherry Roost," where they found a glad welcome from the family and many friends who had gathered to make reception to the now most popular old white-haired man of Erthus.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A philanthropist is ONE who donates the contributions of many.

On the following morning after that refreshing "cup of tea" the old Minister reminded Mrs. Omu of her promise to tell him something more about the womenkind of the Unity.

"You are probably curious, Sir John, to know in what way we women of the present think that we have improved ourselves over the ways of the dark-past. As well as the men, woman thinks that she has accomplished wonders.

"We are told that at the time of the 'Downfall' our sex were most friivolous and artificial as well as 'vain' to a high degree.

"I may as well confess, Sir John, that woman's Vanity will never be entirely taken away from her, for she still delights in 'making herself pretty' to please the men, but she does not go so far as to make herself ridiculous. The Wisewoman at the inception of the New-Era bethot herself of the faults of 'womankind' and how to 'mend' them. Dress in particular had been carried far to the absurd and much to the injury of the then present and the future generations.

"Woman had reached a stage where she was 'wonderfully and fearfully made,' Sir John. I must speak plainly.

"She had many ways of 'fixing' herself up 'till she was far from her real self in appearance. Her greatest SIN was a sort of harness or stay that she wore around her waist and torso. This she called a 'corset' and it made her grotesquely sad to look upon, and criminal toward her health and that of the off-spring she might perchance bear. She was 'padded' in one place and squeezed in another—painted here and veiled there—and immodest in many ways and, in

fact, Sir John, we were foolish and silly in the extreme.

"We even, I am told, tried to imitate the men in their dress and habits, neglected our homes, deserted our children, and made fools of our sex generally by invading their realm of business affairs—all which greatly lowered our estimation in the sight of man.

"These and many other faults we have tried to correct in the 'new era' and I may tell you, Sir John, with a good-deal of success.

"We have endeavored to bring the frivolous and thotless creature back to the surface again as it were, and started her off afresh upon a simple, natural, womanly way, more becoming her 'gentler sex' and the duties that lie within her dominion.

"Our clothes and 'trimmings' may be pretty and sensible but not 'outlandish' and I am gratified to tell you, Sir John, that woman today is in far better health physically to approach the 'state' of wife and motherhood with far less suffering to themselves and to the children they may bring into this glorious Jupiter.

"Nearly all our girls marry at the 'proper' age and the 'old-maid' or 'childless-mother' is the EXCEPTION and not the rule as was the way when woman belonged to the 'foolish' age.

"Prior to the New-Era, Good Master, the 'divorce' between husband and wife became so common and had increased at such a ratio, that this question alone MIGHT HAVE FORETOLD THE DOWNFALL.

"Men and Women seemed to lose control of their

moral senses, and the fabric of society was 'rotten' to the core.

"The desire for 'finery,' 'ease' and 'gayety' was rampant and the Home neglected, and children left to grow up at will. Obedience was fast becoming obsolete. This sad condition of marital life, which attacked so many, was accounted for mainly by the morally unhealthy way that the family life was crowded by the 'money-grubbers,' who had not only forced the poor to live openly together, but the 'well to do' were forced to abandon the 'home' for the public way of living in hotels and apartments. This public way of dwelling, Sir John, was often the 'death knell' to the sanctity of the 'home.'

"It was one of the first aims of the Unity to wipe these sad conditions out of existence, and to recall into the hearts of the people the blessings of the privacy of REAL HOME LIFE, and today, Sir John, thanks to the manifold advantages of our Unity-System, we have become ONE LARGE NATION OF HOMES in the true sense, and immorality of all kinds finds here among us poor soil to plant its poisonous seed."

"My dear madam," interrupted the much interested old Dominie—"the sad condition of affairs that you just described as existing in Jupiter in the 'dark-past' are precisely the condition of things upon Erthus at the present day—Oh! could but my poor mistaken people be made to see the error of their ways and to *realize the blessings of your Unity ways which seem*

so simple, so natural—that one stands and wonders how it could be otherwise.

“Of course, Mrs. Omu, I am beginning to see more and more that the real cause was the greed, vanity and love of power of cruel men.

— “The love of money—‘The curse of money’ and its evil results! I am beginning, Dear Madam, to loathe the very name of MONEY.

“Now I would like to ask you if you mean me to understand that DIVORCES have been done away with thruout the land?”

“I would not say, Sir Master, that they have become entirely a thing of the ‘past’—BUT they are very few and far between.

“People who are quite uncongenial to each other, or those who forget their marriage ties and vows take their differences to the proper HIGH-EQUALS for adjustment.

“It is the aim of the UNITY not to go to one extreme or the other, and it certainly does not wish to force them to continue together in the bonds of matrimony when the tie is hateful to both.

“But the ‘home-life of seclusion’ of which we are so proud, and the bad influences on the outside being removed, there is little real reason for divorce and, I am happy to say, Sir John, that it only occurs today in isolated cases.”

As they arrived at this stage of their chat Eye appeared, and, being permitted to speak, reminded John Smith and her mother of their invitation to take the Rev. John Smith on a “shopping” expedition.

"Indeed I shall be charmed," said the gallant old man of Erthus, as he arose and putting his arm thru Eve's—"as well as most interested, my child." Then away they went over the velvet lawn to the family run-about, awaiting Mrs. Omu, who had gone to get ready for the trip. Sir John was genuinely fond of this simple and lovable "child of Juno."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A "snob" always reminds me of a "chicken salad" that has been made out of calves meat.

"Do you know, my dear friends, that I have been most anxiously and patiently awaiting this opportunity and the introduction to your 'shopping-system,'" remarked John Smith, beaming the good health and pleasure he felt as they went off in their "motor," thru the street that looked more like a pretty old fashioned country lane.

"Altho, Sir Master," said Eve, "we are able to do all our purchasing without leaving home—we generally go once a week to the 'bazars' for variety sake, and, as Father says, 'so that we may not become too automatic and lazy in our life,' but as everything has a number the same as everybody has one, it is a simple matter to put a list of numbers on a slip of paper—headed by the number that you wish to call and by placing this 'at the phono' it rings up the bell and your order is attended without further trouble to yourself—as your phono number is always at the top of your

slips—and by the aid of the phono-scope the operator is able to see your order.”

“Simply marvelous, my dear girl,” said Sir John.

“As everything is listed and the cost plainly marked—a copy of your order is returned with the prices and total, so you may either let the ‘carrier’ take sufficient ‘points’ out of your book or else it may be charged up—and must be settled weekly. These Goods, Sir Master, are sent to us by the ‘tubular system’ of distribution, that is, from the main ‘bazar’ as we call it—which lies in the centre of each ‘section’ or ‘alot’ of the city—and from there branches out like the spokes of a wheel to certain delivery stations, and from there they are sent to the homes by a noiseless delivery wagon or cart.”

They soon hove in sight of the district “alot” and Eve deftly guided their “runabout” thru the many other “motors” of the shoppers to the broad clean curb in front of a majestic looking building of the usual three stories and a roof garden. “An immense glass building,” exclaimed John Smith, who seemed too astonished to address any one in particular,—“it looks like a ‘crystal-palace,’” he went on as they left their “motor” in charge of a polite attendant and entered thru a most spacious “arcade” into the bazar.

Its four sides were on the street and its design was especially adapted to let in the daylight abundantly.

As they entered the old Dominie’s first remark was: “What a delightful place to shop in, my dear Mrs Omu.”

“I am glad that you approve, Sir John,” she replied,

"for the Unity was most particular to have its 'bazzars' as perfect as possible.

"You will observe, Sir John, that the first thing considered was the best light obtainable with perfect ventilation, then cleanliness was the watchword. Now, we may walk down this passage of the arcade and see the goods that are 'on view' thru the glass; you see that overhead, Sir John, is open, but with a glass canopy to shed the rain, then we go inside to make our purchases."

"All superbly splendid, My dear Madam—a revelation to me!"

"Now, Sir Master!" said Eve, "I claim the privilege of giving you your first lesson in shopping," and she led the way to a broad, easy stair way, beautifully banistered in "pyrian marble," beset with real tropical plants; ascending the mother and the intensely interested old man of Erthus followed this lassie of Juno to what appeared to be "the jewel department," where the Clerk was evidently prepared for Miss Eve, for he brot forth a neat little case for her.

Eve was Mysterious, her mother was beaming and John Smith intent and expectant.

"This, Sir Master of Erthus," she said, "is a small token from a 'daughter of Juno'—a present for you," as she handed it to him.

The old Minister, happy as a boy with a new toy, opened the case and found within a pretty gold and silyered "pencil and pen" of dainty design, and on it was engraved—"From Eve of Juno To the Master of

Erthus," and also it bore the crest of the Unity—the circle and heart.

"A thousand thanks 'little one' for your sweet thoughtfulness," said the old man, immensely delighted with the gift. "It affords me infinite pleasure to accept—and when I return to ERTHUS I will promise to use your pretty gift to write you the news of my safe arrival."

Eve was radiant as she continued, taking out her "point" book:

"Lesson No. 1, please pay attention to the way that we pay for things. Attached to the case you see, Sir John, the price check," and presenting her point book to the man in charge, she asked him to take out the "cost," which he did, putting in their place the half of the price check which was in duplicate, retaining the other half for the "accounts." "Now, this price check I retain to remind me that I spent so much, also a receipt in case of any trouble in connection with the transaction—the department does not keep any books, they simply have goods worth so much, and by adding up their checks and slips each night they 'balance their cash' as it were, and turn in their points to their account where they in turn are checked and destroyed within a stated period—this does away with nine-tenths of the book-keeping of old."

"Splendid! Splendid!" repeated the old man.

"Now, 'lesson No. 2,' Sir Master. 'The identification,'" and turning to the clerk she asked him to "Examine her Number," and he, looking at the cover of her "point-book," saw her No. to be X51B, and

she, putting back the soft sleeve of her jacket, let him read the mark tatooed upon her arm which was plainly seen to be X51B, corresponding with her book—another precaution he took her price check and inscribed thereon indelibly her Number.

"Of course, Sir John," said Mrs. Omu, "it is not always necessary to be so formal—when we are known it is not always necessary to 'bare the arm,' but you can see the advantages of the System—especially when you think that it applies to all 'trades' and all bazars."

"It is a great revelation to me, Mrs. Omu, but I cannot help asking you if it does not leave great chance of dishonesty?"

"Dishonesty! Sir John," answered Mrs. Omu. "Is a thing practically unknown at this day. It would not be tolerated for a moment—there is nothing to be gained and everything to lose by it."

After inspecting and having the different departments explained to him, Sir John and the ladies returned to the ground floor to the food "mart"—"A place of beauty," as John Smith put it—Roomy, Bright, absolutely Clean, all foods were under glass and protected from dust and heat.

"You will notice, Sir John, that all the clerks handling food-stuffs are clothed in a peculiar uniform of snowy-white. The utmost care is taken that they are absolutely clean. All the men working in the food section must bathe after entering the Arcade, and *before* handling the foods or serving the people—this, *of course*, Sir John, is not a great hardship at this

day—but a right and an honor. You will also observe that the color of the uniform thruout the 'Alot' denotes the class of goods for sale.

"By the use of colors and uniforms, numbers and letters as well as well known signs and trade-marks the Unity saves thru their system used, it is computed by our wisemen, a fabulous amount of time and Energy—which means a great deal.

"It may be said that we, as a World Nation, are an immense army always in 'uniform'—certain colors are for 'common use,' but the standard colors are worn only by those belonging to such a class or Unity grade, this enables us to instantly distinguish the occupation or profession of any one. Thus you will probably have noticed the Doctors in their particular color—likewise the High-Equals, the foremen—or captains—and so forth and so on."

"I have noticed," answered John Smith, "the different colors and uniforms, and I can say, My dear Mrs. Omu, that as I become more used to them and understand your ways better that I am splendidly impressed with the infinite advantages of the scheme. Your streets are carefully numbered—thotful sign and indicators everywhere—the absence of noise in your city and the constant presence of flowers and foliage with the perfection of the city cleanliness, I repeat, dear Madam, all this with the happy faces of all your people—leaves nothing to be desired. I am deeply touched, dear Madam, at the splendid ordinary sense of it all."

"When one looks back in history, Sir John," con-

tinued Mrs. Omu, "the change is certainly remarkable, but when one only lives in the present—then one does not think that it could be otherwise than it is today—the dark past and its 'inhumanity' is a closed book.

"Now, Sir John, to return to our 'shopping.' As I said before, as every house has a phono, we are able to order from the house, without inconvenience, but the inborn love of 'shopping' was not to be denied the population—and has been brot to a science and an everlasting joy."

The Rev. John did enjoy it all and made several purchases on his own account, and felt rather puzzled at first at not being able to show his "Identification Number," but, of course, this was not necessary, as everyone knew the tall, kindly white-haired old gentleman of Erthus in his, to them, peculiar clothes.

While at dinner at "Cherry Roost" that evening there being several of Omu's High-Equal cronies present, John Smith entertained them with a recount of his view of their day's shopping—to which he was so much indebted to their Hostess and Eve.

"Comrades, I am more than favorably impressed with your 'bazar system,' the results obtained seem indeed most practicable and thoroly in keeping and up to the high standard of all your ways and means as I have seen them so far. The perfect care for cleanliness and the absolute guard to insure it appeals to me as does the high perfection of light and the superb Ventilation.

"I am afraid, Men of Jupiter—that upon ERTHUS you would be called 'fresh air fiends,' still I confess

that the idea of having the sides and fronts of your buildings, in many instances movable as it were, permits you to obviate 'draught' to the extent that you would otherwise have it by the old plan of windows and doors."

"We are undoubtedly," vouchsafed Theos, a pleasant looking Green Man, "much stronger as a people than formerly, thru our, I might say, enforced sleeping and living in the pure air,—we are always half in-doors and half out—even when we are in or out."

As he ended speaking they all rose from the table at the sign from their hostess and moved toward the veranda.

"Take, for instance, Sir Master," continued Theos, "when the weather is somewhat raw and damp as it has turned out to be this afternoon.

"In the olden times the people on a day like this would shut themselves up in a stuffy hot room—unventilated—breathing in the frousty air from an inordinate thing they called a 'furnace,' lowering their vitality and power to withstand even fresh air, even tho it were a little raw and damp.

"You see here, Erthus," said Omu, taking up the conversation, "we are able, on this veranda, to close the portable or movable 'weather sides' and enjoy the delightful open wood-fire that my good Housewife has so thotfully had prepared for us."

"I must acknowledge," replied the Rev. John, bowing politely to his Hostess before seating himself comfortably in a deep arm chair before the blazing logs, "that this is genuine healthy comfort, and I congratu-

late you upon the sensible idea. I congratulate the Unity, Comrades of Juno, as I understand this to be one of the many salient features of the modern homes thruout your land."

That was a pleasant party that gathered around the log-fire that damp night at Cherry-Roost as the glow of the blazing wood cast its lurid glare upon the bright colors of the High-Equals of different Color. "I was greatly impressed today," the old Dominie was saying, "whilst shopping, with the gentle politeness of the clerks and attendants—yet there was no fawning nor servility—it was not done for 'tips' but seemed to be the natural-born manner—the thoughtful attentions were most refreshing. Everything possible seems to have been thought out for the comfort and welfare of the Unity customer.

"And the thing that particularly takes my notice, gentlemen, wherever I go in your fair city—and see your multiple of ways that are strange to me—all seems so simple,—so genuine,—and the longer I linger here it seems that your ways and means could not be otherwise.

"Nothing seems done for effect—except I might say your flower beds which are so cunningly created to represent the natural.

"You are an unaffected people, as well as undemonstrative—but never morose and seldom do I see the slightest look of sadness."

"You flatter us, Sir Master," said Theos, "but you must not get a too exaggerated opinion of us—for we *are far from perfect*. We have temper and sorrows

—we have misdemeanors and even deceptions, we do not, by any means, always do the right and proper thing—and if we have virtues it is because our Unity system has taught us to out-born the ills and evils of the past.

“We live, Sir Master, by the philosophy of life—which means that we live ‘by the proper application of KNOWLEDGE to the NEEDS of HUMANITY;’ therefore once started upon the right road there is little inducement to turn to the ‘narrow road that leads to destruction.’”

As Theos finished his remarks Malta, the Purpleman, whose duties made him familiar with the Bazars, etc., spake: “Sir Master of Erthus, I speak on behalf of my fellow-men when I say that we are much gratified when you say that you so thoroly approve of our plans and systems. We are naturally proud of them, for in looking backward man sees the infinite betterment of his race, and looks to the future with hope and a light heart. For do a man but follow the easy ways that the Unity System has paved for him, his heart may indeed be light for the future casts no shackles to laden his days with sorrow, it weaves no web of concern that is not of his own making.

“But to return to our Bazars and Arcades with their hanging baskets of creepers and climbing flowers, the large roomy cages of our feathered pets, the singing birds, artistically arranged—that all have place within the confines of each alot.

“One may purchase almost anything of the daily requisites of the home-life at our ordinary bazars,

which are placed in all cities of the first class—such as Juno—of equal distance apart to fulfill the requirements of the population within a given radius. For necessities of the second class or order,—such as furniture, carpets, rugs and such cloths and things as one buys periodically we have ‘Alots’ at greater distance apart—yet as the Unity never builds a house without a ‘phono’ any more than it would without windows and a veranda, one has little trouble in getting anything they like, all things being included in the ‘density’ of the points of energy.

“In the olden days of Jupiter, Sir John, our ancestors had the ‘phono’—a crude instrument as compared with today, it was like all other useful instruments and commodities,—in the hands of the greedy-money-grubbers, the monopolists—and only the most fortunate few who could afford to pay the exorbitant rental exacted for them, might have the use of this wonderful gift of nature—they were more often a great waste of time or the cause of it—but today, Good Master, there is little chance of waste of time, for everybody has their work defined and they must do it or step backward.”

“All splendid, my dear Malta. Splendid!”

“Then there is,” continued the pleasant voice of Malta, “the System of underground Tunnels or Subways, intersecting beneath the City—but they are not used as in olden days to carry the masses hither and thither in the rumbling, half-lit, bad air, but are conduits for the wire and pipe lines, and the ‘compress tubes’ for sending our purchases home, but they are

especially adapted for the large scheme of freight railways which carry the goods of the city from factory and field to bazar and warehouse, from factory to dock for ships' cargo and vice-versa—and the beauty of a lovely city is not marred by the unsightly loads passing to and fro thru the streets.

"You need not look in wonder, Sir Master, at all these things, for it proved a simple thing to build a city thus, having a united-people, and planning ahead from past, hard experiences, and the sole object ALWAYS the COMMONWEAL. This was only possible, Sir Master, by the removal of the REASONS to do WRONG—and the PROPER APPLICATION of KNOWLEDGE to the NEEDS of HUMANITY—and the absolute KEEPING of the UNITY RULES—with the PAYING of the PENALTY for breaking the RULES beyond peradventure."

Continued Malta, as all sat cozily snug in their deep chairs before the open fire that damp, chilly afternoon at Cherry Roost:—"Stealing, Corruption, Grafting, Fraud, Adulteration falsely, Dishonest construction, poor material or workmanship, all these are impossible today and simply because it AVAILETH ONE NOTHING but LOSS—NEVER GAIN—to be DISHONEST in ANY WAY.

"In olden-days THRU the stupid Money-System, Cruel RENT System, Dishonest INTEREST System, and FALSE Dividend System, and the EVERY-man-for-himself-SYSTEM, they set up a prize for Dishonesty, the same as we set up A PRIZE for VIRTUE and GOOD DEEDS."

Malta let the Old Dominie into many of the UNITY SECRETS that rainy evening around the veranda fire.

"I want to thank you, Good Malta," fervently said the Dominie, as the High-Equals arose to take their departure, "more than I am able to express, especially for the lucid way in which you have illustrated many points to me. It actually makes me feel that I long to return to my own foolish people of ERTHUS and put them aright at the earliest opportunity, and tell them of THE SPLENDOR OF YOUR WONDERFUL JUPITER, REBUILT UPON THE ASHES of a SELFISH and INGLORIOUS PAST."

CHAPTER XXX.

WHOSO looketh upon the Rain with JOY, his fields shall be abundantly blessed.

Despite the fact that the next day broke wet and dismal, the happy people of Juno went about their "labors of love" much the same as usual. After their usual ride a-horse-back, in the early morning, Mrs. Omu drove Sir John and Eve over to her school garden class in the little runabout motor.

The Old man roared with laughter when Eve appeared in her rainy-day costume, but he had to confess that she looked pretty as well as sensible in it.

Upon returning to Cherry Roost after a run thru the nearby public park—to see the swans sporting in the pouring rain, the old man decided that a quiet day at home reading and resting, would suit him best.

"This book, Erthus," said Omu, handing him a neat volume, "may interest you!" and the Rev. John Smith made himself comfortable in an easy chair before the fire in the grate to read, "A Few Salient Features of JUPITER, Past and Present," and it did thoroly occupy his mind for several hours.

He learned of the splendid strides made BY SCIENCE owing to Unity backing ALL RESEARCH and working as a unit to solve the mysteries of a pregnant Planet. He read of the annual exhibitions, where County crossed sword with County for the prizes offered for the BEST of EVERYTHING, or the improvement of things. These Annual Shows were much looked forward to by everyone, being a great social event when many saw old friends that they would not see again perhaps till the next Annual affair. They were held for a month at a time to allow of the greatest number visiting them—transportation as well as entrance was, of course, free. If one had performed their Unity Work they were at liberty to attend this National Event.

The Unity counted them of huge benefit to incentive and education, as well as a change and amusement for the People.

He found as he read on that the Good Features of The PAST were carefully alive, and The Secrets of the LOST ARTS were eagerly sought after and in many cases restored.

He learned of the IMMENSE SAVING in TIME and TROUBLE by the DOING away with Taxes, Tariffs, Duties, Rents and Mortgages, Profits and Ac-

cumulations, Strikes of the Laboring Classes, of the armies of men and women once employed in offices of "business" (?) and legion of other offices,—all warring in competition with each other, against each other in the struggle and scramble for very existence—ALL HIGLEDY-PIGLEDY—Every man for himself and the "devil take the hindmost." "*Competition was the DEATH of TRADE.*"

He read on of how in the old dark days mankind warred against mankind for Industrial Supremacy, instead of working side-by-side, Man-to-man, city-to-city, Nation to Nation for the FOOD and RAIMENT for ALL TOGETHER. He was amazed when he saw computed the VAST LOSS to MANKIND thru MISAPPLIED ENERGY and UNUSED ENERGY—He was made aware of the stupendous numbers of available workers that the Unity found and turned into a huge source of ENERGY,—Such as the old time lawyers, brokers, doctors, saloon keepers, gamblers, so-called Ministers of the Gospel, fakirs, tramps, loafers, fallen women and sneaking men, those in false authority, bombasts—those who boasted much and did little. ALL, YES! ALL were turned into a true ARMY of PRODUCERS. He began to understand the immense saving thru the abolition of the Stupid-Money-System—and the promiscuous supplying of the Peoples.

He was made to see The LOSS Attendant upon INDIVIDUAL BUSINESS as COMPARED with CO-OPERATIVE Business—Also the large savings in Post-Office and Railways.

He read with interest of the longevity and more healthful lives of the people of the Modern-World, and of the big reduction in the numbers of Jails and Asylums,—of the thousand-fold blessing of good-roads, and the great centers of population being drawn to the most congenial and temperate zones—AND ABOVE ALL in the DOING AWAY with the vast and unproductive ARMIES and NAVIES, Soldiers and Sailors, held in idleness at the expense of the real worker, the real producer, to fight the Battles of the Money-Suckers that they might have MORE MONEY, that the real workers would have to work harder;—this cruel scheme of a vile System—these armies and navies held in idleness to pounce at any time upon their fellowmen, and in a moment destroy that which it took a lifetime to build.

The WASTE was now infinitely less and the CROPS markedly superior and controlled to suit the HONEST WANT.

Also about the old fraudulent methods of FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE—whereby hosts gained an easy livelihood at THE EXPENSE of others—at the expense of the Toilers—Those who did real things.

It was interesting to the Rev. John Smith, Chosen of ERTHUS, that Comrades of the Unity were only allowed fire-arms at the will of the Commonwealth, and that the permission to hunt the wild game—the sport of kings—was a prize for Diligence and Virtue FOR HAVING DONE SOMETHING Real, and he was astonished to be told that the QUESTION of REVENUE was the matter of a few WELL KEPT

FIGURES without the former huge COST OF COLLECTION.

The old Giant of Erthus read on that the WISE MEN of today were able to produce some moisture from the clouds to feed the crops, so well as thru their splendid system of irrigation.

Animals and other things found necessary and a source of revenue to the Unity—which thru the IMPROVIDENCE of the people had become scarce or nearly extinct—were carefully husbanded back to their natural state, and so ran along the wonder story of the rebuilding, the re-borning of the World-of-Jupiter.

When Omu came later and told him that he had been hours poring over his book the old man could hardly believe it, so interested had he become that the dismal hours of that wet day had flown on the wings of the fairy "speed."

"You have certainly, Omu, evolved a masterful world out of the chaos of the sorrowful Past, and the MORE I READ and the FARTHER I SEE, the more am I convinced HOW EASY 'TWOULD BE FOR THE PEOPLE OF ERTHUS to stop their INHUMAN, CORRUPT, and UNFAIR METHODS, of seeming to govern themselves—and enjoy the manifest blessings as I witness them today in your 'city beautiful,' your pearl of Jupiter—JUNO—city of cities."

"I am proud at my heart, dear Erthus," replied Omu, with undisguised pleasure, "that you esteem so highly that which we have accomplished, and I feel

sure that it is to be vouchsafed to you to TEACH and SHOW your fellow-comrades of ERTHUS—the RIGHT WAY—and that too, Sir JOHN, without the contingent fear and sudden death that beset our unfair creatures of Jupiter during the trying epoch of change for the ONLY WAY.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is not so much what a man says, as the work he does behind what he says.

“Now Erthus, for a change this gloomy day, I propose that we ascend to the roof and ‘smoke the pipe of peace,’ and perhaps we can induce ‘Lisbeth to bring us a pot of your favorite beverage.”

“‘Deed I will, Massa,” came from the door where the old negro woman had heard what was said (as it was intended she should.)

“Thanks, good ‘Lisbeth,” said the old Dominie kindly, “you would make me very happy by brewing for us,—as only you know how,—the delightful coa.”

‘Lisbeth ambled away happy in being of service, and the men went “atop” to woo the soothing weed, the Goddess Nicotina.

They were not long installed comfortably in the cupola, listening to the songs of the garden birds, Omu explaining the flowers and vines that were in view, when the sound of old ‘Lisbeth was heard coming in the distance—expressing her happiness in song

at serving a good Master. She was singing in that rich old mellow voice of hers, an old negro melody—her favorite song—"I loves my Southern home among the Blossoms." She carefully timed her singing to the door and innocently entered bearing the steaming tray of fragrant coa.

"Now Massa, 'Lisbeth make 'dis hersel' and it sho' be good," and she arranged carefully the immaculate tray.

"Here am de yellow cream, Massa—thick and rich, just as you likes it, and de honey tarts."

"Thanks ever so much, 'Lisbeth," said Omu, "everything is sure to be all right when old mammy attends to us." John Smith also said a few kind words in his nice gentle way, and she went off singing her song, happy at the praise bestowed upon her and happy at having done a real service.

"'Lisbeth has reminded me, Omu," remarked the old Dominie, when they were alone, "that I wished to have a chat with you regarding the Negro Question in JUPITER. I have ceased to be astonished at the many similarities between Jupiter that was as you tell me, and ERTHUS of today,—but perhaps one should not be so much surprised after all!

"Upon ERTHUS, Omu, the negro problem has ever been a sore in the flesh, but I assure you that I quite expect you to tell me that you of Jupiter have solved the PERPLEXITY as you seem to have an equitable solution for all things."

"For many ages, Erthus, on Jupiter the colored races were the slaves and servants of the white peo-

ples, but one day owing to the illtreatment of some of them there grew up a great strife between the people who owned slaves and believed in slavery, and those who were entirely opposed to a system of slavery.

"The strife, Erthus, was between those who had slaves and knew them, and those who did not have them and knew little about them.

"It was the old story over again of seeing the mote in our neighbor's eye, whilst not discerning the beam in our own.

"There came a day at last when there came out of the woods—a splendid man—but perhaps a mistaken man—who demanded that the slaves of the whites—the black slaves, I mean,—must be freed from their bondage. The passions of the immense Nation were aroused, and the question which developed had left a legacy of everlasting sorrow.

"It brot about a CONFLICT between BROTHER and BROTHER, and the land was rent with a civil war, ending in a bloody battle between fellowmen—and a lasting disgrace of an unpardonable crime upon our country.

"And what of the poor Negro, you ask?

"The end was the freeing (?) of the slaves—and the last condition of that poor abused being was worse than the first.

"Freed from the serving they were best fitted for at the time—and in which they were more often well treated than otherwise—and those who illtreated them might easily have been dealt out their just pun-

ishment, instead of steeping the land in the blood of infamy.

"They freed, Erthus, this serving negro only to prostitute him—only to foist upon this innocent black creature the rotten degradations of a so-called civilization, to be shoved from filthy pillar to rotten post, and made to live in the stink-holes and back-alleys of society a horrible living death."

As Omu ceased speaking, Sir John could only say, "I see! I see!" repeating to himself, his eyes looking longingly into the distant past, "I see! I see it all!"

"They tell us in history that it was ever a thorn in the side of the whitemen, and Erthus, it was never settled till the NEW-ERA came and settled everything—all things.

"Following out the system of the Unity, Sir John; be a man's skin white, yellow, brown or black, each man is just so good as he lives, just so useful as he proves, just so learned as he assembles his knowledge, and just as simple as he is lovable and kind.

"If, Erthus, a negro's MERIT Book says that he stands equally as high in the estimation of the Unity, or higher than his white neighbor, THEN SO HE TAKES HIS PLACE and none may say him nay.

"If a horse, Erthus, (as a neighbor of ours says) were to prove itself equal in every way to the qualifications of a Purple-man, then that horse would be clothed in purple and fine linen, but a horse has never yet reasoned to any great extent—never run an air-boat, sailed a brig, made an engine to go ahead *and back* again, created a useful article or invented a

useful device, BUT A NEGRO HAS, and accordingly he stands in line with his white brother to partake of the 'Gifts of the Gods.' BUT, as some men have been born to one thing and others to another thing, so the negro was a natural born servant of men—and there, might be said to excel his white brother—and under the fairness of our Unity System they usually prefer that position,—but you must thoroly understand, Sir John, that we are all SERVANTS of the COMMONWEAL, and no set kind of service—all being honest service—carries with it the old-time unfair opprobrium of the past.

"A man gets from the UNITY exactly as he gives unto the UNITY.

"Should one man look down upon another man contemptuously, simply because nature had made the pigment in his cuticle different from the other man's—HIS MERIT-BOOK would RECORD the POINTS against him.

"We look at things just as they are, Sir John,—not as we might happen to think they should be. In olden days the people's way of thinking and reasoning, was cramped, crooked and bent, and out of joint as it were, but thanks to our school of LOGIC we are first taught to 'draw a logical conclusion' without which fairness is hardly to be expected."

"The principle, my dear Omu, is IDEAL, and so far as I have observed, your people carry it out in practice; still I do not quite see how those serving in a domestic capacity are to be paid in equity the same

amount as one who has to maintain a home from their allowance!"

"Nor do they, Sir John!" answered Omu, "you must first understand our system thoroly, and appreciate the fact that all are servants of the Commonwealth—not a few or a great many—BUT ALL.

"For instance,—The Unity provides that a woman with small children needs help with her house-work, and some one is told off to the duty, or again, a family may be wealthy enough to pay the Unity for some one to serve in their home, (I may add, Erthus, that the routine of our system has at this date become almost automatic, but do not misunderstand me to mean that our people have become automatic—far be it from that.) The Unity exacts a certain amount less the equivalent in cost of maintaining a house of one's own."

"In consideration of valuable services rendered the Unity—as per the high marks in her Merit-Book—Mrs. Omu is allowed 'Lisbeth—the Unity paying 'Lisbeth a certain fixed amount.

"'Lisbeth has a preference to live here to the much more modest home that she would be able to provide for herself—she is really a legacy of the family, has grown with it, nursed the children, and in fact, is a most important part of the Omu household.

"In modern Jupiter, Sir John, we live more nearly to each other than formerly. We have not the 'Idle Rich' of by-gone ill-days, who had many servants to dance attendance upon them. We have replaced their SELFISH VULGARITY with a helpful refinement,

—we all equally do the work of the day, be it house, garden, or other work—‘bear ye one another’s burdens’ is an old adage much in practice these days.

“All these matters Erthus, are equitably settled out of the Wisdom of a wonderful and Simple SYSTEM—and may be said to be mainly owing to our monetary plan of ‘points of energy.’

“We are all submissive to the UNITY, but we are allowed to pick and choose our preference for certain kinds of work—so long as it does not embarrass the unity system. All is co-ordinate to the productive UNIT of SUPPLY and DEMAND.

“Also, Erthus, It avails one little to try and appear what they really are not. Ignorance and Ostracism are the UNFAILING REMEDIES for the many petty-ills that might be wont to upset the fabric of our social rules.”

“Suppose, Omu, that one should steal your Point-book, or find it if you should lose it—what is to prevent them from using it to their advantage?”

“It might possibly be used for a while, but at great expense finally to the guilty or dishonest person. The point-book bears my number, making it difficult to pass it—it would be advertised and eventually found—and the penalty placed upon the guilty one would be EXTREMELY heavy, it would count hard against them in their merit-book and they would be fined and imprisoned, and made to work harder and longer hours for the Unity. In the old dark days when a man was made prisoner, they generally had to keep him in idleness—or else it mitigated against

the laboring man if he was allowed to produce anything—such was the stupid result of ‘private and corporate ownership,’ but to-day we make the prisoner work harder and the Unity at large benefits by it. Besides, Sir John, when one breaks a Unity-rule to-day there is no recourse, the rule reads distinctly that ‘if you do such and such a thing—such a punishment MUST follow’—no sentiment, no sympathy, no excuse will have any weight, the Judges have no right to extend leniency in the least—the rule plainly reads, ‘if thou doest such a such a thing, thou must surely suffer as prescribed.’ Where the proof of the guilt is not clear, the High-Equals of their great wisdom and pureness arrange a proper sentence—in olden days things were entirely different—the severity or even the sentence was at the sweet will of the judge as a rule, and he generally held his position because he was the least fit man they could get for the place. The trial of the prisoner was a battle between the lawyers on each side with very little regard to the merits of the case and then the world was full of courts and crimes in those blunder days of long ago, while today, Sir John, we have very little crime—because the reason to do wrong has been removed.”

“On first thot, Omu, your conclusions seem to me severe, but on second thots I can readily see that it is only logical and fair to your system as a whole—it is but one segment in the great wheel of your wonderful SYSTEM. Again, Omu, what is to prevent one from making entry in their own merit-book to their favor?”

"You will probably recall, Erthus, being told that all merit-books are kept in Duplicate by the Unity, so should the entry not appear in both, the deception would be found out and the dishonest one would suffer a heavy punishment.

"There is simply no good object in doing wrong in Jupiter to-day. Plenty of latitude is allowed the individual. The Unity neither wants prudes nor prigs—but crime or meanness will never be tolerated."

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Tis pathetic to see,—and contra to reason,—the many toiling ceaselessly from early morn to late at eve, that the few may have their ease, and enjoy!

Why not all work, and all play together?

After a delightful family dinner that evening at Cherry Roost. Old Col. Tuck with Yola and some friends called in and said that they were on their way to the Circus and particularly wished John Smith and the Omus to join their merry party.

Upon this plan the old Minister looked with much favor, both beaming and speaking his thanks.

They soon all started off across the lawn to walk over to the Monoway, where the Flyer came along and soon had them out at the Arena, a gigantic amphitheatre built as were nearly all buildings in Jupiter, for all time—for safety and for comfort, a magnificent monument to FUN wonderfully thot out in every detail.

John Smith, as they entered, escorted by the Wiseman who was in charge that day, who insisted on taking them all to the 'Royal Box,' was visibly delighted at the scene that met his gaze—the throngs of gala-chattering people,—(for the performance had not yet begun)—the happy mien of the crowds.

Suddenly the crowds were hushed as the music burst forth and the grand pageant began.

"I will concede, Sir John," said Col. Tuck, during a lull in the performance," that the modern circus is an improvement over the old one. The Unity runs its Circus as a permanent institution in all large cities of the first class, running almost continuously thruout the year. We have done away with, Sir, the cruelty to animals, a large feature of the old Jupiter circus; I must say Sir, that the Unity is kind to its animals—and will not allow them to be caged up—only on rare occasions, and then only in spacious cages."

John Smith witnessed that memorable day a splendid circus of varied innocent amusement and roaring farce-marvelous feats and cunning deceptions—every precaution being taken for the safety of the performers. All kinds of dare-devil feats were omitted as unworthy of consideration.

During the gayety Larry had cleverly contrived to have the old Dominie between Yola and himself, with the stern Colonel several seats away beside his mother who took care to keep his attention fixed upon the circus and other matters.

The performing animals were a great pleasure to John Smith, the graceful bare-back horses and their

nimble riders, the elephants of all sizes doing all sorts of wonderful stunts—the lions, tigers and cat-like animals, sleek, tamed and trained to perfection—the zebras, prancing ponies of varied kinds—monkeys and performing dogs—all were there.

Larry and Yola were happy in having the old Master of Erthus to themselves, and they took youthful pleasure in explaining minutely the various happenings.

The old Dominie was charmed with the honest enjoyment of the modern circus—he had laughed heartily at the clownish tricks of the funmakers, and as they departed from the Arena he took good care to leave Larry and Yola together, whilst he carried off the little Colonel on the pretext that he had promised to take him to his favorite club, The Veterans' Tavern, as it was called—where the chosen few might enjoy the "antique" seclusion that they loved so much.

The Veterans' Tavern was a marvel of art and curio of the past, ancient armory and obsolete fire-arms were found in the quaint and gloomy rooms and halls, built to remind the antique lover of the past.

Swords bejeweled with the crests of their Royal Masters—whose sides they had graced in the days beyond recall, were found on the underground grill-room, along with their ancient friends, the potteries and ceramics, the bronzes and dainty china, and golden, silver and brass plate aplenty. Surely a place to fill the Past-lover's heart with envy.

There were snug old settle seats before the blazing logs against the chill of night, casting their gloomy

glares against the rich and rare old bric-a-brac. A delightful, quiet place if one cared for the odd associations of one's ancestors.

Col. Tuck was at home here, and many a tale of the past greatness and chivalry of his Royal ancestors he poured into the attentive ears of the Old Dominie.

They dined in this gloomy old crevice of antiquity much after the style of the mildewed past it stood for. The dapper little man, mellowed by the wine of ages was ever beckoning back to his ancestral halls, whilst the white haired old Man of Erthus was pointing toward the progress of the future—leaving the dead past to bury its dead.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A man in his ends to gain success, (victory) oft loses sight of the fact that he is losing respect: A most precious asset.

John Smith was fast becoming used to these Genuine People of Juno and their (to him) strange but simple and pure ways of living IN FAIRNESS TO ALL.

Having at last become of sufficient knowledge of the "ways and means" of the Unity System, he went more abroad thru the cities—and was feted among the High-Equals and Wisemen thruout the land where he traveled with the "Big men of Color," inspecting the Unity workshops and institutions. He went studying in the immense buildings of Administration and let

himself into the ways of Supply and Demand—and it became known to him how easy it was to control it all to the Commonwealth. All seemed so genuinely Simple and Good, that the old man of Erthus, as he pondered it over with himself as he sat in the charming Parks of Juno or walked beneath the avenues of splendid trees. But the memory of *ERTHUS*—its *UNFAIRNESS*—its *CHAOS*—*ITS SIN*, seemed to him as he looked back, in his mind's eye, *LIKE SOME DREAD HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE*.

At this Period it was decided to make up a party of the *HIGH-EQUALS* whom John Smith was to accompany upon a "grand tour" of the *WORLD* of Jupiter; they were to cross the great Pecantic ocean and travel in distant lands, observing and learning of the vastness of Jupiter.

As the day of their departure drew near the populace of Juno and other cities of the continent were busy in preparation of a big demonstration to celebrate the event.

The Purple-men had proclaimed the day a Holiday in Juno and Thruout the land, and everyone while lamenting the going away of the old Master of *ERTHUS* (for he had grown very near and dear to the millions of law-abiding people of Juno), was enthusiastic in doing something toward making the day a vivid one in the recollections of their Illustrious Visitor. None, so much as the Omu family and their intimate friends, would miss the kindly old man—for he had endeared himself to them with his ready wit and gentle manner. But he cheered them up by

promising to return once more to their beautiful JUNO, the IDEAL CITY.

"Seeing is believing, but doing is the naked truth."

At last the day of departure arrived, hushed in by a misty morning that bespoke a favorable day for the youthful festivities of "part the guest." The early morning found John Smith astir at daybreak with Omu and Mrs. Omu to accompany him upon their last canter a-horse-back for some time to come. It was a favorite custom in vogue thruout the land—a universal custom that added to the zest of its people—and after a bracing romp they returned to Cherry Roost aglow and happy to see the ever thotful 'Lisbeth standing at the entrance bearing aloft the tray of steaming tea, etc.

Everyone was attentive to the departing guest that morning—tho sad at heart. "You have a strenuous day before you, Erthus—and I warn you that the program that our healthy citizens have arranged will tax you considerably."

"Thanks, indeed, my dear and ever thotful Omu, I never felt better in my life or more fitted for a 'big day's work,'" and so the old giant of Erthus made his private adieu to the family of Cherry Roost, and it would have been a painful one did he not expect to return some day and visit them again.

Then came the Carriage of State drawn by seventeen pure white reindeer—as white as the immaculate carriage they were drawing, and they carried the

Master of Erthus off to the first event upon the memorable day's long program.

Swiftly the white beauties—the Pride of the Stables—fleet of foot, postillioned by the fairy-like youth of Juno, all white—and the out-riders chosen for their stately appearance—took the entourage to the Palm Park, where the Master of Erthus was to review the children of the Out-Gardens.

Never to the end of time will the old gentleman forget the charming sight that met his eyes. 500,000 of the sweet dainty children of Juno were gathered together there under the protection of their Out-Mothers to do him honor.

As the Carriage of State swung into view the music from a thousand sweet toned instruments fell upon the ear of the astonished old Master of Erthus, (for the program of the day had been kept from him), and the angel voices of the fairy throng sang out in unison. -

It was truly a Fairy'scene and brot the tears of happiness to the old Master's eyes.

Surrounded by the hundreds of thousands of adults and infants of Juno, the tall white haired old man of ERTHUS mounted a Pulpit of Roses and in a clear voice, full of the milk of human kindness, told them of his love for them, of the infinite pleasure it afforded him to stand there and REALIZE WHAT IT ALL MEANT. He extolled the PURENESS OF THEIR INHERITANCE and the boundless blessings that was theirs to be of the UNITY of JUPITER, and of ITS MANIFOLD JOYS FOR THEIR FUTURE.

"My heart goes out to you, CHILDREN of Juno and Jupiter, for the eyes of my heart can look into the future of your PATRIMONY and I can see that all have in store the PURE PEASURES that rightly belong to NATURE and LIVING ARIGHT.

"My dear children, as I look down the shady Avenues of your Future, I see so far as the mind's eye may reach the beautiful Parks and Flower gardens of your MAN-and-Womanhood—bearing forth to the Gods of Creation an Emblem of Peace and Good-will to all men.

"Guard ye well, my beloved children of Juno, the portals of thy PURENESS and VIRTUE—and remember always the words of the kindly man that came out of the East, who opened his mouth and spake,—'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'". As the old man finished with his blessing the myriad of voices sang as they marched before him, a procession of never-ending delight.

Then they led him to an immense MOTOR-CAR, —the Golden Wagon of State—reserved for the most distinguished, and away they sped him along the AVENUE of ISIS, that wonderful Boulevard of JUNO—a dream to paradise.

The Master was to take Breakfast with the MATRONS of JUNO in the WOMAN'S PALACE—many there were who called it the "prettiest building in Juno." This splendid place was set apart for woman's kingdom and as the Golden Chariot of State sped on the wings of that morning thru the street-

lined masses of cheering, thru the miles of festive decoration and the lusty salvos of holiday abandon—they came where woman reigned supreme—for she was to be seen in throngs at every hand. Then they came to the PALACE—and the sight of the banquetting Hall made the man of Erthus speechless with admiration, pen fails description.

Seated in the midst of the Noble Women of Jupiter—The Purple-Women—the HONOR Women of Color, the Rev. John Smith looked out in front of him and saw a vast congregation of women—there came heavenly music from somewhere as he gazed into the huge balconies, one upon another, and there saw other throngs of happy maidens—and then the music ceased and the multitude was hushed in silence for there advanced upon the dais of rare and mottled marble, a Purple-Woman, a white haired old lady of great age—richly gowned in the sumptuous purple satin of office,—and thus she spake:

“Great Master, CHOSEN of ERTHUS, I, Sara of Juno, bid thee greeting of Woman and Motherhood! on behalf of Juno, and bid thee thrice welcome and god-speed whither some ever thou goest.

“We would that thou extend the fulness of our heartfelt greeting unto thy womanhood of Erthus, and if the spirit of our virtues they would partake, gladly will we of them freely give thru the fulness of that which we may be possessed. If, Great Master, our Knowledge be acceptable, freely will we impart that which has been such a boon unasked to our woman

of favored Jupiter thru the merits of *Reuben Brown, our SALVATOR*. I have spoken."

The Age, the Simpleness, the Dignity of Sara bespoke worlds to John Smith. He was impressed as never before and as he arose in the manliness of his six feet and more of stature, the cheers of thousands of female throats thrilled his very soul as he had never been touched. Stretching out his hand as the hush of silence fell upon that memorable assembly—John Smith spake as follows:

"Sara, MATRON of JUNO,—WISEWOMEN and MOTHERS of JUPITER, I radiate unto thee of the fulness of my heart and I rejoice in the hour of my triumph; for have not mine eyes seen thy salvation, and this proud moment brings me to the zenith of my happiness, and my innermost soul imparts to you the thanks I feel and I bow my head to WOMANHOOD.

"Matrons of JUPITER—since my arrival in this fair-land of yours—a few moons ago: This beautiful city of HOMES, JUNO the IDEAL CITY, A Practical, SENSIBLE CITY, each day has been but a leaf of JOY added to my book-of-time.

"I have at last comprehended the Theories of your SYSTEM, and have appreciated its workings IN YOUR EVERY-DAY LIFE. But only today—NOW—I have thru the inspiration of the HUMAN SPIRIT, become aware, that to WOMANHOOD and MOTHERHOOD is due the KEYSTONE that binds the Twain-in-One,—The LIFE with WORKS.

"WISEWOMEN of JUNO and JUPITER, 'tis

thru thy SAGACITY hast thy WOMANHOOD been brot out of the BONDAGE of VANITY, and Thru the TRUE LOVE of thy OFFSPRING hast thou been again endowed with thy PHYSICAL PERFECTION,—that YOUTH may not BE FRAIL nor OLD AGE a PURGATORY.

“Well may thy MANKIND worship at thy MOTHER-Knee—for thou hast given unto thy New-World a PERFECT MANHOOD, born of a healthy womb.

“Guard jealously, I beseech thee, THY VIRTUES—for in thy MORALITY lies thy STRENGTH.

“I thank thee from my soul for this honored privilege of today, and as I go away—for a little—from your magnificent city, remember that I carry in my heart the fulness of sweet-memories of thy kindness and womanhood.

“During my happy sojourn in Juno, I have looked and admired your children in their out-gardens—learning from Nature, far from bad influence—I have noticed their polite and happy mien—without restraint—I have seen with Joy the Roses in their cheeks—and I have bowed down to the common-sense of their habiliments.

“I can assure you, women of the New-World, that your modern and civilized mode of costume has quite won me over—the sanitary and cleanly habit of only wearing washable garments both outer and inner, has appealed especially to me—for did not the Wisemen that came out of the East say,—‘Cleanliness is next to Godliness.’ The Modesty of your Headwear

appeals to me more than I can ever make you believe, for of all the depths of 'outlandish splendor,' into which the conceit and vanity of my people has led them, I Blush—and Rejoice that thou wilt not see, lest thee might be not able to hide from me the shame I feel.

"When, dear women of Juno, I look upon the real-womanliness of modern JUPITER—I weep at the thot of the Foolishness of my own kin, still it only proves to me the advantages of UNITY of PURPOSE when supported by moral WORKS.

"Good-taste, simplicity and the absence of Extravagance and voluptuous luxury in your home-like dwelling places, tells me the SECRET of the beauty of your PARKS and PALACES, Public Buildings and Way-side Paths.

"Your MARRIAGE of JUPITER, I find the Marriage of LOVE and COMRADESHIP—whilst in the olden days they were more often the marriages of LUST and passion, when not the MARRIAGE of CONVENIENCE. Then Maids married for shelter and support whilst your lassies mate from listening to the true love-song of NATURE.

"BLESSED, I say, ARE THE WOMEN OF JUPITER—for, THEY ARE THE PURE-OF-HEART."

Amidst thunderous applause the old Master of ERTHUS closed his remarks and went forth among them to bid adieu.

It was a sumptuous scene that greeted the eye: The thousands of Wisewomen in their silk and satin colored Robes of OFFICE, and the white haired old

Giant of Erthus going amongst them—(his path bestrewn with cut-flowers) and as their distinguished Guest took leave of them, ten thousand female voices sang out in happy unison their SONG of CONTENT, as a huge Purple Balloon swung to the ground and flew swiftly and gracefully away with the astonished old Minister.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Our friends only go away for a short while; 'Tis to our enemies that we say good-bye."

Refreshed from his siesta, and his favored COA, brot by the trusty 'Lisbeth—perhaps for the last time (who knows?)—the Rev. John Smith again placed himself in the hands of his entertainers.

The afternoon belonged to the YOUTHS and MAIDENS of JUNO who had, out of the humor of their happy hearts, prepared an extraordinary procession "FOR THE MASTER" as they loved to call him, to review.

The Old Dominie declared that the splendor of that afternoon would never fade from his mind.

The TOWN was *EN FETE*. Decorations of every grotesque kind were everywhere displayed, triumphal arches and stately columns abounded, and thither went "The Master," conveyed upon the Chariot of Flowers, surrounded by the sweetest of fairy children daintly costumed, till they came to the PARK of PARKS, where the First to pass before him were 10,000 odd Maids of Juno, gorgeously gowned in mediaeval pomp, seated upon 10,000 cream-white horses of graceful form. They were followed to the strains of thrilling music by the same number of *laughing lads* of Juno astride 10,000 jet-black pranc-

ing ponies, 40 abreast—all beautifully caparisoned.

Then came the mock courtiers and swordsmen of the King, and foot-guards preceded by his thousands of trumpeters, and dancing girls of great beauty,—his Elephants and Camels in clothes of Gold, bearing upon their wabbling backs the Royal Householders.

Then came His Majesty "The KING" in Regal Splendor, magnificently supported by his scores upon scores of henchmen—his Carriage of State, drawn by the Seventeen huge SACRED LIONS of Etha. Then came the Imps and Harlequins of the Court—the Jingling maidens that took time to pass and THEN Her Majesty "The QUEEN" in her Diamond-studded Vehicle of State, pulled by 900 trained Peacocks.

Words cannot describe the splendor of the Beautiful Queen's entourage, her hundreds of graceful ladies in waiting costumed in all the glorious colors of the rainbow, and riding upon the splendid animals of Jupiter, and so passed this marvelous procession before the astonished gaze of the old Dominie for hours.

And then he was carried off to end the day's festivities—before sailing away—by dining with the Men of JUNO—which Feast was the crowning effort of a magnificent day of celebration such as had never been witnessed by Human Beings before in ALL TIME.

*Luxurious extravagance, where all have plenty—is
no crime.*

In decorating the Main Banqueting Hall in the

PALACE of ECSTASY for that evening's entertainment, the Artists of JUNO had outdone themselves, and as the Old Master of Erthus came in arm and arm with Cento, the centenarian, at the head of the large procession of high-Equals and Wisemen, the myriad of lights opened to his view the most gorgeous of sights. The enchanting music wafted from nowhere in particular fell captivatingly upon his ear.

In the center of the immense room were tables slightly raised upon a platform—richly laid with gold and silver and fine linen. At these tables sat the PURPLE-MEN with their Honored Guest the Center of Attraction—then came the next to them, the order of Blue and Redmen, and then the Green men and so on,—whilst seated in the huge galleries and balconies surrounding, were thousands of distinguished and privileged Honor Women and Men. It was a RARE FEAST for mind and body that the old man of ERTHUS sat down to that Historic day in JUNO and rich and rare, indeed, were the master-pieces of culinary art that graced the superbly adorned tables—each course being followed by a different style of Music.

Then came the speeches—Temperate,—Forceful,—Rejoicing,—and all went as merry as a marriage bell. Warm, indeed, were the cheers that greeted the Rev. John Smith—(for did it not mean, perhaps the RE-CLAIMING of another WORLD), as he arose in his full six feet two inches and returned his thanks for the great honor paid to him and to his mis-guided PLANET that eventful day in JUNO.

He spoke of his strange coming,—Of his wonder and inquiry of their different modes of life and government—very different to that which he had been accustomed to,—Of his admiration for their System turning to Love, as he learned of the Absence of CRIME—Of the Absence of POVERTY,—of the absence of SIN and Sorrow.

He told them, with tears of joy in his stout old heart, of his coming to learn THE TRUE MEANING of HOME-LIFE and the BENEFITS UNTOLD—the result of UNISON of PERSON and PURPOSE—the unity of WORK and PLAY. He praised their infinite KINDNESS toward ANIMALS, and he extolled their INBORN LOVE OF FLOWERS and the Beautiful in Nature, and he promised them that he would hold out the OLIVE-BRANCH-OF-HOPE to ERTHUS — that his WORLD might be BORN AGAIN, and might become as theirs—A WORLD of FAIRNESS and JOY.

That was a gladsome night in Juno, and they had yet another surprise in store for the old Giant of Erthus—as he came without the brilliant and priceless entrance of that Palace of Ecstasy.

They led him upon the high seat of a wondrous six wheeled wagon which seated one hundred—it was the gift of the genius of the dark-skinned people of Juno—their contribution to the celebration—and as he sat there, high above the cheering throngs—surrounded by the Wisemen of the New-World—he felt the thrill of the conquering Hero.

And thus they wheeled him away to the good ship, and he noticed that he and his distinguished friends were being drawn by hundreds of picked dusky lads afoot.

Multitudes of people lined the waysides, sending loud salvos of triumphant cheers after the speeding guest.

Great bursts of fireworks alit the wondrous arches thru which they passed along the Boulevard—and so the brilliant procession wended its way to the river to the music of the bands enthroning the scene at every turn—a happy, jolly, singing throng till the ship was reached.

“The Good Ship ‘JOVE,’” rang out the voices in introduction to John Smith, as they came in view of the superb Yacht—(covered with a rainbow of fascinating lights)—that was to carry them o’er the vastness of the seas.

As John Smith mounted the gangway to the deck of the ship the enthusiasm was unbounded. “Let me present you to each other,” spake Merma, the High-Equal; “Sir Master of Erthus, Captain Cod, and a reliable ‘old salt’ you will find him to be, Sir John,” and after a hearty greeting the bronzed “old man of the sea” led John Smith to the bridge beside him as noiselessly without motion the “Jove” backed out from her berth to the hearty honest adieus of the splendid man-and-womanhood of Juno, the TRUE CITY.

Imagine, gentle reader, the feeling of that old man of Erthus that evening after such a day of fun and

feasting, recollections and good-byes—as the silent and graceful “Jove” swung into the clear blue waters of the enchanting “GOWANUS,” recalling the jingle of the child-like Hobo:

“Methinks I hear the whistle blow
From yonder little ‘tug’ below;
I wonder if ‘twill always? Oh!
Go On As Ever.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

LOVE melloweth anger, courts danger, and ennobles being.

While yet within the embrace of the "Sublime Gowanus" and the view of the "Ideal City" came Capt. Cod and Merma, the Wiseman—one who stood high in the Marine authority—a man thoroly versed in matters pertaining to the sea. "Captain," he said, "you will tell the Master of Erthus all about your craft."

A large brown keen-eyed man was Capt. Cod, with a large, gruff but kindly voice—and a merry twinkle in his eye—and always pleased to sing the praises of his fleet ship "Jove."

"This ship, Sir Master, is of the 'swift Messenger Class'—All Power and Energy,—Very Fast—with small but comfortable quarters compared to our large Service Vessels."

"She certainly is a trim looking ship," answered Sir John, scanning the boat from stem to stern at a quick glance. "Now, when you say 'fast,' Captain, what do you mean?"

"Capable of going a mile a minute, Sir! under favorable circumstances," replied Old Capt. Cod, with *a degree of pride* in his voice."

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"That is remarkable speed, remarkable," repeated John Smith, again looking the rakish craft over as if to learn the secret of such marvelous velocity.

They were passing out of the beautiful river Gowanus, that splendid waterway thru Juno to the ocean.

"The Air-boats, Sir Master, are fast becoming our rivals, but they can never take the place entirely of our saucy sea craft."

"And, my good Captain Cod, what may be the secret of the great speed of the Jove," asked the old Minister.

"This style of boat is built," went on Capt. Cod, "so that as she passes thru the water, the water passes thru her from stem to stern. We call it the Tubular Style of ship—driven by the Compression Motor, which both draws the boat toward the water as well as propels her forward; the water passing thru the tubes under great pressure, forces the boat ahead with immense momentum, and at greatly reduced friction to the hull, as the vessel is very narrow of beam." As the Captain went on explaining the fine qualities of the Jove, they approached the open sea, and gradually left the myriad lights of the city to fade into the distance behind.

"And whither may we be bound?" asked John Smith, turning to Merma beside him, "for I have not been told as yet."

"It is a little way we have, Sir John," replied Merma, "of sometimes not informing in advance,—we think that it enables one to learn and understand

better than by forming an opinion ahead without having seen. I think, Sir John, that I should suggest that we all retire now to our berths and sleep so that we may be up betimes."

"Yes," continued Capt. Cod, "for at Sunrise at about 5 A. M. we shall approach the entrance to the harbor of that historic old Citadel of the PAST."

"LET THE DEAD PAST BURY ITS DEAD."

The East was giving up its Sun early the next morn as the old man of Erthus, much refreshed by his sleep at sea and his salt bath, came up the companion way onto the deck of the speeding Jove. Eagerly he scanned the horizon as he hungrily drank deep into his lungs the invigorating life-giving salt breezes; the old man looked in perfect health, radiant and alert.

Early as he was, Capt. Cod was there before him, pacing the foredeck, every now and again looking ahead into the North.

"We are getting there," he remarked, after warmly greeting the old Dominie and politely inquiring if he had passed the night in comfort.

Omu, Merma and other High-Equals presently made their appearance, and all followed the Captain as he pointed out what his practiced eye told him was land ahead, a little on the Port-quarter of the flying Jove. The early morning haze was clearing, and all looked anxiously forward as the good ship—swift of heel—neared the Narrows leading up into the ancient Harbor.

As they were partaking of that inevitable cup of coa that morning in the shade of the "pilot house," the jolly old Captain pointed out by a wave of his weather-worn hand, ahead, toward what appeared to be a vessel at anchor. "Yonder, Gentlemen, is the 'Sandy Rock Lightship' that we pass abreast of," and he handed the telescope to John Smith.

As they neared the "Narrows" the speed of the Jove was reduced.

There stood among the party of Wisemen, that never-to-be-forgotten morning, upon the fore-deck of the Jove, one Sissro—a Greenman, he being well versed in the history of this old land-mark that they were approaching and it naturally fell to his part to be spokesman of the occasion.

"Two hundred odd years ago, Comrades," he began, "this harbor that we now approach was the greatest harbor in the World of Jupiter. Thousands of craft of all sorts moved in and out and about the large cities that lay within. The Big Ocean Liners of that Evil Day, laden with their cargoes of Human Freight—passed to and fro where our swift Jove steals in alone today so silently."

All were still and listening to Sissro—none so intently as John Smith.

"This pretty Island," continued Sissro, "that you see close upon our port-side was called 'Dratrem Island'—splendidly situated as it was for the vast numbers of the crowded cities to build their Homes upon, yet it was the home of a paltry few who suffered

heroically thru the Ignorance of Government the pest of 'mosquitoes' for which it was World Renowned.

"Those old Ruins you see upon its shores, moss covered and long years ago abandoned, deserted, was once a Naval Fort, called 'Mudsworth;' 'tis now as you see, Comrades, a fitting gravestone to the Ignorant Past.

"Over our starboard quarter you will observe other lesser Forts, Broken and Dejected. And now we near the Inner Bay—where the murky waters of that once famous 'Mudson River' intermingle with the tides flow of the salty sea—the bay widening out so that we may see in the dim of the morning—Three Large CITIES—Three GREAT DESERTED CITIES of the *P A S T*, Sir Master—left standing, crumbling away—a befitting memory of the crimes and DECEIT of the Dark Age before the DOWNFALL—THE MOST FITTING MONUMENT of ALL TIME."

Silently the Jove crept upon the placid waters of the harbor toward the Graveyard of CITIES. Silently the Wisemen of the CO-OPERATIVE NEW WORLD stood beside the thoroly astonished old Man of Erthus—upon the fore-deck of the Jove that memorable morning. Their thots beside their Souls in the study of the awful Past, and the immense contemplations of their minds of the centuries encompassed in that moment—was but as an instant in the ages of all times.

Nearer and Nearer the DESERTED CITIES they drew. The stillness of intense mien was broken in upon by the voice of Sissro. The touch of sarcasm

might easily have been noted in his voice as he said, stretching his arm out toward the left—"Yon, Friends, that huge verdigrised figure we see THEY called THEIR STATUE TO LIBERTY."

Sir John started as one in a dream, as tho he had been struck, as he turned and gazed where Sissro pointed with almost contempt.

"Yon great metal figure of a woman holding on high a torch, they called, Comrades, 'LIBERTY Enlightening the WORLD'! Was ever anything more profane than their HYPOCRISY?

"That heroic figure in bronze, Comrades, was the GIFT of one great Nation beyond the seas, called TRANCE, to the Union of States, (as you have heard, Sir Master, this Nation was then called). The Gift of one So-Called 'REPUBLIC' TO another SO-Called 'REPUBLIC'—what ever that might be!"

"COMRADES of JUPITER," spake the almost unrecognizable voice of John Smith, in agonizing tones, "WHAT IS THIS I SEE BEFORE ME? What FEARFUL PHANTOM is this, I pray thee, that thou hast conjured up before my vision—TELL ME, my Comrades—Am I REAL? IS IT A DREAM or am I the VICTIM of some FEARFUL NIGHT-MARE?"

"Calm yourself, Dear Master of Erthus," spake the Wisemen as they gathered around him lovingly. "Be not overcome with this fearsome sight of THE DEAD PAST;" little they knew his feelings at that moment.

"Remember, Sir Master," spake the kindly voice of Sissro, taking the old gentleman's arm within his own,

—“remember, that we are in JUPITER—200 years and more since the ‘CRIME against REASON.’ Be of good cheer—THOU WILT SEE MANY STRANGE THINGS THIS DAY.

“As we draw nearer the DESERTED CITIES,” continued the voice of Sissro, “you will observe the broken down and twisted cables, the tangled masses of rusted iron that were once the lofty bridges connecting these Ill-built Cities of the PAST.

“The CITY, Comrades, that lies directly ahead of the Jove—A PLACE OF TALL CHIMNEY-LIKE BUILDINGS AND NARROW CANON-LIKE STREETS and built upon a PEAR SHAPED ISLAND—WAS once the*PROUD CITY* of *New Cork*....THE CAPITOL of the PAST. HERE was the HOT-BED of INFAMY HATCHED, and here, Sir Master, were the HORRORS of the DOWNFALL Enacted—in greater part.

“To the right, Comrades, across that narrow stretch of water, once called ‘Wrong Island Sound,’ lies the decaying remains of ANOTHER VAST CITY of MISTAKEN-PEOPLE. It was called CONEYVILLE—because they robbed it from the rabbits. It was sometimes alluded to as THE BED-ROOM OF NEW CORK and was mainly noted for its unclean Streets, ITS FEARFUL MODES OF TRANSIT, ITS VULGAR PEOPLE, its low-grade DRINK-Shops and Continuous SLUMS.

“This RAT-RIDDEN dead CITY OF CONEYVILLE, COMRADES, was named by its ill-mannered, gloomy inhabitants—we are told in ancient history—

THE CITY OF CHURCHES. Its Vast un-educated masses fell easy-prey to the SUPERSTITIONS TAUGHT IN THE EXPENSIVE TEMPLES of that Time.

"Now Comrades, I invite you to turn to the other side from NEW CORK—where, divided by the muddy waters of the historic Mudson River, may be seen the Ghastly Remains of another AWESOME CITY, once called "WESOAKEM," a dirty place we are told, of GRUESOME Buildings—but of great use in its day to the MONEY-GRUBBERS and FINANCIAL JACKALS, in carrying out their nefarious plans FOR ROBBING the PEOPLE who were so easily (mis)lead by their LYING SCHEMES of FALSE PROMISE."

Captain Cod brot the sleek and saucy Jove to an anchor mid-way in view of these MONUMENTAL RUINS of THE PAST, and his handy crew soon lowered a launch which put out with its load of Wisemen for the shore or parapet of the ANCIENT CITY of SIN.

Their arrival was noticed by somebody, for they saw further along the broken revetment wall—stumbling toward them two men waving something to call their attention—and pointing to a place where a possible landing might be made.

Sissro was the first to set foot upon the historic land and he advanced and greeted warmly these Watchmen of the DESERTED CITADEL, who in turn became the guides to that memorable Landing Party.

At first they sat just within the ruins of the old

sea wall as Sissro talked: "Some years after the REIGN of TERROR and Dark Days—when the Unity began to see light and to bring some order out of chaos it was decided to ABANDON FOREVER these huge piles of incongruous stones and bricks—and they left them to rot and decay—Symbolic of IGNORANCE and SELFISHNESS—AND TO BUILD elsewhere A MODERN CITY UPON RATIONAL and SENSIBLE LINES.

"Can you believe or understand for a moment, Sir John," continued Sissro, "How They Could Possibly Conceive of such an UGLY MONSTROSITY of a CITY — CRAMPED — NARROW — CROWDED — DARK—UNHEALTHY? Their sole object seemed to be TO KEEP THE SUNLIGHT OUT—the Splendid SUN, which means LIFE and PURENESS, and thousands of beautiful acres nearby going to waste."

"Why, they even tell us," put in Merma," that by some inconceivable plan they made the land worth THOUSANDS of POINTS of ENERGY a SQUARE INCH! Was ever anything more GIGANTICALLY STUPID, was ever anything more COLOSSALLY WICKED?"

"Especially," added Samu, "WHEN THEY COUNTED THEIR POOR AND HUNGRY BY THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS."

"I feel AS ONE IN A DREAM, Comrades," pathetically responded the overcome John Smith; "there is something SO REAL—SO DREADFUL—yet SO AWFULLY TRUE in the WHOLE PICTURE for

ME, SPEECH ALMOST FAILS ME," and he mumbled to himself: "SO Changed!—SO Sad!—So Silent!—SO Desolate!"

The Guides led on this pilgrimage of the WISEMEN of the MODERN ENLIGHTENED JUPITER, and they approached with caution the Moss and vine covered RUINS of this once MISERABLE place of Habitation and EXISTENCE.

The way led thru a small Park, now a tangle of growth of weed, and dead choked trees—to what was once the Main Thorofare.

"This CANON-LIKE-STREET," continued Sissro, "with its once high Tower-like Buildings—of many stories—where the Busy (?) People shut themselves up in hermetically sealed offices—unventilated and filthy, here they SCHEMED in their Every-Man-For-Himself-SYSTEM, seeking the means whereby they could solve the question of HOW they could GIVE NOTHING for SOMETHING.

"This Main Street they fittingly called 'NARROW-WAY' and as we pass along you will observe that most of the Streets were of this indecent width—and many less so.

"IT WAS HERE, Sir Master of ERTHUS,—within the radius of a mile, that the HORRORS of the DOWNFALL might be said to have been enacted. 'Money,' That CURSE of the LAND, was hereabouts EMPALACED; it might almost be said that the THRONE of WEALTH was in that tall, dilapidated and twisted building on our right hand.

"In those Ruins once had Office, ONE MAN

ALONE—who swayed the Wealth of Millions of People at will.

“This ONE, ANEMIC—HAIRLESS—DYSPEPTIC Creature—and his Few Arrogant—Heartless Associates—Practically controlled the WEALTH OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE—who dumbly served and paid their Tribute to their MAMMON—GOD of WEALTH—until their SALVATOR, Reuben Brown, came and led them out of the Wilderness of Deceit and out of the Slough of DESPOND.

“Under the guise of BENEFACTORS—The SHAM of PHILANTHROPY—THE CURSE OF CHARITY—These Demons-OF-Money, squeezed the heart’s blood out of Humanity.

“They robbed MILLIONS Secretly—and gave back THOUSANDS with pomp and gusto.

“This SUBLIME Rascal would present a University of (so-called) Learning to the NATION—and That One, a HOSPITAL for FALLEN-WOMEN.

“This Arch-Fiend bot Wonderful (?) things of ART, and presented them ‘with the Bells all ringing,’ while another KING of the PEOPLE’S EARNINGS gave Libraries broadcast—from the income of his STOLEN LUCRE that the workmen of his time might read the perverted literature of his immoral age, and the more readily submit to the atrocities of these HUMAN VULTURES little understood at this day of Fairness and Brotherly LOVE.

“These Simpering Rascals of FINANCE—Good Master of ERTHUS—each dressed himself PROPERLY of a SUNDAY and with a Saintly Air betook

HIM to his Favorite Church—THE BETTER TO DECEIVE A FOOLISH PUBLIC—there the contrite congregation nudged elbows at his approach while the sleek—well paid—well fed—clergyman slobbered over his proffered hand.

“Was it any wonder, Sir Master, that after Ages of these RAMPAGES of the MIDAS-EARED—that there should arise—silently—alone—the Genius-of-Destruction—and LAY LOW the HYPOCRITES?

“DREADFUL, Comrades, as is the tale of that little *Irregular-Purple-Mark* of death upon the hairy breasts of those IMPS of PROFITS and DIVIDENDS,—we must but rejoice when we look around at the present day, and see our Billions of Population —brot out into the SUNLIGHT of REASON and FAIRNESS, — HAPPY — CONTENTED — and Honestly USEFUL to EACH-OTHER.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"In Trial's time; with travall's weight;
Our Hearts are sore; Our Souls oppressed;
Then Lord, we look for Thee in vain,
And do what e'er we think is best—
Still, Lord—Thy will be done."

There was sorrow in every feature of that grand old Giant of Erthus as they painfully wended their way along that "Narroway" of Old Jupiter's Deserted City. Carefully they picked their footsteps amid the fallen debris—large stones fallen from cornice, facade—and crumpled girders,—the rats and lizards scurrying out of the way—astonished to see human beings exploring that dismal City of DECEIT.

They came upon the Ruins of a Church and graveyard—a strange sight this old time edifice of worship—crowded in amongst the lofty ruins of office business places—which had out-topped the pinnacle of its steeple—long fallen into the pile of decay.

Sissro resumed his gloomy recital:—"Here came Old-Money-Bags the more easily to worship his God-MAMMON, and we are told in ancient history that the poor also came at times, to pray unto a Supreme Being their cramped minds had Imaged.

"Turn, Comrades, I ask you, from this old time

TEMPLE of IGNORANCE—and look down yonder tiny street—that seems more like a crack in a wall,—that, Comrades, they well named ‘Pall’ street, FOR THE SORROWS OF A WORLD WERE TRACE-ABLE to its CAVE-DWELLERS of the Past.”

“But let us not tarry near this GUILFUL Place,” spake Samu, “lead thou us on, guides,” and THUS the HIGH-EQUALS of the NEW-WORLD—and the Rev. John Smith of ERTHUS—wended their weary way thru the Ancient City of JUPITER—abandoned to the MEMORY of its IMMORAL PAST—A GIFT OF THE VAMPIRES OF THE PAST TO THE VAMPIRES OF THE PRESENT.

Little they understood, those simple Wisemen, why the old Master of ERTHUS trudged so painfully and silently along—his head and shoulders so bowed in sorrow.

Sissro, pointing with his staff toward another huge pile of dirt, remarked: “This old pile of ruins was their cumbersome ‘POST-OFFICE’—and yonder Rubbish-heap they called the ‘Court-of-Appeals’—evidently, because such a thing as JUSTICE was not to be had there.” On, past scores of streets and avenues—some impassable. “These,” continued Sissro, “incongruous masses—were the Shops and Stores of their time—where mankind waged business war against each other. The more ONE SEES, the MORE ONE MARVELS that they EXISTED AT ALL—LET ALONE LIVED, under the STUPID System of ‘EVERY-MAN-FOR-HIMSELF.’

"Is it not a PATHETIC sight, Comrades, a few men wandering thru the Desolate Streets of a tumble-down miserable city—Deserted—where thousands trod daily before?"

Then chance took them into an Avenue—almost Impassable from an old rusted structure tumbled along its way. Sissro explained that it was the remains of an old time railway, built so as to fill up the narrow street and help to keep out the DESPISED SUN-LIGHT.

"It was, Comrades, in these DARK, UNVENTILATED—ILL-BREEDING CREVICES called streets, that the poor white and negro population were herded to eke out a miserable existence; here were they prostituted and turned into criminals thru a MIS-CALLED CIVILIZATION.

"Within the confines of this Hideous City of the Dark-Age, Comrades, amidst the Fabulous, Ill-Gained WEALTH of THE FEW—and the SQUALID Mediocrity of the MANY—Where CHURCH and RELIGIONS abounded—Where Selfishness—Filth—and DECEIT was rampant—It IS NOT HARD to BELIEVE, dear Erthus, that Tens of THOUSANDS of UN-Clean WOMEN walked openly, seeking their prey—to SELL THEIR SOULS—bespeaking the GAMBLERS — THUGS — the DRUNKEN SONS of the MILLIONAIRES—and VICIOUS Characters UNTOLD who INFESTED This DEATH CITY of NEW CORK.

"15,000 Drink-Shops were here—each one a ROT-

TEN SORE upon the FACE OF a SHAMELESS CITY."

The AWFULNESS of the Lesson taught by that Historic tramp thru that "GRAVEYARD of the PAST," made an awesome impression upon the Visitor from ERTHUS. The striking RESEMBLANCES—THE FEARFUL TRUTHS—as related by SISSRO—brot back a hundred-fold the SINS and VICES of his own Planet to the sorrowing old man.

"Comrades of JUPITER," he said, with tears in his voice and kindly old eyes, "Spare me further sight, I beg thee, OF THE SHAME—spare me speech, I ask you, that I may gather my perplexed thots—I have looked into the MIRROR of TRUTH and MY HEART IS SORE—spare me I ask!"

"Be of good Cheer, good Master of Erthus," spake several of these Noblemen of JUPITER, affectionately, drawing near their old Friend and Comrade—"Thou hast seen today that GREAT-DEEDS-MAY-BE-ACCOMPLISHED—Thou hast GREAT REJOICING to COME—BE OF good Cheer!"

Tired and Aweary, Foot-sore and Heavy of heart, the Wisemen came to a halt by the Historic shore of that Famous Mudson River, where the guides brot donkeys to carry them to a place above where they might embark for the Jove.

They took him to the landing where the trees were blooming—and where the flowers still gave forth their nature's perfume—Leaving the hollow moss-covered RUINS to the Noiseless Bats, and the Creep-

ing Vermin—and as night was falling they glided swiftly thru the stream, leaving the mouldy stone piles of rubbish to ITS OWNERS,—*THE VAMPIRES OF THE PRESENT.*

CHAPTER XXXVII.

That Thou hast past THY WORD, Oh Lord!
To Care—and Guard—and Save!
Yet: WHY, Oh Master, do'st Thou FORGET
To grant the boon we crave?
Yet Lord! Thy will be done!

The next morning after coming upon the deck of the good ship Jove one might have perceived that the Rev. John Smith's first glance was a frightened look toward where he thot was that City of HORRORS of Yestereen—but a happy relief came over his kindly old face for he saw that they were elsewhere than Yesterday.

Old Capttain Cod came and greeted him and relieved his mind by informing him that they were lying in the harbor of "Oldport," awaiting the "Mail-Boat." Together they went aft and joined the group of High-Equals—who were intently looking to sea watching the approach of a Monster Ship.

"That is the Ship we await, Comrades," announced Capt. Cod. "The 'ZEPHYR,' Leviathian of the Oceans."

The old Dominie was amazed at the size of the boat—especially when informed that she was 1,500 feet in length—"A giant ship truly," was all he could say so intent was he at watching the—to him—strange happenings.

"It is our purpose, Sir Master," spake Merma, "to embark on board the 'ZEPHYR' for a tour of the World of JUPITER—you will find aboard several hundred of the 'Honor-Men,' selected especially by the Wisdom of our Unity to accompany you—THE TRIP is YOURS—the GIFT of REASON—that you may SEE and LEARN of the FAR-LANDS as well as THE NEAR-LANDS."

It was a Splendid sight to see that Giant of the SEAS come into Port, like some huge, beautiful swan—her immaculate white sides glistening in the morning Sun,—So Easily—So Gracefully—So Noiselessly. Nor did she remain long in OLDPORT'S pretty Harbor—for they took Him aboard and ensconced Him comfortably in her sumptuous and commodious quarters. Then they sailed Him away—amid the Flying of Flags—amid the Songs of the Populace—the Hurrahs of the Honest Folk, the Ringing of the Bells—and the GOOD-WILL of a Myriad-Honest-HEARTS.

THE END.



Katman's dead

Fountain Pen





